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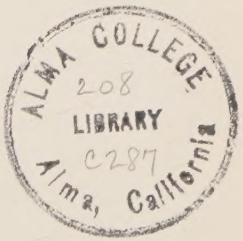

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The English Martyrs:

A LECTURE GIVEN AT STONYHURST COLLEGE, BY THE REV. JOHN MORRIS, S.J.

My dear Boys:

I am going to talk to you to-night about the English Martyrs. I should not be astonished if many amongst you were inclined to call out to me at once, "The English Martyrs! Who are they?" Not to know who they are is, I am afraid, nothing very extraordinary. There was a time, and that not so very long ago, when there was not a boy in a Catholic College who was not quite at home with Challoner's *Missionary Priests*, and as that book tells all about many of the martyrs, every one then knew something about them. But nowadays Challoner is thrown on one side, and the English Martyrs are in danger of being forgotten. Surely that will not do. We owe them too much for that. It would be horribly ungrateful in us to neglect them after all that they have done and all that they have borne in order that we may be Catholics, as they were. They died for our religion, and so prevented it from being stamped out of the country altogether. If all had been cowards, as too many were, there would have been no English Catholics left; but there were brave souls who professed the old faith at any cost, and the martyrs were the bravest of the brave. No, we will not be ungrateful to those who so nobly teach us that

our faith is worth suffering for; yes, and that our faith is worth dying for.

But now, thank God, that is not all. Until comparatively lately that was all. For centuries we were left to ourselves to see what we owed to the martyrs. But on the 4th of December 1886, Rome spoke. On that day it was decreed by the Holy See for which the martyrs died, that there were many of them whom we might at once venerate publicly and invoke under the title of Blessed, and that there were many more into the story of whose deaths the Pope proposes to examine, and to whom he gives the title of Venerable Servants of God. It will never do for us to be indifferent or careless about those of whom the Pope speaks to us in this manner. These are our English Martyrs of whom he speaks, martyrs who died for the faith since England turned Protestant and broke away from Rome. And they were not a mere handful, nor was the period of persecution a short one. The first martyrs died in 1535, and the last in 1681, so that a century and a half elapsed between the first and the last; and for numbers, the Holy See has already admitted the names of three hundred and fifteen, almost all of whom died on the scaffold or on the gibbet. The cases of 44 others have been postponed for further consideration, but these are chiefly those who died for their faith in prison. With some of these martyrs we in this College are closely connected. Nineteen of them were students at our first home at St. Omers, as you are students here at Stonyhurst. Of these nineteen three became Franciscans, and now give glory to that Seraphic Order as well as to their old College by their martyrdom; and of the sixteen boys of the College who became Jesuit martyrs, two were still more closely connected with us, for Fr. Peter Wright was Prefect of the College, and Fr. Thomas Holland was Prefect of the Sodality and afterwards confessor of the boys.

There are three things that I propose we should examine together this evening respecting the English Martyrs, and I hope that the result of our talk about them may be that none of you may ever say again that you know nothing about them, and that every one of you may wish to know more and may read with interest whatever you may come across

respecting them. The three things for us to discuss to-night are, first, what did they die for? Secondly, what were their sufferings like? And thirdly, what sort of people were they?

We begin with the important question, what did they die for? I call it important because on this it depends whether they were really martyrs or no. "Not the pain but the cause makes the martyr," says St. Augustine; and what St. Paul says of charity I may apply to the martyrs, and say that "though I give my body to be burned," if it is not for the true faith and for Christ's Church, it is no martyrdom.

What did they die for? They died for the Roman Catholic religion. They would not have been martyrs if this had not been the cause of their death. But they were found guilty of high treason and suffered the penalties of high treason. Yes, that is true; but their treason was their religion. It will be easy enough for me to show you this. The two principal offences that were treated as high treason were, in Henry VIII's time, rejecting his spiritual supremacy; in Elizabeth's, being in England at all, if a priest, and being absolved by the priest, if a layman. Nothing can be simpler than the high treason under Henry VIII, which made martyrs of Blessed Cardinal Fisher, Sir Thomas More, the Carthusians, and others. The Parliament in 1534 enacted first, the King's Highness to be Supreme Head on earth of the Church of England; and then, having made this the King's title, it further enacted that "if any person, after the 1st day of February next coming, did maliciously wish, will, or desire, by words or writing, to deprive the King, the Queen, &c., of their dignity, title or name of their royal estates, every such person should be adjudged a traitor." Hence it followed, as plainly as that two and two make four, that to deny that the King was Supreme Head on earth of the Church of England was high treason, to be punished with all its fearful penalties. But the Catholic religion required every one to deny this usurped spiritual supremacy of the King. It was the Pope's and not the King's, and a Catholic could not say otherwise without committing a grievous sin against Faith. Such men were surely martyrs. The King and the Parliament of England required them to say what they could not say without sin, and they died a horrible and painful death rather than say

it. Protestant historians have said that these men died because they would not acknowledge the right of succession to the Crown vested by Parliament in the children of Henry VIII and Ann Boleyn. This is simply untrue. Blessed Cardinal Fisher, Sir Thomas More, Richard Reynolds and the Carthusians, have a testimony in their favour that cannot be gainsaid. The original indictments on which they were tried and condemned still exist in the Public Record Office, and they were accused and found guilty of denying the King's Supremacy over the Church, and they died for nothing else.

For the cause of the death of another of Henry's martyrs we will take evidence of a very different sort. Blessed Friar Forest, O.S.F., was burnt in Smithfield in a very horrible way, for he was hung by a chain round his waist over a fire. In that fire a great image was burnt, which image is wrongly drawn in every picture of the execution that I have ever seen. One has our Lord, another the Blessed Virgin, a third a crucifix, and a fourth King David. It was really the wooden statue of a knight on horseback, called Darvel Gathern, brought to London from a Welsh village, where it was anciently held in great reverence. An old tradition said that it would one day burn a forest, and in mockery it was made to feed the fire in which Friar Forest was burned. On the gallows from which the Blessed Franciscan hung, two doggerel verses were set, the first relating to Darvel Gathern, the other showing that there was no doubt amongst the people that the holy friar died because he would not acknowledge as a part of the Gospel that the King was head of the Church.

"And Forest the frier,
That obstinate lyre,
That wilfully shal be dead,
In his contumacie
The Gospell doth deny,
The Kyng to be Supreme Head."

Later on, by far the larger number of the martyrs died under an Act of Parliament made in the 27th year of Queen Elizabeth, 1585. This Act made it high treason to be in England, after having been made priest by Roman authority after the accession of the Queen. But did not the Catholic

religion require that the poor, oppressed, persecuted Catholics in England should have the help of the sacraments? Those sacraments they could only have by priests being sent over here to administer them, and it was high treason for the priest to come. This again surely was to die for the Catholic religion, that is to say, to be a martyr.

Then for the laity, the same Act of Parliament made it felony, punishable with death to harbour a priest. If the Catholic religion called on the priest to come and administer the sacraments, it called on the layman to enable him to administer them when he had come. The layman was only acting as a good Catholic was bound to act when he gave the priest shelter and food, and the means of fulfilling the duties of his priesthood. If one was a martyr, the other was a martyr. It was for his religion that both one and the other suffered. The difference between the punishment of priest and layman *under this act* was that the layman was hanged until he was dead, and the priest was cut down alive and then butchered. Felony and high treason were both capital offences, but the sentence was accompanied by more frightful circumstances in one case than the other.

Many laymen also suffered all the penalties of high treason. There were laws before this one of 1585 by which not only were Catholics heavily fined for purely spiritual acts like hearing Mass, but by which their lives could be taken. It was high treason to have asked or to have received absolution from a Catholic priest. Before the 27th of Elizabeth, priests and laymen were executed as traitors for denying her spiritual supremacy, though her father's Act of Parliament had been repealed under Mary and not re-enacted in so many words when Elizabeth renewed the schism. But any stone is good enough to throw at a dog, and any pretext was sufficient to condemn a Catholic. In Blessed Fr. Campion's case the accusation was that a number of priests, who met for the first time at the bar of the Court in which they were tried, had conspired together in Rome and Rheims to procure the Queen's death and to stir up rebellion in the realm. Blessed Cuthbert Mayne, the Protomartyr of the seminary priests, was found guilty of having a Bull and having published it in England. The Bull in question was a copy of the jubilee of the preceding year. Other counts in

his indictment were that he had an Agnus Dei, that he had said Mass, and that he had maintained the usurped power of the Pope and denied the Queen's supremacy. BB. Nelson and Lacy, priests, and Sherwood a layman, were condemned for denying the Queen's supremacy: BB. Hanse, Lacy, Kirkman and other priests for "seducing the Queen's subjects from their obedience," of which it was sufficient evidence by the Act of 1581 that they had heard confessions and given absolution. But all such pleas were rendered unnecessary by the Act of 1585, which hanged the priest and his entertainers. And it was not only against priest after priest that this law was put into execution. The merest trifle was enough to make out that the layman was the priest's entertainer. Thomas Bosgrave was hanged with Fr. Cornelius because, when the Jesuit father was being hurried away by the officers without a hat, he "clapped his own hat on the confessor's head saying, 'The honour I owe to your function may not suffer me to see you go bare-headed.'" Swithin Wells was absent from home when Edmund Genings, a priest, was taken at Mass in his house, and the magistrate told him "though he was not at the feast, he should taste of the sauce." A layman in Yorkshire was hanged for giving a priest a pot of ale on a journey. Lady Babthorpe, who tells the tale, could not remember his name, but she says, "This I know: he suffered death for paying for the drink the priest drank. As I heard, it was but one pot, which was some penny or twopence. This layman died constantly." This was Marmaduke Bowes, a married man, who had conformed externally to the Church of England. Hearing of the apprehension of Hugh Taylor, a priest, he went to York to see if he could help him at the assizes. "As soon as he was alighted from his horse, without pulling off his boots, he went straight to the Castle Yard to speak in the priest's behalf. But being himself hereupon questioned, he was immediately apprehended, tried and condemned upon the statute lately made against harbouring and relieving the priests. Some say he was hanged in his boots and spurs." Robert Ashton, of Croston in Lancashire, was hanged at Tyburn in 1592, for procuring a dispensation from Rome to marry his second cousin. Margaret Clitheroe, the glorious martyr of York, was pressed to death because

she would not plead, out of charity for the souls of the jurymen. Margaret Ward, a gentlewoman of London, and John Roch, a waterman, were hanged for helping a priest to escape from prison. Anne Line, at her execution, said with a loud voice, "I am sentenced to die for harbouring a Catholic priest; and so far am I from repenting for having so done, that I wish with all my soul that where I have entertained one, I could have entertained a thousand."

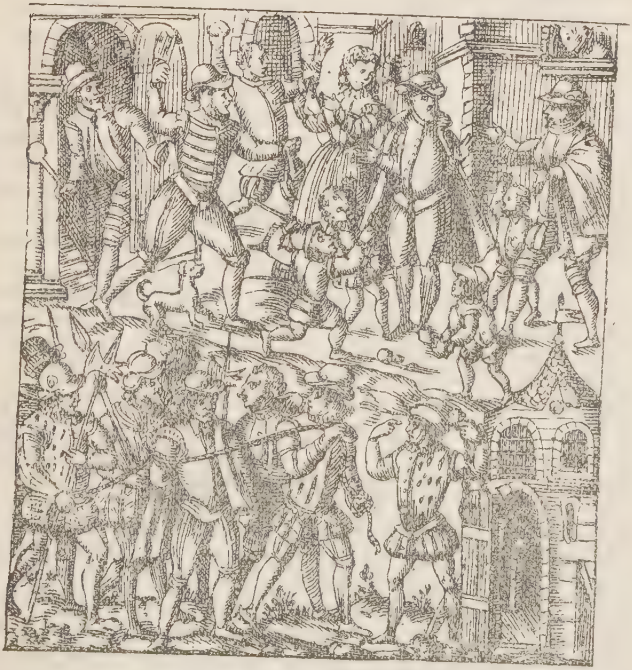
Enough I think has been said to show *why* the martyrs died. We may now safely pass on to our second question which is, what did they suffer? To answer this question fully would require a volume; and more especially if we were to describe all the sufferings of the priests. We should have to go back to the difficulty of getting out of England in order to be educated as Catholics, much more as ecclesiastics, and to the largely increased danger of getting back again into England when sacred orders had been received. There were spies in the very Colleges abroad to betray the Church students, so that their description might precede them and they might be arrested on landing. When they had succeeded in landing they were in imminent danger, for lay-people did not dare to give shelter and a welcome to those whom they did not know. Some almost starved on their first arrival, like Devereux: Anderton and Marsden were taken when driven ashore by a storm at a point of the coast where they had no intention of landing; Fr. Henry Walpole was arrested before he had been four and twenty hours on English soil; Fr. Heath, the Franciscan, walking from Dover to London barefoot, ventured to call at the Star Inn, near London Bridge; having no money to defray his charges he was hurried out of doors at 8 o'clock on a cold winter's night, and laid himself down at some citizen's door, where he was immediately arrested; and plenty of others besides the martyrs had similar "beginnings of sorrows."

Suppose them safely landed, and sheltered in some good Catholic house, their painful and perilous life was before them. Some remained shut up for many months at a time in an out of the way room of some great house, their existence known to comparatively few, unable to move except with the greatest caution, lest Protestant servants or neigh-

bours might betray them. Others were disguised as confidential servants: others again in gay clothes as men of the world. Some were obliged to change their disguises constantly; hardly one of them was called by his own name. And all this because a price was set on their heads, because spies were everywhere, searches incessant. Yet it was made a ground of accusation against them that they went in disguise and had many an *alias*. Even their brethren abroad could hardly understand it, for they did not know how fierce the persecution was. Fr. Augustine Baker, the celebrated Benedictine contemplative and historian, tells of himself the story that meeting some Benedictine brethren during his travels in Italy, he told them that in England he wore a coloured coat and a sword, whereupon they left him saying that no monk who did such things could save his soul. For every priest in England disguise was necessary, or the very end for which he had come to England would be frustrated.

And they were hunted down like vermin. Hiding places had to be made for them and for their altar furniture, for at any moment the house might be surrounded and searched. All old Catholic houses had these hiding places, and, as you know, we have one in this very College. The priests were often taken at Mass, and then they were not allowed to take off their vestments, but as they were, they were dragged through the rabble to prison, sometimes on a sorry horse with their legs tied together, and they seated looking towards the horse's tail. Alas, all this happened the more easily through the greatest of all dangers, the "perils by false brethren." The very man who had seemed so devout at Mass, like Eliot the traitor in Mrs. Yates' house at Lyford, who betrayed Blessed Father Campion, would be the man who would earn for himself the patronage of such a Minister of the Queen as Secretary Walsingham, by calling in the local magistrate and the *posse comitatis* to carry off to prison the celebrant of the Mass and all who had assisted at it.

Then came the imprisonment. We nowadays have no idea of what those prisons were like. If the prisoner had wealthy friends, in many of the prisons his money could buy him peace and comparative liberty. Priests thus in prison were often far more useful than those who were free. Catholics could come to them with little danger, be sure to



En quos Presbyteros pretio corruptus Judas
Prodidit, aut pœnis legum conterritus hospes:
Funibus implicitos, claudendos carcere, custos
Accipit, in limbos et tetra ergastula trudens.

The priest, in secular disguise, is recognized in the street by a spy or priest-catcher, and on the cry being raised, "a traitor! a traitor!" the men and boys take up stones to throw at him. He is arrested, bound, and led away to prison amidst the jeers of the people.

find them, and obtain there access to the sacraments they needed. Money did it all. Gaolers bought their offices and expected to be repaid. They would petition that priests or laymen might be sent to them who could pay them handsomely. These might say Mass—liable of course to a sudden inroad of the officers or of some zealous magistrate. There many priests were for years, some of their number now and then taken out to be hanged, and at last by way of a gaol delivery, twenty or thirty at a time put on shipboard and landed on the coast of France or the Low Countries.

But there were other poor prisoners in abundance who for one reason or another were very differently used. Either they were too poor to pay for better treatment, or they were committed with strict injunctions to their gaolers that their usage was to be severe, or they were in those prisons where the hardships were greater: for there was a great difference between one prison and another, and sometimes the friends of a prisoner would pay for his transfer from a hard prison to one that was more easy. The Church does not account every man a martyr who, when committed to prison for conscience sake, dies in confinement, but that man is a martyr whose death is caused by the hardships of the prison. There was plenty of such imprisonment amongst our martyrs. In the Tower they could treat a prisoner fairly if they liked, but the usage that Fr. Southwell met with was such that his Protestant father petitioned the Queen "that, if his son had committed any thing for which by the laws he had deserved death, he might suffer death; if not, as he was a gentleman, he hoped her Majesty would be pleased to order that he should be treated as a gentleman, and not be confined any longer in that filthy hole." Another specimen, taken almost at random, may be that of William Davies, who, when he arrived in custody at Bewdly, "sick and weary as he was, was thrust down into a dungeon amongst felons that lay under sentence of death, so closely penned up together that they had no room to stir, nor any other convenience to lie down or rest on or sit on, than a sort of a stone seat two feet high, which the malefactors very civilly offered Mr. Davies to sit on in the day and sleep on at night. But his chief suffering here was from the insupportable stench of the place, the prisoners being obliged to do

all their necessities in that close place." There are cases of prisoners being intentionally killed by stench. For instance, Mr. Ailworth, a young Irish gentleman, whose only offence was that of letting Catholics meet in his house for Mass, was "put into a filthy dungeon destitute of all things, Recorder Fleetwood strictly forbidding any one to be admitted to visit him or give him anything; so the young gentleman in eight days' time was brought to his end by the stench and filth of the place." It may be mentioned, as an instance of the strictness of the judgment at Rome in the cause of the martyrs, that Ailworth has not found a place among those who are now declared Venerable, but his case has been postponed with many others for further proofs. The most striking of the murders of this sort was that of the Carthusian monks, ten of whom were sent to Newgate that they might be killed by slow starvation, combined with the stench and misery of their dungeon. Of them we learn that Margaret Giggs, whom B. Thomas More treated as an adopted daughter, "moved with great compassion of those holy fathers, dealt with the gaoler that she might secretly have access to them, and withal did win him with money that he was content to let her come into the prison to them, which she did very often, attiring and disguising herself as a milk-maid, with a great pail on her head full of meat, wherewith she fed that blessed company, putting meat into their mouths, they being tied and not able to stir nor to help themselves, which having done, she afterwards took from them their natural filth. This pious work she continued for divers days, until at last the King understanding to his great admiration that they were not dead, commanded a stricter watch to be set over them, so that the keeper durst not let in this good woman any more, fearing it might cost him his head if it should be discovered." This the King's agent, Archdeacon Bedyll, called their being "despatched by the Hand of God," when they had been in Newgate sixteen days. Of the ten all were so killed but one, and he was hanged, drawn and quartered after three years more of imprisonment.

It is needless to say that imprisonment often meant being laden with irons. Of one we are told that the shackles were rusty when they were put on him, and were worn bright by long usage. Of more than one we have

the touching story that they paid the gaoler when he put their irons on, and he, expecting more, took them off again and received nothing; then replacing them, to his surprise was again rewarded. B. Everard Hanse at his trial when called on to plead, held up his left hand, and was reproached by the Recorder for spiritual pride that he would not hold up his anointed right hand. "But the truth was, he did it because his right hand was occupied in easing himself by holding up the great bolts wherewith the blessed man was exceedingly laden; for being admonished he forthwith stretched forth his right hand." In another case a martyr was allowed to hire a boy to help him to bear his irons which were more than he could carry. This was Roger Cadwallador, of whom a pretty story is told, that "a notable person coming up to him in his sickness, and he lying on his bed with his shackles on his legs, shaking them, said to him, 'The high priest of the Old Law had little bells about the rim of his vestment, and I, stirring my legs, say: *Audi Domine, hæc sunt tintinnabula mea:* Hear, O Lord, these are my little bells.' Signifying belike that these were as acceptable to God as that sound of the little bells."

From the fetters and shackles we must pass to the torments. The use of torture was then the practice in England, as it was in all other countries at the time. It was not used as a punishment, but as the means of extorting information from a prisoner, even sometimes an avowal of his own guilt, more often that of the complicity of others. The humane maxim of our modern law, that a man must be presumed to be innocent till he is proved to be guilty, was then unknown. A man can still be condemned on his own confession, but in those days every effort was made to induce him to criminate himself and others. We must not therefore look on the torture of our martyrs as anything invented especially out of hatred for the Catholic religion or inflicted on Catholics only, any more than the frightful penalties for high treason. The special hardship in the case of the martyrs lay in their being tortured to make them tell that which it would have been a sin and a shame for them to tell. The priests were asked where they had been housed, where they had said Mass, who were present at their Mass, whose confessions they had heard, where other priests were to be

Captos dum celebrant, in sacro lictor amictu
Raptat per medias populo insultante plateas.
Capti rure alii manibus pedibusque ligati
Imponuntur equis, primasque vehuntur ad urbes.

The priest has been taken at Mass, and is led away to prison through the streets in his sacred vestments, accompanied as fellow-prisoners by the devout people who have heard his Mass. Other priests are brought in on horseback from the country, men with torches leading the way at night. One of the priests, who is riding with his feet tied together, has on his hat "Edmund Campion, the seditious Jesuit."

found, and other questions of this character. Now it is plain that if they answered these questions, they would have inflicted the most grievous injury on innocent persons, for it would have brought them within reach of the wicked penal laws. The prayer of a priest was that if he were taken, it might be outside and not in a house, for the latter would bring ruin on the devoted family that sheltered him. Clearly then he could not tell where he had been, or who had availed himself of his ministry, be the cost to himself whatever it might on his refusing to tell. Under the fearful tortures in the Tower of London many broke down and became spies and informers; the nobler spirits bore the extremity of torment rather than speak.

There were tortures of various sorts. There was Limbo, a dark hole, filthy and full of rats and vermin. There was Little Ease, a cell so small that a man could not sit, stand, or lie down in it. There was a thing called the Scavenger's Daughter, "a hoop or circle of iron, into which the whole body was, as it were, folded up, and hands, feet and head bound fast together." B. Luke Kirby and B. Thomas Cottam suffered it. Needles were thrust under B. Alexander Briant's nails. Roland Jenks, a Catholic bookseller in Oxford, had his ears nailed to the pillory and was obliged to deliver himself by cutting them off with his own hands. This however was a sentence rather than a torture to extort an answer. The worst torture of all, and that which was by the far most frequently used, was the rack. Of this there were two kinds. One was to be hung up by the hands, and this was so painful a torment that Fr. John Gerard who underwent it, says that none but those who have tried it can imagine how grievous it is. The other was to have cords fastened to the hands and feet and passed over windlasses, by which they could be stretched as tight as the presiding magistrate chose. By this instrument it was that Norton, the rack-master of the Tower, boasted that he had made B. Alexander Briant a foot longer than God had made him. By this it was that Nicholas Owen, better known as the Jesuit lay-brother Little John, was so badly ruptured and torn that he died in their hands. By this B. Edmund Campion was so racked that when asked by the gaoler how he felt his hands and feet, he answered "Not ill, for he felt

Devincti ad carros, perque urbis compita ducti,
Libera servili lacerantur terga flagello.
Supplicio hoc functis, moxque tanquam erronibus aures
Perfossæ, igniti terebrantur acumine ferri.

A man is being whipped at the cart's tail, and on his return from this punishment an official heats an iron with which his ears are to be pierced and he is to be branded as a rogue. Two ministers are looking on.

them not at all." One of the touching incidents of his trial was that when called on to raise his hand to plead, it was so disabled by the racking that he could not lift it, and a priest who stood at the bar with him, lifted it for him and reverently kissed it.

Of the other kind of racking we have a sufficient example in the case of the poet and martyr, Fr. Robert Southwell. He was hung from the wall by his hands, with a sharp circle of iron round his wrist, pressing on the artery, his legs bent backwards and his heels tied to his thighs. This was in the house of the notorious Richard Topcliffe. In a letter of wonderful familiarity addressed to Queen Elizabeth, "humbly submitting himself to her Majesty's direction in this or in any service," this monster of cruelty told his "most gracious sovereign" that "if her Highness' pleasure be to know anything in his heart, this torment will enforce him to tell all." In this Topcliffe was wrong. The firmness and patience of the gentle Jesuit overcame the cruelty of his tormentor. Topcliffe never allowed him to rest except when he seemed to be dying. Then they would take him down and bring him to himself by burning paper under his nose; he would then vomit a quantity of blood, after which he was hung again. All this time he was so patient, and the expression of his countenance was so sweet, that even the servant who watched him began to look upon him as a saint. His only exclamations were: "My God and my all!" "God gave Himself to thee, give thyself to God!" The heroism of the holy man bore this cruelty for four days without betraying one of his benefactors, and thus Topcliffe failed in his promise to the Queen. Fr. Southwell was taken from his hands to the Tower, and there cast for a month into the vile filthy hole that induced his father to ask the Queen as a favour that he might be executed rather than left there. And this was one of the most cruel parts of the torture, that when the poor victim was unable so much as to put food into his mouth or in any way to help himself, he was then deprived of the barest necessaries of life. Blessed Ralph Sherwin told his brother that after he had been twice racked, he lay five days and nights without any food or speaking to anybody: all which time he lay, as he thought, in a sleep before our Saviour on the Cross. And his fellow-martyr Blessed Alexander

Ut quibus excepti domibus mysteria Christi
Egerunt, quosque a funesto schismate sanctae
Junxere Ecclesiae prodant, et talia multa,
Distendunt miseros diris cruciatibus artus.

When a man was examined on the rack, cords were tied on his wrists and ankles, and by means of windlasses these were tightened as the examiners directed. Other prisoners were sometimes brought to witness the torture or to hear the groans of the victims, to induce them to say what was required of them.

Briant who had had needles thrust under his nails, after his fearful racking was sent to the dungeon they call Walesboure "where not able to move hand or foot or any part of his body, he lay in his clothes fifteen days together without bedding in great pain and anguish."

From the rack we must pass on to the gallows. The way that led to the place of execution was itself the cause of much suffering to the martyrs. Being condemned for high treason, they were drawn on hurdles to be hanged. In London, from Newgate to Tyburn the distance must have been a couple of miles; in York from the Castle to the place of execution, there also called Tyburn, their painful journey can hardly have been less. Think not of what the roads are now, but of what they were then. They can be muddy or dusty now, in spite of Macadam; but in those days the highway was as bad as our worst country lanes are now. In dry weather the martyr was half suffocated with dust before he arrived at the gallows, and when it was wet he was splashed with mud and water. In either case his head was beaten against the stones, and after all this, on arriving at the scaffold he was expected to be in trim to make a speech to the satisfaction of the people, or to dispute with the ministers who buzzed about him like flies.

They were laid on the hurdle and tied to it, usually feet first, but it is said of Fr. Edmund Arrowsmith that "the blessed man was bound upon the hurdle with his head to the horse's tail for his greater ignominy." When Fr. Henry Walpole and Alexander Rawlins were drawn from York Castle, Father Walpole was ordered to lie down with his head by the feet of Mr. Rawlins; but this was "to prevent as much as could be their pious communications"—in other words, that they might not be able to make their confessions to one another on the way. Fancy what it must have been for those martyrs to go up and down the steep arch of Ousebridge in such a position! And the martyrs were not less brave over this than in bearing their other sufferings. As John Body "was drawn along the streets on a hurdle, his head being in danger of being hurt by the stones, an honest old man, pitying him, offered him his cap in part to save his head; which Mr. Body with thanks refused, adding withal that he was just now going to give his head, life,

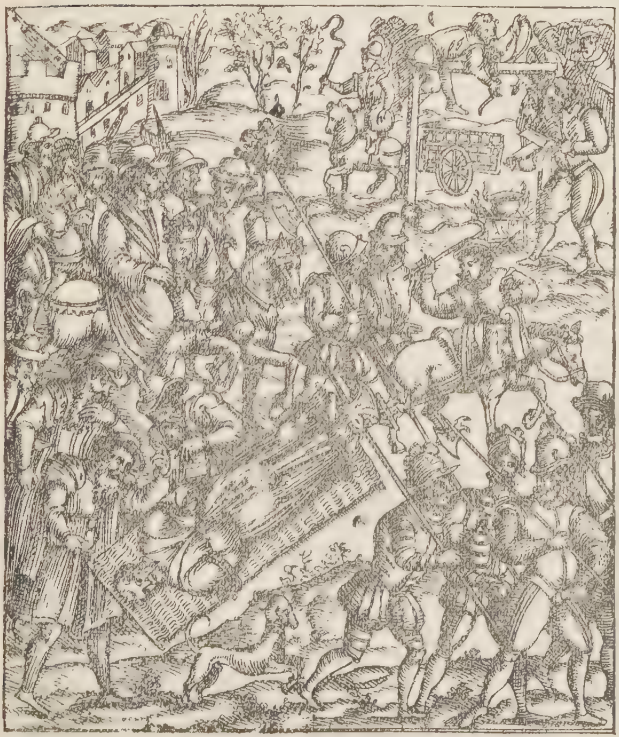
and all, for his Saviour's sake." Fr. Henry Heath, O.S.F., offered to lay himself down on the ground to be drawn in that manner over the stones and through the mire.

In the earlier cases the hurdle was drawn by one horse. Later there were more, as we learn from the story of Edward Waterson, who suffered at Newcastle in 1593. Of him it is said that "whilst this blessed martyr was drawn upon the hurdle to his execution, upon a sudden the hurdle stood still; and the officers, with all their whipping and striving, could not make the horses to move it, and fresh horses passing by, they took them and put them to the hurdle, yet they could not, though they broke the traces, any way move him or the hurdle; who seeing their attempts to be frustrate, were forced to take the martyr from the hurdle and to lead him on foot to the place of execution, saying: it would be a note to the Papists what had happened that day." Father Morse was "handed down by the Sheriff very courteously to the sledge, on which he was drawn by four horses to Tyburn." This was in 1645. Arthur Bell, O.S.F., William Ward, Thomas Reynolds, and Bartholomew Roe, O.S.B., about the same date were drawn by four horses also.

It was usual in London for the hurdle to be stopped in Holborn, and a drink offered by charitable people to the poor man who was being taken to execution. James Duckett was hanged simply for having had a single copy of a Catholic book bound. Peter Bullock, a Protestant bookseller, who was under sentence of death, hoped to save his own life by giving this evidence. "As they were carried towards the place of execution, on the way Duckett's wife called for a pint of wine to drink to him; he drank, and desired her to drink to Peter Bullock and freely to forgive him: for he after all his hopes, was in the selfsame cart, carried also to execution." At the gallows Duckett "kissed him, both having the ropes about their necks." Edward Morgan "was laid on the hurdle incommodiously enough, as well because his head was laid too low, as also because the rope which he had about his neck was drawn so strait that he could scarce take his breath; but this being perceived was remedied in Holborn; upon which occasion the sledge being obliged to stand, some one very courteously offered him a glass of wine to drink, which he did not refuse, and withal

he took that opportunity of informing the people of the cause for which he was going to die, namely, barely for being a priest, whilst all the standers-by were in admiration at that cheerfulness and joy which they discovered both in his words and looks." Fr. Philip Powell, O.S.B., when on his way from the gaol of the King's Bench to Tyburn, was "presented with wine, and he taking the glass in his hand, asked leave of the Sheriff to drink to his coachman, meaning the carter that drove the horses." This driver the martyrs often remembered in their final distribution of alms; as well as the hangman and sometimes even the priestcatcher. Thus William Ward "gave unto the Sheriff forty shillings, beseeching him to distribute that small sum of money amongst the poorer sort of Catholics, the saint himself giving to the hangman two shillings and sixpence, which is, said he, for thy good office thou art to do me; and looking about him a little, he espied the carman who had driven the hurdle to the gallows and gave him two shillings, which is, said he, for thy pains too, though thou be no Catholic: this done, he threw an inkhorn and handkerchief and some other things left in his pocket amongst the people, and then composed himself to die." And John Lockwood showed a like charity to the priestcatcher, Cuthbert Langdale, who had brought him to York lying on his horse as he could not sit upon it for weakness, being an old man nearly ninety. "Having delivered up his prisoner to the gaoler, he was making haste homeward when Mr. Lockwood very friendily called to him, at the same time pulling out his purse, 'Hark you, Cuthbert,' says the old gentleman, 'I have e'en given you a great deal of trouble in bringing me to this happy place: here take that angel [10s.] for your pains, and the Lord be with you,' and five shillings more he gave the under priestcatcher for his share in the trouble and so they took leave of each other, and parted very good friends."

In the two chief places of execution in London, Tyburn and St. Thomas Waterings, a cart was used. The person to be hanged stood up in it, the rope was put round his neck, and when the signal was given, the cart was driven from under him and he was left hanging. This was by far the most convenient method at an immense gallows like that of Tyburn, which consisted of three upright posts, at the top



In Crate viminea positi, lorisque ligati,
Per saxa ad furcas et per loca fœda trahuntur.
Carnifices laqueos, cultrosque, ignesque parati
Expeaiunt, primœque attendunt tempora mortis.

The hurdle is dragged through the streets at a horse's heels, the sheriff and other officials accompanying it, and the poor "traitor" is worried with controversy when he would prepare himself for death. The gallows, the cart, the fire and caldron are all in readiness for his arrival.

of which were three beams meeting and forming a triangle large enough to allow fifteen or twenty persons to be hanged together. It went by the name of "the triple tree."

The other method, adopted everywhere else, and particularly at York, the Tyburn of which city had work to do second only to its namesake near London, was to rest a ladder against the cross-beam of the gallows. The hangman mounted first and either sat astride on the beam or remained on the top of the ladder. The man to be hanged mounted a certain number of rounds of the ladder and then stood facing the people, with his back against the ladder, and so the rope was put round his neck. At the right time the hangman, taking him by the shoulders, turned him off the ladder, so that he hung by the ladder's side, or else the ladder itself was turned which produced exactly the same result. The prevalence of the phrase, "to be turned off," shows how common hanging was in the country, as the words were not applicable to the London method.

The practice varied as to the treatment of a man when he arrived at the gallows. Fr. Arrowsmith, S.J., was untied when he arrived at the ladder's foot, while Fr. Powell, O.S.B., was tied up so that he could not kneel down in the cart. Fr. Scott, O.S.B., tried to wear his religious habit at his execution but he was ordered to take it off before he was placed on the hurdle; but John Duckett, and Fr. Corby, S.J., "both appeared in their own weeds in this last scene of their lives, going with hair cut, shaven crowns, and the one in the religious habit of the Society of Jesus, the other in his clergyman's cassock." This was as late as 1644, by which time one would have supposed that people in England would have forgotten what the tonsure and religious habit meant. In far earlier time B. Alexander Briant, had "made shift to shave his crown, because he would signify to the ministers that he was not ashamed of his holy orders."

To carry out the sentence of quartering it was necessary that they should be stripped, but there was much variety as to the time when this was done. Fr. Henry Garnet, S.J., was at once stripped to his shirt, which he had caused to be made very long, foreseeing that he should hang in it. This was probably therefore the more usual practice. So when Swithin Wells was hanged over against his own house door,

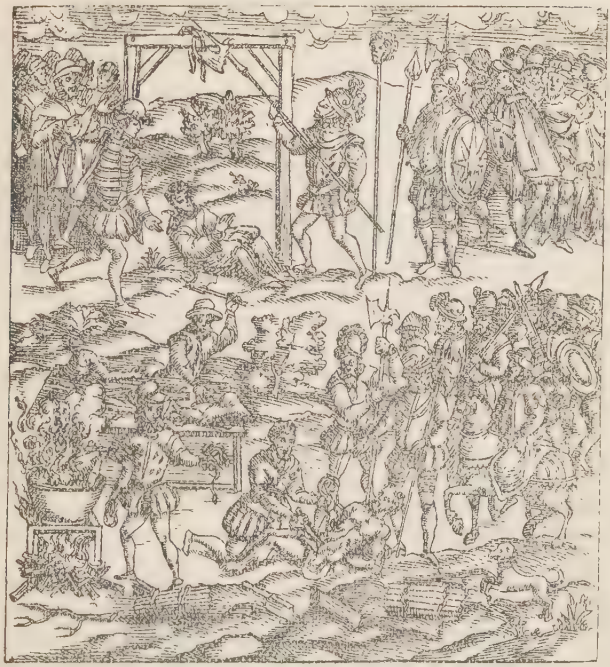
on a gallows set up by the Earl of Leicester in Grays Inn Fields, he said, "Despatch, Mr. Topcliffe, despatch; are you not ashamed to suffer an old man to stand here so long in his shirt in the cold?" And John Almond "having stood long in his shirt, the weather being cold and the morning frosty, yet showed he no shivering nor once to quake, but most readily yielded his hands to be tied by the executioner." On the other hand William Ward was stripped whilst hanging; and Reynolds and Roe, O.S.B., "hung till they were fully dead in their clothes, and afterwards were quartered." But the large majority of those who were hanged, whether in their clothes or not, were cut down alive—indeed the exceptions were very rare—and the stripping gave them all the more time to come to themselves and be sensible of their pain.

Before we come to this we must spend a word or two more on what preceded the quartering or even the hanging. And first it is most interesting to see how often the martyrs succeeded in winning souls at the close of their lives, often amongst the malefactors who were "in the same condemnation." William Patenson, for example, "the night before his execution was put down into the condemned hole with seven malefactors who were all to suffer on the next day; and being more concerned for their eternal salvation than his own temporal life, he so movingly preached to them repentance for their sins and a sincere conversion to God and His Church, that six of the seven were reconciled by him; and on the next morning professed themselves determined to die in the Catholic faith, as they did, with great marks of repentance for their past crimes and a willingness to suffer that ignominious death in satisfaction for them. The persecutors were so enraged at this that they treated Mr. Patenson on this account with more than ordinary cruelty." Four malefactors were reconciled by John Thulis, and they died with him; Hugh Green absolved two women who were hanged before him; Fr. Heath, O.S.F., reconciled in the very cart one of the malefactors that were executed with him.

Passing over what might be said respecting the sermons we might call them, rather than speeches, spoken under very varying circumstances by the martyrs, we must next look to the actual hanging. We have seen how it was done, and it

must be remembered that there is an essential difference between the ancient and the modern method. In our time death is caused by the long drop which dislocates the neck; but in earlier times there was no drop at all. When the cart was driven away the rope was tight and the victim was left swinging; and on the ladder he stood at the height from the ground at which he was to hang. This is the meaning of the humane advice given by the York hangman to John Amias, that "he should descend a step or two lower, affirming that he would suffer less." The consequence of this was that a man was a long time dying when hanged. He died at last, I suppose, a death by apoplexy from the pressure of the blood on the brain. It was therefore very easy to cut a man down alive, as in cases of high treason the sentence of the law required.

It depended on the sheriff, on the hangman, and even on the humour of the bystanders, whether the time a martyr was allowed to hang was enough to kill him, or even enough to deaden his pain. The people were allowed to come quite close and sometimes even to interfere. In Fr. Henry Garnet's case they cried "Hold! hold!" when the executioner made three several attempts to cut the rope before he was dead. In some cases the interference of the spectators was even more active. Blessed John Paine, dying at Chelmsford, "very meekly when the ladder was about to be turned, said 'Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,' and so did hang, not moving hand or foot. *They very courteously caused men to hang on his feet*, and set the knot to his ear, and suffered him hang to death, commanding Bull, the hangman of Newgate, to despatch in the quartering of him lest, as they said, he should revive, and rebuked him that he did not despatch speedily." In the case of Fr. Southwell, S.J., "the unskilful hangman had not applied the noose of the rope to the proper place, so that he several times made the sign of the cross whilst he was hanging, and was some time before he was strangled; which some perceiving drew him by the legs to put an end to his pain." So again John Almond, "hanging for about the space of three *Pater nosters*, some of the standers-by pulled him by the legs to despatch his life." Roger Cadwallador "hung very long and in extraordinary pain, by reason that the knot, through the unskilfulness of the hangman, came



Ad breve suspensi, tempus, cum morte secunda
Confligunt, ferroque armatus viscera tortor
Eruit et flammis mandat: sed membra, caputque
Dissecat, et contis summa ad pinnacula figit.

There have been three victims. One is just cut down, one is stripped and his bowels are thrown into the fire, the third is already cut up, his head is on the pole and parts of him are in the caldron of boiling pitch preparatory to being hung over the city gates.

to be directly under his chin, serving only to pain and not to despatch him. Insomuch that when the people were persuaded that he was thoroughly dead, he put up his hand to the halter, as if he had either meant to show how his case stood or else to ease himself; but bethinking himself better, and perhaps a scruple coming into his head, to concur to hasten his own death, he had scarce touched the halter but he presently pulled away his hand. And within the space of a *Paternoster* after he lifted up his hand again to make the sign of the Cross, which made all the standers-by much amazed, and some of the vulgar, desirous to rid him of his pain lifted him upwards by the legs twice or thrice, *letting him fall again with a swag.* Then after a little rest, when they thought him quite dead, he was cut down, but when he was brought to the block to be quartered, before the bloody butcher could pull off his doublet, he revived and began to breathe; which the multitude perceiving began to murmur, which made the undersheriff cry out to the executioner to hasten: but before they had stripped him naked he was come to a very perfect breathing. It was long after they opened him before they could find his heart, which notwithstanding panted in their hands when it was pulled out."

Here the sympathy of the people was with the martyrs, and though it was often so, it was not always. A frightful instance of deliberate barbarity occurred at Tyburn when Fr. Barkworth, O.S.B., was martyred. "He recommended himself to the prayers of the Catholics, and the cart was driven from under him. Here some cruel wretch, fearing lest the weight of his body should put the martyr too soon out of his pain, for he was tall and bulky, *set his shoulders under him* to bear up at least some part of that weight; so that he was cut down whilst he was yet alive, and when the butcher was seeking for his heart, he pronounced these words, 'O God, be merciful to me.'" Happily there are few such instances of cruelty as this, but in the large majority of cases the sentence of the law was carried out to the letter without interference. How awful that was may be seen from a single example, in which we have the details from the brave gentlewoman who stood by the martyr to the last and actually held his head while he was being disembowelled. It is a long

story, but it is only by looking at details that we can form a true conception of what our glorious martyrs suffered, or of the courage they and their friends could show. As for this brave gentlewoman, may her name be held in everlasting benediction, say I.

The following, then, is a part of Mrs. Willoughby's account of the manner of death of Hugh Green at Dorchester in 1642. "Pulling his cap over his face, his hands joined over his breast, in silent prayer he expected almost half an hour his happy passage by the turning of the ladder, for not any one would put a hand to turn it, although the Sheriff had spoken to many. I heard one bid him do it himself. At length he got a country clown, who presently, with the help of the hangman, who sat astride on the gallows, turned the ladder, which being done, he was noted by myself and others to cross himself three times with his right hand; but instantly the hangman was commanded to cut him down with a knife, which the constable held up to him, stuck in a long stick, although I and others did our uttermost to have hindered him. Now the fall which he had from the gallows, not his hanging, did a little astonish [that is, stun] him; for that they had willed the hangman to put the knot of the rope at his poll, and not under his ear, as it is usual. The man that was to quarter him was a timorous unskilful man, by trade a barber, and his name was Barefoot, whose mother, sisters and brothers, are devout Catholics. He was so long a dismembering him that he came to his perfect senses and sat upright, and took Barefoot by the hand, to show as I believe that he forgave him; but the people pulled him down with the rope that was about his neck. Then did this butcher cut his belly on both sides, and turned the flap upon his breast, which the holy man feeling, put his left hand upon his bowels, and lifting up his right hand, he crossed himself, saying three times, Jesu, Jesu, Jesu, mercy! The which, although unworthy, I am witness of, for my hand was on his forehead, and many Protestants heard him and took great notice of it, for all the Catholics were pressed away by the unruly multitude except myself, who never left him till his head was severed from his body. Whilst he was thus calling upon Jesus, the butcher did pull a piece of his liver

out instead of his heart, and tumbling his guts out every way to see if his heart were not amongst them; then with his knife he raked in the body of this most blessed martyr, who even then called on Jesus, and his forehead sweat; then it was cold, and presently again it burned! his eyes, nose and mouth ran over with blood and water. His patience was admirable; and when his tongue could no longer pronounce that life-giving name of Jesus, his lips moved, and his inward groans gave signs of those lamentable torments which for more than half an hour he suffered. Methought my heart was pulled out of my body to see him in such cruel pains, lifting up his eyes to Heaven and yet not dead. Then I could no longer hold, but cried, 'Out upon them that did so torment him:' upon which a devout gentlewoman, understanding that he did yet live, went to the sheriff, who was her uncle's steward, and on her knees besought him to see justice done and to put him out of his pain, who at her request commanded to cut off his head. Then with a knife they did cut his throat, and with a cleaver chopped off his head, and so this thrice most blessed martyr died." Mrs. Willoughby and another gentlewoman went to the sheriff and begged the martyr's body which he gave, but the "blinded Dorcestrians," as she well may call them, drove them away, and from "ten o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon stayed on the hill and sported themselves at football with the martyr's head, and put sticks in his eyes, ears, nose and mouth." At last they buried the head near the body of the martyr, for they were afraid to set it upon their gate, as they thought that the head of Fr. Cornelius, S.J., set upon their town gate in 1594, had brought upon them a plague.

The sentence said that the "traitors" were to be beheaded and quartered, and their heads and quarters placed where the King or Queen should direct. London Bridge and Temple Bar were the usual places for their heads, and the other city gates for their quarters, and a ghastly sight they must have afforded. At the place of execution there was a great fire, which served a double purpose. In it the heart and entrails were burnt,—and on it a great caldron of pitch was heated, in which the head and quarters were dipped before they were hung up. And then they were left to be literally, in the

Psalmist's words, "food for the birds of the air." John Ingram, one of the martyrs, thinking of this, showed how quietly he was looking death in the face when he cut a Latin epigram* on the subject on the Tower walls. I give you a translation with which a friend has furnished me:

> "Tombs from the living rock the rich enclose;
> My living tomb the crop of hungry crows."

I have said enough to give you some idea of what our brave martyrs suffered, and at the same time something has also been done towards the answer of my third question, What sort of men were they? But to give a full answer to it, I must refer you to their lives. They were holy men, pure-minded, self-denying, zealous men, upon whom these cruelties were inflicted. The priests had come over with their lives in their hands to keep up the faith in England, and the laymen at the hazard of their lives took them into their houses and became partakers of their good deeds. These men were not unexpectedly overtaken by the persecution. They knew what risk there was in their work for their own souls and the souls of others; and they whose generous offers of themselves to God were accepted, and the hundreds of others who were martyrs in will but not in deed, deserve all the gratitude that we can give them for the priceless gift of our faith that they have preserved for us.

I will content myself with a single quotation to show the sort of training that gives a man the spirit of a martyr. Fr. Whitbread was the Provincial of the Jesuits, and preaching to his religious brethren at the College at Liège on St. James' day, 1678, upon the Gospel of the day, he chose for his text, *Potestis bibere calicem quem ego bibiturus sum? Dicunt ei, Possumus.* "Can you drink the chalice which I am to drink? They say to Him, We can." After having told them that the times were now indeed quiet, but God only knew how long they would be so, he thus most remarkably repeated his text. "*Potestis bibere calicem?* Can you undergo a hard persecution? Are you contented to be falsely betrayed and

* Pro tumulo lapides fodiuntur viscera terræ
Ut vivos dives possit habere suo:
Ast ego non quæro tumbam; sed vivida tumba
Pro nostro exsangui corpore corvus erit.

injured and hurried away to prison? *Possumus:* We can, blessed be God. *Potestis bibere?* Can you suffer the hardships of a gaol? Can you sleep on straw and live on hard diet? Can you lie in chains and fetters? Can you endure the rack? *Possumus:* We can, blessed be God. *Potestis bibere?* Can you be brought to the bar and hear yourself falsely sworn against? Can you patiently receive the sentence of an unjust judge, condemning you to a painful and ignominious death, to be hanged, drawn and quartered? *Possumus:* We can;" and each time he uttered these emphatic words he joined his hands before his breast and lifted up his eyes to Heaven. Now this fervent exhortation to martyrdom was made two months before that last persecution broke out, and before the anniversary of that exhortation came round, Fr. Whitbread, and several of his brethren of the Society were in possession of the martyrs' crown and palm branch. They died on the 20th of June, 1679.

I have referred you to the lives of the martyrs that you may learn more fully what manner of men they were. It is not in my power to go through those lives with you now; I wish it were; but there is still one thing that I can do without detaining you unduly. I can give you some of the words, many of them the last words, of these Blessed and Venerable Servants of God. "They should laugh that win," said Hanse. "I shall be shortly above yonder fellow," said Sherwin pointing to the sun. He was the brave protomartyr of the English College at Rome, who when asked there whether he was ready to go to England when his superior should send him, answered, "To-day rather than to-morrow." Thompson said that in all his life he never had been so joyful. Thirkeld: "This is the day that the Lord hath made." "This way to heaven is as short as any other," was the brave speech of that brave woman Margaret Clitheroe. "Come ye blessed of God," said Ludlam. "Let us live in hope," was Genings' saying. "Farewell all hawking, hunting and old pastimes: I am now going a better way." This was said by that noble soul, Swithin Wells. White when racked said, "Lord, more pain, if Thou pleasest, and more patience." Waterson: "If he might have the kingdom of France to stay there till next midsummer, he would rather choose to go for England."

"Thy yoke, O Lord is sweet and Thy burden light:" Davies. Carey, a layman, kissing the halter, "O precious collar!" Rigby, another brave layman, "I would not change my chain for my Lord Mayor's great chain." He also said that his pains were "a fleabite in comparison of that which it pleased my sweet Saviour to suffer for me." "Though I shall have a sharp dinner, yet I trust in Jesus Christ I shall have a most sweet supper:" Sugar. Of this martyr, Grissold, his spiritual child and fellow-martyr, said on his way to the gallows, when expostulated with for following the hurdle through the mud: "I have not thus far followed him, to leave him now for a little mire." "Now I see verified in me what was foretold me by happy Thomas Bullaker," said Fr. Bell of his fellow-Franciscan and fellow-martyr. "Why weep you for me who am glad at heart of this happy day?" said Duckett. "Is this the countenance of one who lies under so gross a guilt?" asked Pickering, the Benedictine laybrother, lifting the cap at the last moment to show his bright innocent face. "I come, sweet Jesus, I come:" Fr. Wright. "Come, my sweetest Jesu, that I may be inseparably united to Thee in time and eternity. Welcome ropes, hurdles, gibbets, knives and butchery. Welcome for the love of Jesus, my Saviour:" Fr. Morse.

Three short anecdotes and I have done. It is said, but I do not know where I learned it, that when John Kemble was on his way from London to Hereford to be tried for his life, the constable in charge of him pointed out Hereford and told him it was the place where he was to die. The brave old martyr,—he was eighty years old—said, "Well, let us sit down and look at it, while we smoke a pipe." I was told, I wish I could remember by whom, that the people in that part of the country, to this day, speak of "Kemble's pipe," when they wish to describe perfect self-possession in danger.

Fr. Evans, S.J., had been condemned to death, but his execution had been deferred so long that it was thought that he would not suffer, and he had even liberty to go out of prison. Suddenly orders came that he was to die the next day. The gaoler, who went to acquaint him with the news and to bring him back to prison found him engaged in some

innocent recreation. He unconcernedly replied, "What haste is there? Let me first play out my game," and so he did, and then returned to prison. Here he could scarce contain himself for joy, which he expressed as well by taking up his harp, as by several other tokens of a soul transported with the thought of the happiness now so near at hand.

My last story is about Roger Wrenno, a weaver, who died with John Thulis, at Lancaster, in 1616. The rope with which he was hanged broke and he fell to the ground. After a short space he came perfectly to himself and began to pray very devoutly. On this the ministers came to offer him his life if he would take the oath of allegiance. "The good man at this presently arose, saying, 'I am the same man I was and in the same mind: use your pleasure with me,' and with that he ran to the ladder, and went up it as fast as he could. 'How now,' says the Sheriff, 'what does the man mean, that he is in such haste?' 'Oh,' said the good man, 'if you had seen that which I have just now seen, you would be as much in haste to die as I now am.' And so the executioner, putting a stronger rope about his neck, turned the ladder, and quickly sent him to see the good things of the Lord in the land of the living, of which before he had had a glimpse."

That we may get there too, my dear boys, there is something to be done in living and in dying. Let us so live, and let us so die, that we may be with the martyrs in Heaven. In living and in dying, we, like them, must be on God's side always, cost us what it may.

IN PENAL DAYS:

A SKETCH OF IRISH LIFE.

By Rosa Mulholland.

The mountain Mass was over, and the dawn had given place to sunrise, empurpling the surrounding hills and reddening the rocks on which the altar had been made. A lark sang his thanksgiving loudly and without fear, feeling himself beyond reach of man and close to Heaven; and as the priest hurriedly concealed the sacred vessels and the people stole away by downward paths towards the lower land, a young girl, enveloped in a peasant's cloak, pursued her way alone without raising her face or ceasing her prayer, till suddenly a shadow fell on the path, and her steps received a check. Taken off her guard, she threw up her head, from which the hood of her cloak fell backward.

"Miss O'Driscoll! Mary! do not be afraid of me. I know where you have been. I have been present at your Mass. Would to God I could share in your devotions!"

The fair face lost its look of fear, and an expression of trust stole into a pair of eyes blue and dark as a mountain tarn.

"You will not make use of this to injure my father?"

"What do you take me for? are we to be natural enemies, because in this accursed land Catholic worship of God is made a crime, and a Protestant is put in the place of a wolf who is expected to prey upon the lamb? Will you not let me see you home? Remember, my presence will be sufficient cover for you for the rest of the way, without this heavy disguise. Allow me to carry it."

The girl threw off her cloak smiling, and appeared in the neat morning dress of a young lady of good position.

"You have always been kind to us, Mr. Courtney," she said gratefully, as she gave him her mantle to carry.

"Would to Heaven you would allow me to be kinder! Ah, how gladly would I shelter you from trouble and danger. Mary, could you not make up your mind to pray with me in public? Will you be my wife, and leave the rest to Providence and to me?"

The girl turned pale and trembled.

"My heart is yours," she said simply, "but my soul is God's. I will never be a wife. Now go, for I have said too much."

"Ah, you will yet say more," cried Courtney, joyfully. "God is not so exacting as you think, and you will live to find that out."

He held her hand for a moment, and looked with honest tenderness on her downcast face; then they separated, each going a different way along the moorland.

Half an hour later, when Mary O'Driscoll was seated at the head of her father's breakfast-table, surrounded by numerous brothers and sisters, the door opened and her father came in, accompanied by her uncle, a tall, loud-voiced squire, who had just arrived from Dublin, and was eagerly questioned by the young people for news.

"News?" he cried, bringing down his fist heavily upon the table, "the latest news is that I, Gerald O'Driscoll, have conformed. By Heaven, I have saved my property!"

"And lost your soul," added Mary's father, looking at his rough brother with mild eyes.

"I'faith," said Gerald. "I would rather trust my soul to God for a day then my property to the fiend for ever; and so I told them all round and round. I walked into the Club at Essex Street immediately after I had done it, and I said to them, 'I have read my recantation to-day, and any one who says I did right is a rascal.' I say the same to all here present now," said Gerald O'Driscoll, glaring round on his young nephews and nieces.

"Hush, Gerald, for God's sake," said his brother.

"Well done, uncle!" cried young Gerald, his eldest nephew, fixing admiring eyes on the excited squire. "You are not afraid of either man or devil."

"Oh, I frightened them all," blustered Gerald O'Driscoll. "I drained the Christ Church clergyman's cup, and when

he grumbled I told him he needn't grudge it to me, for it was the dearest glass of wine I ever drank. When they bring the devil into their church they must expect him to behave like the devil he is."

"Bravo, uncle!" shouted young Gerald again; and his father said sternly, "Gerald, leave the room. If I have to bear this from your uncle, my elder brother, I am not going to tolerate it from you."

Young Gerald obeyed, and his sister Mary followed him to the library, where he sat smoking and swinging his foot, and staring at the floor.

"Look here, Mary," he said, "you needn't be coming to me with those imploring eyes of yours. Uncle has taught me a lesson, and I'm going to act on it, so as not to let the family go to the dogs. What with your refusing Jack Courtney, whom I swear you like for all that, and father doing nothing to secure his property, though he knows he's marked for ruin, it's enough to drive a fellow mad. It's driven me mad, and I'm off to Dublin to-night to conform as uncle did, and take the estate into my own hands. Perhaps you don't know that a son, by becoming a Protestant, can take possession of the estate over his father's head?"

"I do know it," said Mary, white and quivering with dread and indignation. "But I believe you are only joking, Gerald," she added, recovering herself. "A very bad jest, dear, but only a jest after all."

To which Gerald made no answer, except by dashing his pipe into the grate, and flinging out of the room with a bang of the door behind him.

Mary went to her father, who had just parted from his brother on the doorstep, and was gazing pityingly after him, with the echo of the wrathful squire's latest oaths in his ears.

"Father," she said, stealing an arm round his neck, "do you know what Gerald thinks of doing?"

"I know it, Mary."

"How can we prevent him?"

"We cannot, except by locking him up, and that would be no use. He is of age; and even if he were not he has the power. He has his uncle's spirit in him, I fear. You and I and the children must go to France and work for our bread, for I will never take a shilling from him, gotten as he will get it."

That evening Jack Courtney was sauntering about his own grounds in the dusk, watching a storm-cloud looming up over near the nearest mountain and marching angrily across the long bleak stretch of bog that lay between the hills and his own belt of woodland. He was dreaming of the spiritual light in Mary O'Driscoll's eyes as she lifted them to his out of her morning meditations, and asking himself would not the gain of a faith like hers be worth the sacrifice of his patrimony. The sound of horse's hoofs roused him, and he saw young Gerald O'Driscoll cantering up his avenue.

"I say, Courtney, there's a deuce of a storm coming on, and I'm going to ask a night's lodging of you, instead of riding on to the next place of entertainment for man and beast."

"*Cead mille fealthe!*" said Courtney. "You know a friend is always welcome here. I'm a lonely fellow at the best."

"A fact I'm ashamed of as Mary's brother. You see you have talked that over with me so often that I make bold to allude to it. Besides, I'm bold enough to-night for anything. We are not all going to be fools of Papists for ever over yonder, I can tell you, for I am this moment on my way to Dublin to conform and take possession of my father's property."

"Indeed," said Courtney, and threw away his cigar, and was silent for some moments. "I had no idea you were so enterprising," he added. "But come, dinner is just ready, and here is some one in time to take your horse."

The two men were alone at table, and Gerald O'Driscoll, having swallowed a few glasses of wine, poured out freely all his plans and projects for placing himself as master in his father's shoes. They were plans suggested by a wicked law, and nursed and matured by a selfish and unscrupulous nature.

When bedtime came, Gerald O'Driscoll congratulated himself, as he listened to the raging of the storm outside, that he had got a good Protestant neighbour, thanks to Mary's blue eyes for so much! After to-morrow he would be an important man himself, as big a man as Courtney, and able to hold his head to the full as high as his friend did. He was ignorant as he fell asleep full of these dreams that Courtney had not gone to bed, and did not think of sleep, but was busying himself with preparations for a sud-

den and rapid excursion from home. Long before dawn, and before the storm was nearly spent, the Protestant neighbour was on his way to Dublin, having left a note to be handed to his guest at the breakfast-table.

"Sudden and unexpected business has called me away. Sorry that circumstances deprive me of your company as a fellow-traveller. Make yourself as comfortable as you can in the absence of yours, &c., &c."

Gerald thought little of the matter, and proceeded leisurely to Dublin, where almost the first man he met in the street was his Protestant neighbour, Courtney.

"O'Driscoll," said Jack, laying his hand on the younger man's shoulder, "clever as you are, I have over-reached you. The O'Driscoll property is mine. I have informed on your father, and secured his estate for myself."

"You robber—rascal!" stammered Gerald, white and red in turns with disappointment and passion.

"Softly, Gerald, softly. Look into your own heart and apply these words to the man whom they fit. Do you not know that a Protestant can hold secure (and if he pleases to do so, silently) the property for his Catholic neighbour? The estate, nominally mine, can never while I live be wrested from Mary's father. Now go home, you young reprobate, and pray to the God we have both been taught to worship, to give you enough of grace to feel ashamed of yourself!"

Yet after all these incidents Courtney became a Catholic, and married Mary O'Driscoll, not without having first secured her father in his possessions, through the further intervention of Protestant interest. Mary and her husband took refuge in France, where they lived long and happily, though comparatively impoverished.

LISFARNHAM FERRY.

By A. F. North.

"I'm beginning to be afeard that he'll never give in, Ellen; he's that determined that I think nothing 'll change him."

"We must just have patience a bit longer, Owen. Who knows what may happen to make him see things different?"

The speakers were seated in a large, roughly-built boat, which floated idly on the water of a wide, shallow creek, or inlet of the sea, forming the estuary of a small river. The girl who was in the stern, was apparently about twenty years of age, strong, and well made, with an honest open countenance, and a quantity of red-gold hair in thick coils upon her neck. Her companion who was somewhat older, and a good specimen of a respectable young farmer, was resting on his oars and allowing the boat to swing round with the ebbing tide. On one side was the open sea; on the other, meadows and corn-fields, and the little valley enclosed by low wooded hills, through which the river wound. It was Sunday, and the sound of bells came softly down the valley, and mingled with that of the waves, as they broke on the rocks outside. Over all fell the warm rays of an August sunset, brightening and glorifying everything they touched: the quiet waters of the river, the battered old boat, the girl's golden head, and the sun-browned face of her companion; all were touched and transformed by the wondrous glow that rested on sea and land.

The two paid little heed to it, however; the sunset behind those western hills was no novelty to either, and just now they had their own troubles and perplexities to think of —the troubles and perplexities proper to a pair of lovers whose wishes are crossed by stern and unrelenting parents. Ellen Delany was step-daughter to old Mat Shea the ferryman, while Owen Bryan's father was a well-to-do farmer, who scouted the idea of his son's marrying a girl unable

to contribute her full share towards the stock of the farm. In vain did Owen hold forth to his father concerning Ellen's many merits, and, in particular, the knowledge of dairy work, which she had acquired from an aunt with whom she had spent part of her childhood. Old Bryan was inflexible.

"If you marry the girl, it'll be without my consent, an' you'll have to go live at Mat Shea's an' pull an oar for your living. No beggarly fisherman's daughter shall come to live here, in my time at least. When I'm gone, I suppose you must go to the devil your own way."

Among the many plans for securing independence which Owen turned over in his mind, the most feasible appeared to be that of emigration. He had uncles in America who would, he knew, give him a helping hand, and if Ellen would but consent to come with him, he would write to them at once. But to this Ellen demurred. She thought that Owen ought not to be so ready to break with his father, whose only child he was; while, for her own part, she disliked the idea of going so far away from her mother, whose life with her second husband was by no means a smooth or pleasant one. So Ellen, as we have seen, counselled patience, and by so doing drew down upon herself the wrath of her lover.

"It's easy for you to talk about patience," he said; "if you cared about me one-half as much as I do about you, you'd be for doing anything that would make us able to marry. But it's plain to be seen that you don't care."

It was by no means the first time that Ellen had heard this reproach, and it did not in consequence make any very deep impression on her.

"Don't be talking nonsense, Owen," she said. "If you're too tired to pull any more, give me the oars. It's time we were going in. Mother'll be wanting me to see about the tea."

Owen upon this took up his oars and began to pull steadily for the shore, which they reached in a few minutes.

"I suppose I may come in along with you," he said, as he helped her out of the boat. "Once we begin cutting the corn, there's no knowing when I'll have a spare moment."

"Come in an' welcome," answered Ellen; "you know that mother's always glad to see you."

The moment Ellen entered she was greeted by an oath from her step-father, who was seated in a lounging attitude close to the hearth, on which the few sods of turf, sufficient to boil the kettle, were smouldering.

"Are we going to get any tea to-night?" he growled. "Your mother says 'tis you that has the key of the cupboard in your pocket."

"Why, then, so I have," said Ellen. "'Twas stupid of me not to leave it with mother when I went out. You'll have your tea in half a minute now, father."

Mat Shea's one virtue was sobriety. He had taken the pledge two years before, and had kept it rigorously, considering himself, in consequence of his heroism in this respect, fully entitled to indulge in the minor vices of bad temper and bad language. Ellen and her mother were so afraid of his relapsing into his old habits that they humoured him in everything, while he, perceiving his power over them, exerted it to the utmost. Tea being ready, Owen required but little pressing to sit down and take a cup with them; he really liked Mrs. Shea, and he tolerated Mat for Ellen's sake.

"I saw your father this morning, Owen," said Mrs. Shea, as she sat at the table. "He is looking as well a'most as he did twenty years ago."

"He's a wonderful man for his time o' life, Mrs. Shea," answered Owen. "I tell him it's younger he do be growing every day. The only sign of old age about him is, that he is getting fonder than ever of his own way."

"Faith, then, it seems to me that you like your own way well enough yourself," said Mat, "and you're not what one would call old."

"True for you," said Owen, laughing. "'Tisn't much of it I gets, though, from any one," with a look at Ellen. "I must be going now, by the same token. Good-evening to you, ma'am. Good-evening, Nelly," and he went away.

Several days passed without bringing Owen to the ferry, and Ellen supposed that he must be busied about the harvest, particularly as the weather showed signs of a coming change. The expected rains came on the Friday in a steady downpour, and towards evening the wind began to rise.

"This weather'll be bad for the harvest," said Mrs. Shea, as she and Ellen were putting away the tea things. "Is Mr.

Bryan's corn a'most in, I wonder?" As she spoke, Owen entered the cottage. His face was very pale, and he turned at once to Mat Shea without greeting of any kind to the women:

"Mat, I want you to put me across as quick as ever you can. My father's very bad, an' I'm going for the doctor."

"The Lord save us!" exclaimed Mrs. Shea. "What's the matter with the poor old man, Owen?"

"I'm afraid it's a fit, or something of that sort, ma'am. He fell out of his chair all of a sudden, an' the senses haven't come back to him yet. Make haste, Mat; what in the world is delaying you, man?"

"Have a minute's patience," growled Mat. "You don't want me to go out without a coat, I suppose, of a night like this."

"What doctor is it you are going for, Owen?"

"The dispensary doctor at Kilbrittan, ma'am; he's the nearest."

"'Tis a wonder you wouldn't put the horse in the car, an' go round by the bridge," said Mat. "'Twould be much the quickest."

"I don't think it would," answered Owen. "It's a round of a good ten mile by the bridge." Mat was ready by this time, and Owen, as he followed him from the cottage, turned round at the door to say:

"Ellen asthore, will you keep a look-out for me, an' when you hear me whistle at the other side, make your father bring over the boat without any delay? I'll be back in less than an hour."

"All right, Owen," said Ellen; "I'll do my best."

The hour and another passed, however, without bringing the sound of Owen's signal across the waters of the creek. At nine o'clock Mat Shea rose and called roughly to his step-daughter to come and help him to haul up the boat.

"Sure, father," exclaimed Ellen, "you're not going to haul up the boat till you have brought Owen back?"

"Faith, I'm not going to cross again to-night," said Mat, with an oath. "I'm not obliged to ferry any one over after nine o'clock of a fine night, let alone such a one as this. Owen Bryan may wait on the opposite bank till morning. 'Twill do him all the good in the world."

"But the doctor, father; the poor old man may die for the want of the doctor."

"Let him die," said Mat, savagely. "If he does, 'twill be all the better for yourself. Owen'll be able to marry you then, without loss of time. Come out, I say, an' haul up the boat."

"Sure the boat is safe enough; it's fast to the iron ring in the landing slip."

"We'll make it safer. It'll blow a gale to-night, I reckon, an' there'll be a spring tide in the morning. I won't have any risks run with the boat. Make haste, I say; what the devil are you dawdling about?"

Ellen had no choice but to follow her stepfather and give him the aid of her unusually strong arms in hauling the ferry-boat high up on the strand. As she did so she arranged her plans in her own mind. Mat Shea's suggestion that old Bryan's death would be to her advantage, had determined her to stop at nothing in her efforts to bring him aid. It would be impossible for her to launch the ferry-boat again without assistance, but she remembered having that day seen, lying on the strand at some distance from the ferry-point, a small boat belonging to a gentleman in the neighbourhood. This she could push off herself, and she determined accordingly to wait until her father and mother were in bed, and then slip quietly out of the house and row across the creek, so as to be in readiness when Owen and the doctor should come.

Half-an-hour later found her at the place where she had seen the little boat. Yes, it was still there, the oars lying across the thwarts. She pushed it off without much difficulty, and stepping in, began to row as fast as she could towards the other side. Mat Shea's prediction concerning the weather had come true by this time; it was blowing a regular gale, and the wind coming in from the sea, and meeting the outgoing tide, lashed the waters of the creek into fury. The white-crested waves threatened every moment to swamp the little boat, and the blinding rain and fierce wind would scarcely allow Ellen to hold the oars. She had never been so near death as she was during that half-hour's struggle with the wind and tide. At length she got into smoother water near shore; she had been carried down by the tide far below the ordinary landing-place, and had much difficulty in making her way back to it. When, at length, she reached it, she was so much exhausted that

it was as much as she could do to make the boat fast to the stone steps. There was no sign of Owen; and she began to fear that he had already come to the landing-place, and, finding his signal unanswered, and seeing the lights in the ferry-house extinguished, had gone away again. She had been listening for his whistle, but quick as her hearing was, she might easily have missed it amid the roar of the winds and waves. She determined to wait awhile, however, and accordingly crouched down in the bottom of the boat, covering herself with an old tarpaulin which she found there. There she lay, wet and shivering, for what appeared to her a long time. At length she heard the sound of wheels, which stopped when they came near; hurried footsteps, and then a voice which she recognized as Owen's, saying:

"The lights are out in the ferry house. I'm afraid it's no use to shout; even if we could make him hear, Mat Shea wouldn't come across."

"You can hardly blame him, in such weather as this," said another voice. "We must give up the idea of getting across to-night. My horse is too tired to go another step. You'd better come back with me and wait quietly at my place till morning."

Ellen who was by this time standing up in the boat, raised her voice, and called as loudly as she could, "Owen."

"The boat is there," said Owen. "Thank God!" The two figures came down the steps.

"Ellen, is there no one here but you? Did you bring the boat over all by yourself?"

"Yes," said Ellen. "Father wouldn't wait after the regular hour; he hauled up the boat an' put out the lights at nine o'clock, so I just slipped out an' took Mr. Lane's boat, that was lying on the strand, and came across for you. What made you so late, Owen?"

"The doctor wasn't at home, and I had to follow him all the way up to Ardmurran, where he was dining. God bless you for bringing the boat across, Nell; I don't know what we'd have done but for you."

By this time the two men were in the boat.

"It's a small craft for a rough night," said the doctor, as he took one of the oars.

"Are you afraid, sir?" asked Ellen.

"No, no," said the doctor. "Why should I be afraid

when you are not? All the same, it's ticklish work," he muttered under his breath.

There was a lull in the storm by this time, and the little boat being under the guidance of two strong and skilled oarsmen, made her way back with somewhat less difficulty and danger than she had experienced in crossing the first time. There was quite enough of both, however, to make the doctor say, as he stepped ashore:

"You're a wonderful young woman to have brought the boat across all by yourself in this gale. I suppose you're wet through—I thought so"—laying his hand upon her dress. "Here, drink this;" and taking out his pocket flask, he poured some raw brandy into the cup, and gave it to Ellen. "Drink it, I tell you; it will prevent your catching cold. Now go in, and go to bed without a moment's delay."

"I can't say anything about what you've done this night, Nelly," said Owen, "but don't think that I don't feel it all the same."

"I hope the doctor will be in time to cure the poor old man," said Ellen, as she went into the cottage.

Ellen felt very tired and stiff when she awoke next morning, and her step-father, who at first suspected, and then by dint of questioning ascertained the truth concerning the events of the night, used language of more than common strength on the subject. As she was washing the breakfast things, the doctor, who had come down to be ferried across, stopped at the cottage door, and told her that old Bryan was much better, almost out of danger, in fact.

"He may thank you for his life," added Dr. Brenan. "If I had not reached the farm until morning, which, but for you, would certainly have been the case, I could have done nothing for him, and so I told him."

Owen who came later in the day, confirmed this statement. "Dr. Brenan told my father," he said, "that but for you he wouldn't be alive now. He says he never saw anything so plucky as your coming over all alone in that little cockle-shell of a boat, an' the weather what it was last night. The old man said nothing at the time, but he seemed to be thinking about it a deal; he asked old Hannah a power of questions about you when he thought I wasn't listening."

A few days after this, Dr. Brenan, who was still in attendance on the old man, stopped at the cottage, and told Ellen that Mr. Bryan would be glad to see her if she would manage to go up to the farm in the course of the day. This she accordingly did, in some trepidation, as she stood constantly in awe of her lover's father. When she reached the farm-house, Owen was nowhere to be seen, but she was met at the door by Hannah, the servant, who took her straight into the old man's room, where she found him sitting in an arm-chair near the window, looking very much the worse for his recent illness. He bestowed on her a short nod by way of greeting, and told her to sit down. When she had done so, he began:

"So it seems it's you I've to thank for my life?"

"I'm glad I was able to be of use, sir," stammered Ellen.

"Didn't you know you were going against your own interests in what you did? Didn't the thought come into your mind at all that if once I was out of the way Owen could marry you out of hand?"

"The thought was put into my mind, sir, but of course it only made me readier to do what I could."

"You wouldn't have been easy in your mind if you'd had any hand in my death? Well, my girl, I wouldn't like that you'd be any the worse for what you've done for me, so if you an' Owen are still in the same mind about marrying as you were awhile ago, I'll not hinder you. Here's Owen come to speak for himself," as the young man entered, looking very much surprised at sight of his father's visitor.

"I'm telling Ellen Delany, Owen, that if you an' she are still wanting to marry, you can do it. It wasn't her that I objected to all along, it was that scamp of a father of hers."

"He's only her step-father," said Owen eagerly.

"I know that. I remember her own father better than you do. A decent, honest man he was, an' well to do, too, until the bad times came an' he had to give up his farm. You'd better go out, both of you, an' settle your plans. As I said before, I won't hinder you."

The consent was not very graciously given, but it was sufficient for the lovers, who lost no time in availing themselves of it.

DROWNING THE SHAMROCK.

By Mrs. Charles Martin.

"Only for three months, Owen! Just think what a little while! Why, 'twill have slipped away without you ever noticing it. Come now, child, don't be afraid. God will help you, and make the water taste just as good as the *poteen*. Just make up your mind to it, and I promise you that you'll bless the day that will have made a sober man of you for the rest of your life!"

The speaker was a kindly white-haired priest, who for years had been the pastor of the Catholics in the busy little town of M—, near Liverpool; and the person whom he addressed was a tall handsome fellow of about five-and-twenty with deep Irish blue laughing eyes, brown wavy hair, and a well-knit figure, which as yet betrayed no sign of exhausting toil and hard living. Indeed, Owen Lambert was as fine a young man as one would wish to see, and the few months that had elapsed since he had left his home amid the mountains and lakes of Connemara had not yet robbed him of all the freshness of colour and brilliancy of eye of his native country. To be sure, both had faded somewhat; and to-day particularly there was an unusually dejected expression in his handsome face as he stood before the old priest. The fact was, Owen had just been getting a lecture, which he knew was well-deserved, from Father Laurence. Owen was the best of fellows; industrious, honest, God-fearing, a model son, a kind brother, a true friend. In his home in the West he was a general favourite, and the lamentation had been universal when circumstances had caused him to leave it for a while for a good job that had been offered him in M—. There he had left a mother who adored him, and a bright-eyed girl who had promised to be his wife, and a character of which any man might be proud. For a while after he came to M—. his good habits stuck to him, and he was the same steady hard-working fellow as at home. Then the moment of trial came, the bad companions, the evil example, the

ridicule and jeers of his comrades, the overpowering temptation, the sudden yielding, and then the cruel, dreadful, unavoidable consequences.

Good Father Laurence had made more than one attempt to rescue poor Owen from the horrible fate to which he was so surely and quickly drifting. All in vain, however. The young man had of late begun to avoid him, and even to absent himself from the chapel. At last, rumours reached the priest's ears which determined him to make a supreme effort before it should be too late. One evening, after a long and tiresome day's work, he made his way to the house in the little back street where he knew that Owen lodged, and, catching him just as he was going to join a set of boon companions at the neighbouring public-house, he earnestly appealed to him to save himself from ruin and misery, and there and then to take the pledge. "You'll never regret it, Owen, I promise you, you never will. It is your one chance, and if you reject it, it is all up with you I do believe. Just think what you're coming to, my boy—you as fine a young fellow as ever stepped, a month or two ago. And proud I was of you, and used to point you out as an example of what old Ireland could produce, carrying your head so high, and not afraid to look any man in the face. But now, my poor fellow, just look what you're coming to—what you've come to, rather—shaky and pale and besotted like the rest of them. Just *brutes;* that's what they are, and you'll become one too. And it will be the death of your poor mother, and of the lass who trusts and loves you. O, if either of them saw you as you were last night, rolling about the streets, bringing shame and discredit on the old country, on the mother who bore you, and worse than all, on the holy religion you profess! Upon my word, it is enough to make St. Patrick himself weep for very shame."

Owen's heart was touched. He was sorry for the old priest, whose dim eyes were really filled with tears, and he was ashamed of and disgusted with himself.

"I tell you what it is, Father Laurence," he said at last—"I'll stay at home to-night. There! I have promised those chaps to meet them, but not a foot will I go; and if they come here, I'll be in my bed, and pretend to be sick. Now, won't that satisfy you, Father Laurence? I'll not go near the public as long as I live. Do you think I care for

the drink? Not a bit of it. It's only for the sake of comradeship and doing like the rest. But I'll give it up to please you; and I'll only drink a glass now and then, just to stand a mate a treat, and because one must wet one's lips with something. Won't that do, Father Laurence?" the young man concluded, with a coaxing air, taking off his coat, as though already beginning to prepare for bed.

Father Laurence was not, however, so easily taken in. Experience had taught him how little such promises were to be trusted.

"Shame on you, Owen," he said, "to try to put me off in that shabby fashion! To please *me*, indeed! Is that your motive? Why, it's God Almighty you should be thinking of pleasing, and of saving your body and soul from ruin and destruction. Nothing will save you from that accursed temptation but the pledge, and it is the pledge I have come to give you. Pretend you're sick, indeed, and go and hide your head in the blanket? Why not tell the truth—that you're determined to save yourself while there's time, and to give up the drink altogether? O Owen, Owen! it just shows you the mischief that's done already, and the coward you're fast becoming, that you should have to go to bed to hide yourself from the danger, instead of facing it like a brave fellow, and showing the sort of stuff you're made of."

This appeal produced a considerable effect; but it was by no means conclusive. Owen made a stout resistance still. To take the pledge was a serious matter. He foresaw how he would be jeered and scoffed at; how all those with whom he had of late associated would despise and laugh at him. Even his own pride was mortified and humbled by the suggestion. Could he not take his glass like another? He hated to think that he should be so weak as not to be able to know when and where to stop.

But Father Laurence was determined that, in spite of himself, Owen should be dragged away from the terrible abyss, and the end of it all was that, before he left the young man's room that evening, Owen had taken the pledge for three months, reserving to himself the right of "drowning the shamrock" on Patrick's Day.

Three months! It seemed easy enough to say; but it was surprising how long they appeared to get through. Owen, though he had made such a fuss about it, had, in

reality, not seriously foreseen much difficulty in giving up the drink for three months. As to the deprivation, he had hardly thought about that; but he did dread the loss of the boon companionship, and, far more than this, the taunts and sneers of the men with whom he worked, and who would despise him for his sneakiness and want of pluck.

Not to taste a drop! Not to stand a treat! Not to turn in of an evening to the public for a smoke, and a chat, and a glass of liquor! Jeer him and taunt him they did, to their hearts' content. Now and then he felt that it was too much, and that he must either yield or run away altogether. Bill Greenwood, a huge Welshman, who got drunk every Saturday night as regularly as clockwork, and spent the rest of the week in slowly recovering himself, was amongst the worst of his mates. He was a violent fellow by nature, and his excesses not seldom made a wild beast of him. One Saturday evening, Owen met him face to face at the corner of the street, and the Welshman, thinking the opportunity too fine a one to be lost, and already more than half seas over himself, caught hold of Owen's arm and dragged him along to the nearest gin-palace. Before he knew where he was, Owen found himself inside, amidst the glaring lights, the well-known faces, the foul language, the noise, the confusion. The glass was put in his hand, and his hand was carried up to his lips; the hot liquor touched them. Then he remembered all; and dashing the glass to the floor, he made a bound out of the place, followed by the hoarse laughs and loud oaths of the men. And so the days and weeks slipped away; and, after a while, when they began to perceive that Owen was not to be bullied into doing what he had made up his mind not to do, they left him alone.

So the three months went on; and Owen's employers, satisfied with his steady conduct and industry, began to notice him, and gradually improved his position. He was already beginning to see the time when he could venture to marry, and to offer a home to his mother. With Norah for his wife, and his mother to keep them company, the notion of living a few years in M— became at least tolerable, and there was always the chance of being able to return home, and of recovering possession of that "bit of land" which had been his father's, and from which it had been so hard to part. Owen often thought of that "bit of land" with

yearning still, for, bleak and poor and wild as it was, it had yet been the home of his childhood, and to it his heart was tied fast by many strings. The times, however, had been during the few last years too bad even for Owen's stout will and strong hands, and he had to let go.

The longest lane has a turning, and at last it was the eve of St. Patrick's Day. That evening was a singularly bleak and wretched one. The March winds were howling through the narrow ugly streets of M— with a cruel fierceness, and drifts of snow, blackened by smoke and soot, were heaped up here and there. Owen thought he had never felt so cold and wretched as when he was returning from his work that evening. A queer and very unusual feeling of weakness was upon him, as he turned the corner of the lane where he lodged, and his eye was caught by the glare of the public house a few steps off, where they were just beginning to light the lamps, an almost irresistible impulse came upon him to cross the street. A glass, one single glass of spirits was all that was necessary to set him right again, and to restore his chilled circulation! He had actually reached the door, when he recollected that till twelve o'clock that night he could not with common honesty consider himself free to satisfy this longing for drink which had suddenly gripped him. Patrick's Day! Yes, it would then be Patrick's Day, and he would "drown the shamrock" in earnest.

He had thought of going down to the chapel after his supper, and of preparing himself in a Christian manner for the next day's feast. But now the intention was clean gone. He would just wait quietly at home, locking himself in by way of precaution, till he should hear the clock strike twelve, and then he knew a "public" not far off where they would still be open, where he could have a good glass of liquor that would make him himself again, and rid him of this intolerable longing. But he wanted to be cheered and warmed up a bit, and to give himself some little indulgence in honour of the feast. How cold and cheerless his little room looked when he entered it! He hardly felt equal to preparing his own supper, and the food was distasteful to him. He could not eat it, he could not even look at it; and with a dazed bewildered sensation, he sank down on his bed, intending to rest

quietly there for the few hours which must elapse before the longed-for hour struck, when he would be free to give himself that which would supply the place of food to him.

But he could not rest. Presently he started up again, and, clapping his hat on his head, was out in the open air, striding with hurried steps down the little lane, with a half-formed notion in his brain of buying the whisky and bringing it home with him. But once in the public-house, the temptation was too strong for him ; the smell of the liquor was overpowering, and in an instant he had put the glass to his lips and swallowed a draught. O, how good it was! How it ran like fire through his veins, all at once endowing him with a magic strength, and making him feel able to defy the world! The weakness and depression had all disappeared, and as one glass had done him so much good, another was tossed off to complete the cure.

At that moment a familiar figure passed the open door, and Owen, recognizing his old enemy, Bill Greenwood, felt a sudden desire to show himself off to the man whose taunts still rankled deeply in his bosom, and perhaps to find an opportunity of making him smart for them. So he followed Bill down the street, and overtaking him, offered to stand a treat at the nearest public. Bill, who seemed more sober than usual that evening, and who, Owen observed with surprise, wore a clean shirt and a tolerably respectable coat, gave a surly kind of assent, remarking that he hadn't too much time to lose, as he had to go to the station to meet a girl whom he expected from Liverpool. "An Irish girl too," he said, with a grin, "who is coming all the way over to marry me. I guess yourn wouldn't do as much for you! But mine is a brave wench, and though she's kept me waiting a bit, she's coming at last. Ye see it's not them that's afraid to look a glass of good whisky in the face that the Irish people like," he concluded, with a contemptuous glance at his companion. "They're much too sensible for that, and know well enough that it's only sneaks and cowards that won't take their drop and stand a feller a treat when he meets him."

Owen shrugged his shoulders at this speech, feeling strong in the thought that he would soon stand Bill such a treat as would go a long way towards knocking him over altogether. Bill, however, was disposed to be prudent that

evening, and though, as he said, just to oblige Owen, he tossed off a glass, it was Owen himself who drank the most on this occasion, and on whom the liquor took most effect. Bill seemed half inclined to shake him off, as he set out for the station, declaring that the train was due in ten minutes. Owen, however, he hardly knew why, unless with some notion of picking a quarrel with him, stuck to him like a leech, plying him with questions concerning the girl who was coming all the way over from Ireland to marry him. The Welshman got angry at last, and with an oath told Owen to come along with him, and see for himself "as decent a girl as was to be found in all Connaught, and with a pair of blue eyes that just give a chap 'the squeaks all over' to look at." This assertion, for some mysterious reason, annoyed Owen considerably. The notion of a pretty Irish girl marrying a coarse brute like Bill, was too much for him altogether. He swore that his Norah had bluer eyes and was a comelier lass than any other in all Ireland, let alone Connaught, and that Bill was a liar if he said the contrary. Whereupon Bill, growing furious, burst out, "Your Norah! *My* Norah is the wench that's worth a dozen of your'n! And she's a-showin' on it too, by coming over the sea to marry me instead of sticking at home, with her finger in her mouth, waiting to be fetched like a barrel of goods!"

They were at the station now, and at the the words "my Norah" coming from Bill's coarse lips, Owen reeled as though he had been struck, and all the blood in his body seemed to rush to his brain. Like a tiger he turned upon his companion; but at that instant a train rushed up to the platform where the two men were standing, and Bill had darted forward to a third-class carriage, from the window of which a young girl was looking anxiously out. Owen stood transfixed. It was Norah, *his* Norah, with sweet red lips and eager laughing eyes; and in the flash of a second, without ever even so much as seeing him, she was out of the train, and was caught in Bill's embrace. At first Owen was paralyzed at the spectacle; but the next moment, a wild frenzy took possession of him, and he had sprung upon Bill, seizing him by the collar, and then closing with him in a desperate struggle, while Norah's shrill scream of horror and fright rang through the station. It was a

desperate struggle. Bill seemed at first to get the worse of it; but his great strength presently began to tell. In another instant Owen felt that he would be powerless. Suddenly he recollected his knife that was in his waistcoat-pocket, which by a dexterous movement of his hand he seized. What happened next? Owen did not know by what devil's trick he managed it so promptly and cleverly; but he had plunged the knife into Bill's throat, and the Welshman had fallen back with a gurgling groan, and was lying helpless on the platform.

O the horror of what followed! Owen only seemed to hear Norah's screams, and to see Bill's white face, with wide-opened staring eyes looking up at him. At first, he did not know what it meant; but presently he heard voices around him saying that Bill was dead; and he felt a strong grip on his arms, and he realized that they were carrying him off to the station-house, and that people were looking at him with a strange shrinking, and called him a murderer!

He, Owen Lambert, a murderer! It was impossible—quite impossible. And yet, his hands were all covered with blood, and he knew well enough that the awful expression he had seen on Bill's face meant—could mean nothing else but death. And then the wretchedness of the night that followed; the long sleepless hours, during which his bewildered senses seemed slowly to recover themselves, and the awful truth came home to him with a terrible reality!

He could not deny his guilt, or dispute the justice of his punishment. And what a punishment! To die a shameful death; to be remembered with horror and loathing; to be pursued to the very end by Norah's reproachful eyes and his mother's curses. Would she curse him? This thought seemed the crowning misery of all. He could bear everything else—the shame, the ignominy, the terror of the slowly but surely approaching end, which, in some wonderful way, seemed already to be on him, and that fearful death, from which the bravest may well shrink, to be imminent. He saw all the horrible preparations—the cold, chill, raw morning, the scaffold, the executioner, the stony, pale, pitiless faces of the spectators; and he knew that he deserved it all, for was he not a murderer?

As this climax was reached, Owen, with a great bound of horror and despair, started to his feet. Where was he?

Whence had he come? What had happened? He looked around in chill amazement. There was no light save that of the moon, which poured through the shutterless windows; but the light was sufficient to fill him with the assurance that he was standing in his own room; that his untasted supper was on the table before him. And hark! What were the sounds that at the moment reached his ears, which seemed like heavenly music, but which were really nothing else but the town clock striking twelve.

All at once, Owen fell on his knees in the middle of the room, with a wild laugh, and yet thanking God. It was a dream—only a dream! And he was free, and Norah was still his own promised wife, and his mother would not curse him; and even the mad temptation that had been on him a few hours ago had passed away, and he no longer seemed to care for the drink. He was hungry—hungry and tired, after all; and having hastily swallowed a morsel or two, he turned into bed, and slept peacefully for the rest of the night.

Need it be added that Owen did not "drown the shamrock" on that Patrick's Day, nor on any Patrick's Day after? Next morning he went and told all to Father Laurence—his mad temptation, and his terrible dream. The kind old priest smiled and blessed him, and told him how he had missed him from the chapel the previous evening, and had intended that very day to go after him, to see what he was about. And while they were talking a letter came to Owen, directed to the care of Father Laurence; a letter telling him that his mother and Norah were well and expecting to hear soon from him, and another great piece of news, too. Old Uncle Dan was dead, and had made Owen his heir!

And so they married, and lived happy ever after.

A TALE OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

By M. M.

It was a pleasant sight to see the little church filled with worshippers at the early Mass, and St. Patrick must have looked down with joy upon his faithful children gathered there in the alien land. A few moments more, and the *Ite Missa est* was said and the little crowd streamed forth. Once the people were outside the church-gates they broke up into groups in the quiet street, while some arrangements for a pleasure excursion were eagerly concluded. One family, the Kirbys, had a quantity of Shamrock, which they distributed to everybody who begged a sprig. The little plant awoke great enthusiasm, and the old country was loudly praised and fondly regretted. Then all hurried away to breakfast.

A great number of these good Catholics were going to Seafield, a town of considerable size about twenty miles distant, where was always a great muster on St. Patrick's day, the Irish marching through the town with much life and gaiety.

At half-past ten o'clock the train steamed into the station, and for five minutes or so there was a great bustle and struggle for seats. At last the doors were banged-to and all went off.

"Law, Mrs. Mullin, is that you?" asked Jane Kirby, looking at a buxom woman, fat, fair, and forty, on the opposite seat. "'Tis a sight to see you taking a bit of pleasure."

"Yes, I am going," answered the person addressed. "I don't hold with much running about, which it's a waste o' strength and money; but 'tis a poor heart which never rejoices, as was said i' some book."

"Have you never been to Seafield, Mrs. Mullin?" inquired a thin red-faced man in the corner.

"Yes, I wor there oncet about seven years ago when the Prince opened the docks, but I saw nothing of the place."

"Did you get a sight of the Prince and Princess, Mrs. Mullin?"

"Yes, I got a sight o' *them;* but that *were* a day. 'Twere

early in November, and the wind were that keen and the dust were flyin' in clouds that you had enough to do from bein' blinded and to save yourself from swallowing cart loads."

"Never mind the weather. Tell us about the Princess; what was she like?" said Jane Kirby.

"Well, she smiled very sweet and nodded her head till her neck must ha' ached with bowing, let alone bein' giddy; but you could see that she were rare and tired, and I thought then it wasn't all play to be a royal personage, and that there wasn't that difference between her smilin' and noddin' an' us when we tries to make things comf'able for our folks after a hard day's washin' or cleanin'."

Jane Kirby gave a gasp at the familiar comparison. "Oh, Mrs. Mullin, how shocked the Princess 'ud be to hear you! There's a deal of difference between them and us; I'd love to be a great person."

"Then you don't know what you are wishin' for. I've lived wi' the gentry and ought to understand 'em. Everybody's got their own burdens, big and little, and we're too apt to think that because we've got to work wi' our hands and then nothing for our labour but the plain bit and the sup, that we've all the burden and they've all the pleasure. But it isn't that way at all."

"I'd like to try it," persisted Jane.

"You'd soon find the pinch o' their place; and you'd much better be thinking what we're told that it's easier for the poor to enter the Kingdom of Heaven, which I take it is the only thing that signifies when this life's so short and the other's so long."

"They are fine docks, the Seafield docks," said a man seated in the further window; "did you see the opening?"

"We couldna' ha' got within a mile. You never saw such a lot of people as there were, you could ha' walked on their heads, and if you'd slipped, you'd not have slipped far, for they were that close together. We stood four hours or more in the streets. I was quite worn out what with the wind and the dust and everything I'd bought a new shawl and I never got the dust rightly out of it, and 'twas like a old rag when I took it off my back, and a new flower for my bonnet out o' respect to royalty, and 'twas such a squeeze I might as well have worn my old bonnet and shawl I claps on for early Mass and to run of errands."

"Where's your husband to-day, Mrs. Mullin? Isn't he along o' you?" asked Kate Ryan, the wife of the thin man in the corner.

"No, he was to have come, or we shouldna' have planned the outin', and last night the gaffer told him he could not be spared."

"Mrs. Mullin!" called out a lad who was sitting on the same side but a couple of seats off; Joe Kirby was really about eighteen years of age, but with his smooth open face he looked younger; "Mrs. Mullin, why do you come to-day, you are not Irish, are you?"

"No, I am Welsh."

"And there! turned to the old faith and all!" cried out one of the women present admiringly.

"Oh, sometimes folks value most what they find unexpected," said Mrs. Mullin modestly. "I am pure Welsh."

"They say the Welsh are more kin to the Irish in tongue and blood and religion and all than the English," remarked the man, an intelligent workman, a fitter by trade, from his distant window-seat; "I've not seen it myself, but I've heard it said by them as you can believe that the Welsh and the Irish can understand one another's speaking."

"Well, I've not seen that, but I've listened again and again to old Jack Styles," said Mrs. Mullin, taking up the subject; "repeating what his grandfather used to tell him about the Bible and the Books of Common Prayer bein' chained in the parish churches, because the people would steal and destroy them so as to have the Mass back; and my mother used to talk about the people far up the country where she came from crossing themselves before going to work in the fields, and having many strange ways and customs that seemed odd to me then, but I know now that they were just like little bits of the Catholic religion left behind, more the pity there wasn't more."

"It isn't because there's any kin between the Irish and the Welsh," said a young stone-cutter, who set himself up as a great reader and scholar; "but because the language of the Cymri preserved the old religion and barred the way against the new religion, just as a thing that is shut up and keeps its shape in plaster."

"How came you to turn, Mrs. Mullin?" asked Jane Kirby, who found personal gossip much more interesting than these burrowings into ancient history.

"I don't know as I can tell you exactly, but the beginning was going to the Catholic church. I didn't hold with husband going to one place and wife to another, and I heard it would be counted a sin in him for to go anywhere but to his own church, so I took from the first to going along with him."

"Did you find it very strange, knowing nothing of the Latin or anything?" asked the learned young stone-cutter.

"No, I had a prayer-book and soon picked up a goodish bit; then I had been brought up pious and knew most o' my Bible, and the other religions cry up the Bible but have na' much of the Bible in them, so it all came natural somehow; then Father M'Guire, who was a saint if ever there was one——"

"Ay, ay, he was a saint, he has his reward now, God rest him!" burst in a kind of chorus from all present, and every eye softened and every tone was fervent.

"Well, Father M'Guire would call in and have a chat with me and he used to make some things plain. There, it all comes natural if you wish right; so Father M'Guire soon received me into the Church, and the next good work he did was to give me and John the pledge. God reward him!" added the worthy woman, unfastening her basket and taking out a clean handkerchief, with which she proceeded to wipe her moist eyes

"What have you got in that basket, Mrs. Mullin?" asked Joe Kirby, an irrepressible lad.

"A few cakes and oranges, that's all."

"I'm very hungry," said he next, with an audacious grin.

"Then your hunger'll wait," retorted she; "for here's the station, and I'm not going to have orange-peel tossed about to throw folks down and break their bones."

"No, this isn't the station, this is only the junction," said Tim Ryan; "likely we've to change here; but afterwards we've only a couple of minutes' ride to get to Seafield. Have you got anything to drink in your basket, Mrs. Mullin? I'm as dry as a smoked herring."

"No, I haven't, thank Providence; it's a pity you aren't a sponge at once, Tim Ryan."

"It's a pity there aren't more of us teetotallers," broke in Mrs. Ryan with a sigh, while she tightened the shawl about her baby, preparatory to getting out. "What have you done with *your* children, Mrs. Mullin?"

"They've gone to their grandmother's, all but Willie here," said she, dragging forward a little boy, very quiet, very small and very solemn, who had been sitting by her side quite lost beneath her ample skirts;" and John's going there to his tea when he's finished work."

All was bustle and stir for a few minutes until they had found their places in the short train that ran between the junction and the town.

"Well, Mrs. Mullin, here we are at the end of our journey, and you've made the time pass most agreeable," said the young stone-cutter.

"Law, you don't mean it! You should tell that to my husband, he says my tongue's like the hand of the clock, always going. But that's when I say something he doesn't like, which folks often don't, for I speak my mind, be the truth smooth or rough."

"D'you find that answer, Mrs. Mullin?"

"It's *right*," replied that dauntless person; "and it's kind in the long run, for the world 'ud be a deal better if everybody would speak out straight and honest when wrong's being done, instead of one taking up the word from another, like sheep crying in a field, as is people's way too much."

"What are you going to do? We must have a bit of victuals by-and-by?" suggested one member of the party.

"We'd best go to a coffee-tavern," said another.

"Oh, yes!" cried Joe Kirby; "there's one down at the bottom of the High Street, it's called the Hope, and there's a big blue anchor hanging out of one of the top winders. They give you prime beefsteak and kidney puddings there."

"I can't fancy nothing o' that sort when I'm out for the day," said poor weary Kate Ryan; "I'm al'ays for a slice of cold ham and tea."

"That's poor food when you're pleasuring, which tries you more than working," replied Mrs. Mullin; "I shall have something more solid, but first I'm going to have a walk through the town and perhaps go as far as the docks. Mrs. Ryan," added she kindly, "you'd better come along o' me, seeing as the baby's heavy, and I can't go very fast with Willie; then we'll meet at the coffee-house and after that it'll be time to look for our places to see the procession."

Poor Mrs. Ryan gave an uneasy look at her husband, as though speculating how often if he were left free he would

visit a public-house; but not having much faith in her own powers to keep him on the outside, she clasped her baby more closely and set out with Mrs. Mullin.

At one o'clock a large contingent of the excursionists gathered at the Hope Coffee-tavern, where they refreshed their weary and hungry bodies after their several tastes; then came the procession.

A grand sight! a body of three or four thousand Irishmen, fine stalwart men appearing harder and stronger and looking more capable of heavy work than most races of the earth; and many eyes gazed at them admiringly as they marched past two and two, with drums beating and brass bands blown, and the silken banners, with Saint and prayers, floating over their heads.

At the close our friends, headed by the dauntless Mrs. Mullin, made an attempt to enter the church for Benediction, but the building was immediately so filled and packed with people, that they might as well, according to Mrs. Mullin's expression, have tried to get into the inside of a hayrick. They could do nothing save walk down the street again; as they went, Tim Ryan could be heard trying to induce Joe Kirby to turn into a publichouse and have a drink. Mrs. Mullin was mightily wroth, and she twisted herself about and administered a plain rebuke; but in this matter Tim Ryan was neither to be ashamed nor to be withheld from his purpose.

The train for home left at eight o'clock, but a good while before that hour most of our friends had gathered at the station. Mrs. Mullin was there grasping with one hand her tired little boy, and with the other her basket and some toys too large to go into that useful receptacle. Mr. Tim Ryan also was there seated on a bench on the platform, but looking likely to roll off as soon as his head should fall a little further forward. Mrs. Ryan and the baby were again prominent figures; the stone-cutter walked about with a newspaper in his hand; in fact, everybody appeared to be there except Joe Kirby. The train with wide-open doors already stood in place; and at last the first bell rang, and the porters shouted to the people to take their seats; and still Joe Kirby was missing.

His sister Jane ran to and fro searching for him, and now all the little knot of excursionists ceased their joking and

laughing, and gave heed to her distressed inquiries. But no person could throw any light on the question of where he was or what had become of him.

"I'll stop behind and go and look for him," said poor Jane; "there's another train."

"At eleven o'clock!" snapped out Mrs. Mullin; "you'll do no such thing as stop behind."

"I must, Mrs. Mullin; my father and mother would be very angry at my going back without him, they'd blame me," said the girl earnestly, and drawing back from the carriage door towards which Mrs. Mullin was pushing her.

"It's bad enough him lost, but it 'ud be worse a young girl like you about the streets so late. No, you'll come back with me."

"Now then, are you going on or going to stop behind?" shouted a porter; "I don't care which, so as we can send the train on; d'you think we can keep a train here all night while you make up your minds?"

Mrs. Mullin had her hands free, having already disposed all her belongings, animate and inanimate, in the railway carriage; and she now just took hold of Jane and lifted and shoved her through the doorway. She followed herself, then the porter banged the door, and the train moved slowly forward. Jane sank down upon a seat and subsided into floods of tears. Mrs. Mullin threw herself down at the girl's side, but bounced forward again to fling up the window; then she sat still, save for patting one hand in another, and shouting out at intervals an indignant exclamation.

"I hope you are pleased with your work, Tim Ryan!"

"What have *I* done?" asked that hero wakening up.

"You never rested till you had enticed that lad into a publichouse," said the well-meaning woman.

"I didn't tell him to take too much, did I?"

"I dare say you didn't; there's few of you go into a publichouse meaning to make beasts of yourself, but once you're there, you do it. That lad was quite in liquor."

"Yes, he was," cried one and another.

"And him no more than a boy," was the virtuous addition from some of the women present.

"'Tis for the elders to set the young ones good example," sniffed Mrs. Mullin, drily. "Let them show them the right road."

"Mother'll be in such a way," sobbed poor Jane.

"Of course she will," said Mrs. Mullin; "it'll be a mercy if she don't get a fit, with her not strong, and be carried into the church a corpse next Sunday."

This picture was not calculated to restore Jane's spirits, and she took to weeping more loudly, protesting that she ought to have been left behind to look after her brother; a view which the whole party now began to share, and Mrs. Mullin accordingly fell under the popular displeasure. Strong in her own good sense she bore up against all the remarks and cold looks, but it was a sad change in the happy little party that had gone forth in the morning.

Just outside of the station a road crossed the railway track; the crossing was guarded by great gates, and horses and vehicles had often to wait a considerable time for the unloosing of these gates, while trains came and went, or engines puffed slowly to and fro; to accommodate foot-passengers a wooden bridge had been erected. As the train by which our friends travelled steamed out of the station a lady and gentleman were walking along this lofty bridge; on the top they paused for a minute to watch the train with its shining smoke and hinder lights stealing along; then, as soon as it had disappeared, they descended the long flight of steps conducting back to the roadway, where their attention was at once attracted by a strange looking heap which lay on the path at the bottom of these stairs. It was difficult to say what the mass was; in the dim light it appeared to be no more than a huddled-up bundle of clothes, but they went forward for a nearer view, and they then discovered the heap to be a human form.

"Drunk!" exclaimed the gentleman in a tone of disgust.

"Oh! and he is but a mere boy!" cried the lady in pitiful accent while they gazed at the small and slender figure.

"He can't lie here at all events," decided her husband.

"You had better walk on slowly, my dear, and I will overtake you in a minute or too," added he to his wife; but she chose to linger.

"Get up, my man!" shouted he, stirring the prostrate figure with his foot.

But no heed was paid to his prodding or his shouting.

"Get up, or I'll call a policeman," he cried in a louder key.

The threat produced no effect; so the gentleman, a certain Mr. Fordham, turned the lad over; and, as soon as he caught sight of his face, he recoiled in horror.

"Good heavens! he's dead!"

"Never!" exclaimed his wife; "let me see."

"Yes, I believe he's really dead," continued Mr. Fordham; "he's been drinking, poor wretch, and has fallen down in a fit, or else he has been flung down the steps and killed."

"How awful! how *awful* to go before God's judgment-seat in such a state!" cried Mrs. Fordham in anguish of spirit.

"Look here, he belongs to that party of excursionists we saw on the station—Irish people come to see or to join in the procession; it's St. Patrick's Day. See the bit of shamrock in his button-hole," said Mr. Fordham, pointing to the little green sprig that Joe Kirby had pinned in his coat that morning with such pride and pleasure.

Mrs. Fordham, meanwhile, regardless of the mud of the roadway, regardless of everything save pity and kindly care, and dropped down on her knees and was bending anxiously over the miserable lad.

"I scarcely think he's dead," she said presently; "no, he's not dead!" she cried joyfully after a further examination; "but his arm is broken, and he's probably very badly injured besides."

The correctness of her judgment was the next moment demonstrated; for as she laid poor Joe's head gently down, a slight flicker of life passed over his face and he groaned faintly.

"You are right," said her husband, cheerfully.

"But what is to be done with the poor fellow?" said his more compassionate wife.

"Call a policeman and a cab and send him to the infirmary."

"Yes, that will be best; I hope they'll be careful of his arm."

"Here, my man!" called out Mr. Fordham to a man who came sauntering along and was just preparing to ascend the steps. "Go and fetch a policeman and——"

The man, an ordinary-looking working-man, lounged for-

ward and looked suspiciously at the group, when the prostrate form of poor Joe told its own story to him with his experiences.

"Naw," said he; "I woant call no bobby because a pore man has a drop more liquor than he can carry; you may get a bobby yerself if yer wants one. Let the pore feller be."

Despite his concern Mr. Fordham laughed. "That gentleman wants a 'bobby,' as he terms it, and the police-station himself," said he, as he hurried off and was very quickly back with the required cab. Poor Joe Kirby was put in with as little shaking and jarring as possible, under Mrs. Fordham's kindly direction; and an hour later was settled in one of the hospital beds.

All that night and next day Joe was very ill: he had been internally injured by the fall, for Mr. and Mrs. Fordham had been right in their conjecture as to his having rolled down the steps. He had been hurrying to the station and upon reaching the top he had either missed his footing or, overcome by the drink, he had reeled and fallen; but he had pitched down the whole flight of steps and his back had been hurt and his right arm was broken, and he was altogether much bruised and shaken; then the liquor he had taken did its part, so that altogether poor Joe was very ill and very low for some days.

The matron of the hospital on the following morning tried to learn the address of his friends to communicate with them; but although the lad missed his mother, and felt his loneliness and his strange position he had a more urgent want. He was conscious of being very ill, and one great overmastering dread had taken possession of his mind! so he begged for a priest to be sent for at once. He was comparatively indifferent to all else, it was for the priest he begged and prayed. So to quiet his excitement one was soon brought to his bedside, and poor Joe made his confession.

The good Father looked well after the poor erring lad for some weeks, and before he let him go from his care he administered the pledge to him with many a solemn warning. It was the turning-point of his life; so, after all, even to Joe St. Patrick's Day brought its blessing.

The Holy Rosary.

By the Very Rev. Arthur Ryan.

You have heard that our Holy Father, the Pope, has preached a crusade. It was time. In the Eternal City of Rome, he, the Vicar of Christ on earth, has been subjected to injustice and indignity. The Church of God there, at its centre, has been put aside by the powers of the State, has been robbed of possessions which it held by titles the strongest and most ancient in Christendom, and has been thus, as far as it could be, crippled in its executive, as it has been dishonoured in its Head. It was time, I say, for the millions of the Church of Christ to rouse themselves and do battle for their sacred rights; and the voice of Leo has proclaimed the meaning and manner of the struggle. We are to fight. We are to prove ourselves loyal Christian warriors. And we arm ourselves, as our leader has armed himself, with the weapon of a thousand battles, the weapon that has never known defeat—the beads of the Holy Rosary.

We may have heard of an instructive fact connected with a great and protracted war that horrified the world some years ago. The fact was this: that the beaten army had, as was afterwards fully proved, the better weapon. Why then were they defeated—for they certainly did not lack courage? Because they did not know how to *use* their terrible rifles. They fired into the air, and ten thousand rounds of ammunition would be spent with little or no result. Now let us learn from that a lesson. Our weapon is good. There can be no mistake about that. It is better than any that can be brought against us. But we must use it aright if we would win with it. Let us now have, as it were, a practice-drill with it, that

we may learn its full power, and wield it in defence of the Church, and in our own behalf, with full success.

You have been often told that the Rosary occupies among the devotions of the Church a remarkable position in uniting the two great forms of prayer, mental and vocal. The Fifteen Mysteries of the Life of Jesus and of His Blessed Mother are so many short meditations proposed to us; and in dwelling on these great incidents of our Redemption, in drawing from them pious affections and resolutions, consists the mental prayer of the Rosary. The vocal prayer, which is the second essential part, is made up as you know, of the familiar Our Father, Hail Mary, and Glory be to the Father. Now the Rosary proper, as commended by Our Lady to St. Dominic, and as indulgenced by the Church, unites these two forms of prayer together, weaving, if I may so speak, one in through the other. To the poor and utterly illiterate the mental part is not required for the Indulgence—they have had a special grant from Pope Benedict XIV. But to almost all of us, who are instructed in the method of prayer and in the several Mysteries of our Redemption, this union of the *Paters* and *Aves* with the consideration of the Mysteries is essential, and without such union we do not gain the Rosary Indulgence.

But how shall we unite our meditation on the Mysteries with our devout recital of the prayers? How shall we with any success say one thing while we think another? (I am putting, you see, the objection as no doubt it is often put by most earnest souls.) Well, there is nothing easier. In fact, the difficult task would be to say this Psalter of Mary, these hundred and fifty *Aves*, without the interest and constant change added by the fast-succeeding mysteries. Such a form of prayer, St. Liguori says, might well be called most difficult—to many almost impossible. But once throw upon the *Paters* and *Aves* the light of the Mysteries, and monotony and dulness vanish, and the Rosary appears in its true beauty and attractive simplicity.

I said that this should be a sort of drill: so let us take to-day the first division of the Holy Rosary,

and see how we can unite to the contemplation of its Five Joyful Mysteries, the devout recital of the prayers upon the beads.

You are familiar with Rosary cards, or tickets, as they are sometimes called. Did you ever see such a card without a picture? Very seldom, I think. That picture is most important; for in our minds we must have before us, that we may contemplate it, a picture, vivid and life-like and actually present to us, of the scene commemorated in the Mystery. With that scene before us, with the holy personages whom we address taking part in it, or, with us, contemplating it, we recite our decade.

I.
THE JOYFUL MYSTERIES.

First Joyful Mystery.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

It is the First Joyful Mystery, the Annunciation. See Mary, the holy maiden of Nazareth, saluted by Gabriel the messenger from God. Contemplate her humility, chastity, resignation to God's will: his reverence before the Queen of Angels, the Mother of his God. And then adore the Word made flesh, the fruit of Mary's womb, Jesus, God with us. O how easily do we, in presence of such a scene, and with hearts moved to their depths by such a mystery of love, how easily do we begin our decade! "Our Father, Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name," hallowed for sending that Angel to that Virgin, hallowed for not sparing Thy only-begotten Son, sending Him down to be made flesh! "Thy Kingdom come," it *has* come to us with Jesus Incarnate; "Thy will be done," it *is* as perfectly done "on earth," by Mary, "as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread," canst Thou refuse us anything after giving us Thy Son? "And forgive us our trespasses," ah, our sins of pride so unlike this humility of the Word Incarnate, of Mary, of Gabriel: our sins of selfishness, so unlike this Maiden's chaste confusion: Forgive us these trespasses "as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil," the temptation, the evil of such sins "Amen."

And then we begin our *Aves.* Using the very words of that Angel of God, we salute our Blessed Lady: "Hail Mary, full of grace," of humility, resignation, chastity, "the Lord is with thee," by His grace before, by His Incarnate presence after thy *fiat;* "blessed art thou among women," how blessed, when angels and men, and all generations call thee blessed! "and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus," now made flesh of thy pure substance. "Holy Mary, Mother of God," (Ah, see her there, in the first moment of her maternity!) "pray for us sinners" by pride, by self-will, by impurity, pray for us and shield us against these sins, "now and at the hour of our death, Amen." "Glory be to the Father," Who has sent His Son on earth to be the Son of Mary. "And to the Son," Who has said: A body hast Thou prepared for Me, behold I come: "and to the Holy Ghost," by Whose ineffable operation of love, this mystery was wrought.

Glory be to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, for this joyful mystery of the Incarnation, "as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

I would ask you, is that dry or difficult? Of course it takes more time to say these things than to think them. And I need not add that, since the depth of each Mystery is infinite, so may be the application to it of the prayers—so that no two of our Rosaries need be alike, but may be even going further and further into the sweetness of these sacred scenes, adding fruit upon fruit of pious affection and resolve, building up our lives in the spirit and practice of Christianity, and unfolding to us more and more the beauties of Christian doctrine.

Second Joyful Mystery.

THE VISITATION OF ST. ELIZABETH.

But let us pass on to consider the Second Joyful Mystery of the Holy Rosary, the Visitation of Mary to Elizabeth. The scene embraces the home at Nazareth, whence the Virgin Mother "set out with haste;" the long journey of close on one hundred

miles to the mountain country of Hebron; the salutation of Elizabeth to the Mother of her Lord; the joyous recognition by the yet unborn Precursor of the hidden presence of the Saviour Whom he was to herald. It is a visit of charity. Ah, how unlike some of *our* visits, when with bitterness in our hearts and ill-natured gossip on our tongues, we carry sin and detraction into the homes of our friends; where our salutations are hollow, our motives selfish, our sympathy feigned, our visits a curse and not a blessing! Let us watch that visit of Mary, praying as we watch: "Our Father, Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name," for Thy love has come on earth, and is hastening this Maiden Mother's steps. "Thy Kingdom come," the kingdom of charity in deed and word. "Thy will be done on earth," in such offices of unselfish kindness, "as it is in Heaven," the realm of love. "Give us this day our daily bread," and may we in our charity break it with those that need it. "And forgive us our trespasses" against Thy law of brotherly love, "as we forgive them that trespass against us," giving us by their offence a chance of Christian forgiveness; "and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," the temptation of saying hard things and doing evil things to our brethren. "Amen."

"Hail Mary, full of grace," and bearing in thy chaste womb, along that weary journey, the Author and Giver of all grace, "the Lord is with thee," as He is with me when I rise from the altar rails after Communion; as He is with the priest who bears Him in His loving visitation to the sick and dying; "blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus," blessed and welcome His visit to our hearts and to our homes. "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners," who have so often been uncharitable visitors, bearing with us curses and not blessings, "now and at the hour of our death," that hour in which we hope for this visit to our death-beds, to be our Viaticum in our long journey. "Amen."

Glory be to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the spring and fountain-head in Heaven of all true charity on earth. Amen.

Third Joyful Mystery.

THE NATIVITY OF OUR BLESSED LORD.

In the Third Joyful Mystery the scene is so familiar that I need not describe it in detail. Which of you cannot place himself within the stable of Bethlehem, before Mary and her new-born Child? Look at the contradiction there of all worldiness; see how Jesus chose, instead of riches, the most utter poverty; instead of honour, the humiliation of an outcast; instead of comfort, the rigours of a manger. For such mercies how easy to hallow the name of our Father in Heaven, Whose Kingdom has come to break down the pride of the kingdom of earth, Whose will has been done when it was so hard to do. In Bethlehem, the House of Bread, we may well beg for our daily bread, ask for forgiveness for our trespasses against the poverty, humility, and self-sacrifice of this little Babe, and for grace to withstand the temptation of a world offering us evil under the guise of good. And how often have we addressed to the Mother there, as she bends over her precious Babe, the words of the Hail Mary. How full she is of grace; how near her Lord lies to her; how blessed among women despite her poverty and houselessness, as she adores with Joseph and the shepherds the fruit of her womb. "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners," who lay such store by riches, honours, and pleasures, but who see their true value measured in this stable, pray for us poor wordlings "now and at the hour of our death," when the hollow world will burst and vanish, "Amen." And with the choiring angels we join our *Gloria* to God in the highest, to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; for the peace and joy of the mystery of Bethlehem.

Fourth Joyful Mystery.

THE PRESENTATION OF THE CHILD JESUS IN THE TEMPLE.

In the next mystery, the Presentaion of the Child Jesus in the Temple, we have much sorrow mingled with our joy. For look at that aged Simeon, as he receives the Infant reverently into his arms. His aged face

is radiant; for his eyes have seen Salvation, the light of Gentiles, the glory of Israel. Yet is he sad the while; and when he speaks it is to prophesy the sign of contradiction and the sword of sorrow. Forthwith, through Mary's heart, that sword has pierced; her first of Seven Dolours has come upon her; she is even now the *Mater Dolorosa*. She sees in the little One the Victim for Sacrifice, and knows that she must nourish Him and care for Him, only that in time she may give Him into ruthless hands, which will nail Him to a Cross. That Presentation is for her no mere form; she goes in obedience to a law which she might claim to be exempted from; but her obedience is generous. In the presence of that solemn act we recite our *Paters* and *Aves*. "Our Father, Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name," for accepting this little Victim here presented as our Saviour. "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven;" may our generous obedience prove Thee to be King of our hearts: "Give us this day our daily bread," for day by day Thy Son is presented to Thee in Thy Temples under the form of bread, "and forgive us our trespasses," our want of obedience, of generosity, "as we forgive them that trespass against us," ah how little are their offences against us when compared with ours against Thee! "and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," especially from ungenerous disobedience.

"Hail Mary, full of grace," and now it is the grace of the first sorrow, "the Lord is with thee," thy Victim presented to the God of Justice, "blessed art thou among women," most sorrowful woman of all, "and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus," set for the rise and fall of many, and for a sign to be contradicted. "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners"—ungenerous, disobedient sinners, "now and at the hour of our death," when we shall, like Simeon, sing our *Nunc dimittis*. "Amen."

Glory be to the Blessed Trinity, to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—the glory of the generosity and obedience of Jesus and Mary in the Presentation in the Temple.

Fifth Joyful Mystery.

FINDING OF THE CHILD JESUS IN THE TEMPLE.

The last Joyful Mystery is again one of Mary's Dolours. For, before finding the Child Jesus in the Temple, she has for three days sought Him, sorrowing. Again it is a scene we are familiar with. The noble Boy, seated in the Temple of Jerusalem, surrounded by the Doctors of the Law, whom He is teaching by His questions. We love to think of the joy of Mary and Joseph, when at last, through their tears, they see their lost Jesus. And we have laid many a time to heart His answer to His Mother's loving remonstrance: "Didst thou not know that I must be about My Father's business?" "Our Father," we say for His Father is also ours, "Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy Name," may we be faithful in honouring that name in our temples! "Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will be done," Thy business which we must be about, "on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread"—may we be taught by Thy Son, and our souls nourished with the bread of this Heavenly teaching: forgive us our carelessness in doing Thy business, in listening to the teaching and questioning of Thy Son; "and lead us not into temptation"—of sloth, of wilful ignorance, "but deliver us from evil"—from ever losing Thee through our own fault, or, having lost Thee, from failing to seek Thee sorrowing. "Amen."

"Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee" once again to comfort thee and reward thee for thy loving and sorrowing search; "blessed art thou among women"—how the doctors must have thought thee blessed! "and blessed the fruit of thy womb, Jesus:" "Holy Mary, Mother of God" and made by Him Mother of sorrows, "pray for us sinners," that we may seek and find Jesus, "now and at the hour of our death, Amen." Ah, may we *then* have faithfully done our Father's business!"

Glory be to that Father, Who will so amply reward our faithful service: Glory be to that Son, our model, our teacher, in the one business necessary: Glory to the Holy Ghost, by Whose grace and guidance we shall find Jesus when we return to Him from our ways of sin.

by Whose strength we shall come to give to the Adorable Trinity the glory that "was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen!"

I know many of you say the Rosary thus. To you it is the light and comfort of your lives. It is easy to see that you will live and die faithful to your beads. To some of you this may be, what at one time or other it has been to all, a revelation of the real nature of this glorious prayer. You now know the true way to use this weapon put into your hands by the Holy Father. Some of you see, perhaps, that through years past, you have but half known and half used the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin. Others, perhaps, see now, for the first time, how easy and sweet is meditation on these saving mysteries; how naturally the prayers lend themselves to the contemplation of the scenes; and what a harmonious union is here effected between the highest form of mental and of vocal prayer. Say your Rosaries through life, mindful of this lesson, and you will win your own victory, the victory whose prize is Heaven. Say your Rosaries thus during this month * especially, that you may successfully defend the Church of God, and win for Christendom her protection who is "terrible as an army set in battle array." Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, pray for us.

II.

THE SORROWFUL MYSTERIES.

Even into the Joyful Mysteries of the Rosary we have found that sorrow has entered in, and so far that the last two of those Joyful Mysteries contained two out of the Seven Dolours of Mary. We now come to the mysteries of sorrow unmixed with aught of joy—the sorrow whose gloomy depths shrouded both Son and Mother, and the contemplation of which should be the chastening sorrow of our lives. In our preparation of heart for the reflection and recitation of this part of the Holy

* The month of October.

Rosary, we should pray that God would fill our hearts with sympathy for the two great Sufferers whom we shall watch from Gethsemani to Calvary, and with lively contrition for the sins that have caused the Son and Mother such exceeding sorrow. In such a disposition of mind and heart let us enter the First Sorrowful Mystery of the Rosary, the Prayer and Bloody Sweat of our Lord in the Garden.

First Sorrowful Mystery.

THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

The gloom of night is over Jesus, as with Peter, James and John, the chosen witnesses of His glory on Thabor, He enters the Garden of His Agony. Over against Him is the City, where the traitor and the other plotters are already busied over the preparation of his arrest. See Him as, a stone's cast from the weary Apostles, He falls on His knees, and then forward and flat upon His face on the ground. His Father in Heaven is laying on Him the iniquities of us all. Listen to His prayer: "My Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me —not My will but Thine be done." See how He is abandoned by His Apostles in this supreme hour, by His sleeping Apostles: hear Him again and again praying the self-same word. See how the force of His agony, and the weight of our sins are forcing the Blood from every pore, till His garments are crimsoned, and It runs in drops down to the ground. "My Father, . . . Thy will be done!" "Our Father Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy Name" for accepting this awful sorrow for sin as an atonement for our hardness of heart: "Thy Kingdom come." Ah, may something of this sorrow come to us! "Thy will be done"—the prayer, oft repeated, of Thy Son prostrate there in agony. "Give us this day our daily bread"—the daily bread of sorrow for sin—abiding sorrow for our trespasses: forgive us, Lord, "as we forgive them that trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil"—from the sin that crushes Thy Son to the earth there in the Garden. "Amen."

And knowing how every pang of the Heart of Jesus found a response in the breaking heart of Mary, from whom no part of her Son's Passion was concealed, we address our Sorrowful Mother with deepest compassion and contrition; "Hail Mary, full of grace," and filled as with a sea of sorrow, "the Lord is with thee," crushing thy pure heart that ours may be moved to grief for our sins; "blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus." —Ah, there lies that fruit upon the crimsoned earth, the blessed fruit of thy womb! "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners"—whose sins are doing this to Him and to thee. "Now and at the hour of our death:" may the thoughts of this Agony of Jesus stay us up in our agony when the vision of our sins shall force the death-sweat out upon our brow, and crush our failing hearts—pray for us sinners, *then*.

"Glory be to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," for the mercy here shown to poor sinners, for the acceptance of this agony of sorrow from the Sinless One of expiation of the callousness of sinners.

Second Sorrowful Mystery.

THE SCOURGING OF OUR LORD AT THE PILLAR.

Our Lord is scourged. It is the Second Sorrowful Mystery, and the awful scene is one that has, I trust, often moved us to sorrow for our sins, so terribly avenged upon the innocent flesh of Jesus. Look at the scourges, with their horrible knots, their knots of lead, their tough, lithe lashes. See the merciless soldiers, devil-possessed now. And *listen*. . . . And this is for my sin: He is innocent. It is I that ought to be there bearing the anger of my outraged God. "Our Father, Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy Name" in this awful Mystery of Justice wreaked on my sin, and of mercy shown to me; "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done," ah, may I bear the the chastisements it is Thy will to send me:—so light compared to *this!* "Give us this day our daily bread," and with it the grace of daily mortification, "and forgive us our trespasses"—our deliberate venial sins, when with Pilate we have

said: I will scourge Him and let Him go—forgive us as we forgive all who have ever by Thy permission scourged us; "And lead us not into temptation" of thinking lightly of venial sin, "but deliver us from evil." from pampering this sinful flesh of ours, "Amen."

"Hail Mary," ah, Mary, to think of saluting *thee* here, in presence of thy Jesus, torn from head to foot by those demons—"the Lord is with thee," loving thee beyond all, yet letting every one of these lashes fall upon thy heart. "Blessed art thou amongst women," in the fulness of thy resignation most like the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus. —See that fruit *now!* "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners" whose sinful hands have again and again raised high the scourge, pray that we may have a horror of all venial sin, of all unchristian and luxurious self-indulgence, "now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

Glory be to the Adorable Trinity in presence of this scourging of the Son of God, and may we daily give that glory to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost by our lives of contrite penance.

Third Sorrowful Mystery.

JESUS CROWNED WITH THORNS.

In the next Sorrowful Mystery we contemplate Jesus crowned with thorns, throned in mockery and saluted as King of the Jews. See His meek form there, clothed with the purple cloak through which the Blood from those mangled shoulders is fast soaking. See that crown of torment, from which the crimson gouts are pouring down the weary Face into which those frantic men are casting their defilement. Ah, let us who love honour, and are sensitive about our dignity, look *here*, as we tell our beads. "Our Father Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy Name," may we honour Thee in atonement for this hideous dishonour done to Thy eternal Son! "Thy Kingdom come," for King of Kings Thou art, and He too Who bears the mock honour of a King; "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," in dishonour and humiliation here, in exaltation there. "Give us this day our daily bread," for humility is indeed the daily bread of a Christian

soul. "And forgive us our trespasses"—our hasty resentment of insults, our proud assertion of our rights—"as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation" of such angry self defence, "but deliver us from evil. Amen."

And as we think of this heartrending scene revealed to the gentle Mother who has honoured that Son from the moment she knelt to worship Him in Bethlehem, can we withhold our deep compassion while we say, "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee"—and thou art with Him, thy Lord and Son in the bitter humiliation of this hour—"blessed art thou amongst women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus"—blessed shall we be if, for His sake and thine, we welcome humiliations and lovingly bear insults and derision. "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners," who by our pride have joined these mockers of our Saviour, "now and at the hour of our death" our last great humilation. "Amen."

And, as we look for the last time at that mock glorification of our Lord, do we find no reason for special fervour in our cry: "Glory be to the Father and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen!"

Fourth Sorrowful Mystery.

JESUS CARRYING HIS CROSS.

As we pass to the next decade we find ourselves in presence of Jesus, carrying His Cross. We have often accompanied Him on that way of the Cross. In the scenes, or stations, found depicted in even our humblest chapels, we have been made acquainted with all that scripture and tradition have preserved of the manifold afflictions of that last journey of our Blessed Saviour—of the Cross that three times crushed Him to the ground by its weight; of the lamentation of the women; of Simon and Veronica; and most touching of all, of His meeting, on the way, Mary, His Mother. We, who have all of us to bear our cross along our own *Via Dolorosa*, we should love the comfort of this decade of the Rosary, while we walk for a time with our burthen on us, in the footsteps of Jesus carrying His Cross.

"Our Father, Who art in Heaven," Whose mercy to us is often measured by the weight of the cross we bear, "Hallowed be Thy Name, Thy Kingdome come," to us in patience beneath our cross, "Thy will be done," whatever the load it lays upon us to bear: "Give us this day our daily bread," for patience we shall want now and always; "and forgive us our trespasses" our want of resignation, of courage beneath our crosses, our refusal to bear them in Thy Son's steps—forgive us "as we forgive them that trespass against us," when they lay, by Thy permission, the cross of their injustice or unkindness or severity upon us; "and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil"—from having to bear a cross while losing by impatience all its merit and the company of Jesus.

Then, watching the Sorrowful Mother as she meets her Son cross-laden on His way to Calvary, we say our compassionate *Aves*. "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee"—how sad that He, thy Son, should be with thee *here* and in this plight! "blessed art thou amongst women"—thy sorrow the measure of thy blessedness, "and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners"—that we may be patient—"now and at the hour of our death," when the heaviest cross shall be at last laid down, and the longest road shall end.

Glory be to the Father, Who laid this Cross upon His Son: Glory be to the Son, Who bore it giving us an example that we should follow in His steps: Glory be to the Holy Ghost, by Whose grace and comfort we shall bear our crosses bravely until this world of patient suffering shall pass into the joys of the world without end. Amen.

Fifth Sorrowful Mystery.

THE CRUCIFIXION AND DEATH OF OUR LORD.

We have come now to Calvary. It is there we contemplate the last and crowning mystery of sorrow; the Crucifixion and Death of our Lord. If we want to be moved to contrition for our sin, let us say this decade well. If we want the spirit of self-sacrifice in God's service, let us look at this awful self-sacrifice of Jesus for us. If we want to know what unrepentant sinners shall

suffer—what shall be done in the dry wood, fit for the fire, let us consider what fiery torments the innocent Son of God suffers—let us see, as He has bid us see, what has been done in the green wood. If, in fine, we want to see how far the Sacred Heart of Jesus has loved us, and how fully the Immaculate heart of Mary has shared that love, let us see that Heart opened for us upon the Cross, and the mother's heart broken for us beneath. "Our Father, Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy Name," for this is the only Sacrifice, the only Victim worthy of Thee, and able to repair the dishonour done to Thy Name by sin. "Thy Kingdom come," Whose standard is the Cross, whose loyal subjects are those who crucify the flesh with it vices and lusts. "Thy will be done on earth" by the lovers of the Cross of Christ, "as it is in Heaven" by all who in that sign have conquered. "Give us this day our daily bread;" may we love that unbloody Sacrifice daily offered in our midst, in which the Sacrifice here consummated on Calvary is renewed to the end of time. "And forgive us our trespasses," forgive us as we kneel at the pierced feet of Jesus, Thy dying Son, "as we forgive them that trespass against us," as Jesus forgave those that nailed Him to that Cross; "and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," from ever crucifying Thy Son afresh by mortal sin. Amen.

And to her who stands there by that Cross, given us to be our Mother by Him Who hangs upon it: "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee," giving thee not only this unspeakable affliction, but also strength to bear it, and to stand there, the Valiant Woman as well as the Sorrowful Mother. "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus," hanging now above thee, the fruit of that shameful tree. "Holy Mary," most sorrowful, "Mother of God," and henceforth our Mother also, "pray for us sinners," who lament our sins with Magdalen beneath this Cross: "now, and at the hour of our death." O Mary, stand by us when we are dying, as thou didst stand by thy dying Jesus! Show us then this mystery of sorrow, that it may bring us comfort in our hour of dereliction, and that with the crucifix in our hands and the love of the Crucified in our hearts, we may, in perfect hope and peace, commend our souls into the outstretched arms of our Saviour. Amen.

Glory be to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, for this work of our Redemption, for the sorrow that has brought us joy, and the death that has brought us life; as it was in the beginning, before sin brought death: as it is now, that one Death has conquered sin: as it ever shall be, when sin and sorrow and death shall be no more, world without end. Amen.

Think of the effect upon a Christian's life of these Five Sorrowful Mysteries of the Rosary, reflected upon thus week by week and year by year. Of course no one will, as a rule, unite in one *Pater* or *Ave* all that I have said of each mystery. But even if *one* such thought were allowed to throw its light upon each decade, one virtue to be asked for, one sin to be deplored, would not the Rosary be the treasure of our lives? If we have sorrow, our cross to bear, our passion to overcome, where shall we more readily find sympathy and help and strength, than in these Sorrowful Mysteries of the Rosary? One decade, devoutly said, would often bring peace to our troubled minds, contrition to our hard hearts, and the help of Jesus and Mary to our failing steps. Let us pray with our Holy Mother the Church, "that by meditating on these Mysteries of the Most Holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, we may imitate what they contain, and obtain what they promise, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

III.

THE GLORIOUS MYSTERIES.

Glory is the end of the just. Through much tribulation they enter it. So it was with Jesus, so it was with Mary. Their lives were mysteries of sorrow. Even in the joyful scenes with which our Rosary opened, we found there was much sadness; and the gloom grew to utter darkness as it gathered round the Man of Sorrows and the Mother of Sorrows in the mysteries from Gethsemani to Calvary.

First Glorious Mystery.

THE RESURRECTION.

But not for ever does the shadow rest on the Son of God and on His blessed Mother. The morning breaks after the dark night, and it is Easter morning. See the tomb, where on Good Friday evening the Body of Jesus was laid, dead and cold: see that tomb now, radiant with light, the resting-place of white-robed angels, and that Body, risen glorious and immortal, victorious over death, dispelling for ever the darkness of the grave. Let us feast our souls upon the glory of that scene, for here is the foundation of our faith. "Our Father Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name," hallowed in the Resurrection of Thy Son. "Thy Kingdom come," Thy bright reward for sorrow borne for Thee; "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." May we too rise from sin and walk in newness of life. "Give us this day our daily bread," a lively faith in our risen Saviour, "and forgive us our trespasses," our cold, unfruitful faith, our un-Christian fear of death, "as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation," especially against our faith, "but deliver us from evil," from our sinning against the light of this Easter morning. Amen.

Our last Hail Marys were most sorrowful *Aves* to the Mother standing by her crucified Son; but now they are joyous congratulations to the happy and ever-glorious Mother whose Son returns to her more beautiful than ever, His face glowing with love, His wounds all turned to brightness—her joy and glory to all eternity. As we see that meeting, how gladly our *Ave* comes! "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou amongst women;" how blessed, this bright Easter day! And blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus," the first-fruit of them that sleep come to show poor shuddering souls the blessing of the grave. "Holy Mary, Mother of God" —at last thy Motherhood brings thee joy untouched by sorrow; "pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death," when the thought of this glorious mystery will rob death and the grave of their terrors. Amen.

"Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," the glory of the risen Son of God, "as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

Second Glorious Mystery.

THE ASCENSION.

When next we see Jesus and Mary, in the Second Glorious Mystery, they are the centre of a group upon the summit of Mount Olivet. The Apostles are there listening to the last words of their Master. His time for going in and out among men is ended—His days of weariness and sorrow are past. From this high mount He looks upon the garden of His Agony on the slopes beneath Him, on the city that cast Him out lying across the valley, and without its walls the place of Calvary. The time has come for Him to leave the vale of tears and to go to His Heavenly Father's Kingdom, and as He is yet speaking to His Mother and His disciples, He slowly rises from their midst. With straining eyes and hearts stilled with awe, they watch His ascending form, till a cloud receives Him out of their sight. Let us too watch Jesus ascending from earth to Heaven, from toil to rest, entering in at the gates that He has opened by His death, and, amid the jubilee of expectant angels, taking His seat at the right hand of His Father—the human body, the fruit of Mary's womb, for ever the joyous vision of the saints—our joy too when our happy ascension day shall come. With hearts full of that blessed hope we tell our beads: "Our Father Who art in Heaven," where Jesus now has joined Thee, "Hallowed be Thy name; Thy Kingdom come." May *we* come to Thy bright Kingdom whose gates receive the Master in Whose steps we tread. "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven," and may our hope of Heaven encourage us to do Thy will. "Give us this day our daily bread," in the strength of which we shall walk to the mount of God, "and forgive us our trespasses"—our hopeless forgetfulness of Heaven, our contentment with pleasures of earth—"as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into tempta-

tion." Father, keep us from temptations to despair! "but deliver us from evil," from the only true evil that will stop our entry into Heaven, Amen.

And looking from Jesus ascending, to Mary remaining on Mount Olivet, happy in the fullness of her hope, we say: "Hail Mary, full of grace," of hope and peace after all thy sorrow, "the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women," now that Jesus has gone up to Heaven the most blessed being on earth, "and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus," sitting at the right hand of the Father. "Holy Mary, Mother of God," Mother on earth of thy God in Heaven, "pray for us sinners," that like thee we may live and die in hope; pray for us, remain with us "now, and at the hour of our death, Amen.

The gates of Heaven are open, and we join in the angelic song: "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen." O bright mystery of hope, may our loving meditation on you be a light upon the sad days of our sojourning here!

Third Glorious Mystery.

THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

In the Third Glorious Mystery of the Rosary, the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the expectant disciples, we miss from the scene, for the first time Jesus Incarnate. His Comforter here takes His place. As the life of Jesus in the flesh was the work of the Holy Ghost, so is the life of Jesus in His mystic body, the Church, His new birth in the upper room of Jerusalem, the work of the same Holy Spirit. How gratefully we should watch this scene. See the Apostles and disciples, with the Holy Mother in their midst; the body of the Church of God waiting, as it were, for the breath of the Holy Spirit to give it life. Hear the rushing of that mighty wind, the breath of God, filling the whole house as His presence is to fill the universal Church. See the tongues of flame—symbols of Christian zeal and truth and courage; see the wondrous change already wrought, as the doors of that upper chamber open, and strong with the strength of God, that little band goes forth to conquer the world. "Our Father who art in Heaven,

hallowed be Thy name, Thy Kingdom come;" may it extend to every corner of the earth to which has gone forth the sound of that day of Pentecost. "Thy will be done," by the grace of Thy comforting Spirit, "on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread," give peace to the Church, zeal to its ministers, loyalty to its people; "and forgive us our trespasses," our sloth in bringing souls to Thee, our cold, half-hearted devotion to Thy cause, "as we forgive them that trespass against us." Ah, what loyal support *we* expect when our own interests are at stake! "And lead us not into temptation," may we never grieve the Holy Spirit by our lukewarm Catholicity; "but deliver us from evil. Amen."

"Hail Mary," the central figure in that upper chamber, the joy and powerful protector of the nascent Church. Hail "full of grace, the Lord is with thee," to make thy fulness yet more full; "blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus," Who has kept His promise and sent His Comforter on earth. "Holy Mary, Mother of God," and Mother of His holy Church, "pray for us sinners," thy children longing to see thee and to feel thee near, "now and at the hour of our death" —when we shall want that Comforter, and thy presence by us, Mary.

"Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," the glory rendered by the never failing Church, "as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen." Should we not love thus to recall the presence of the Comforter on earth: His presence in the Church, teaching her all truth: His presence in our souls, by the double grace of Baptism and Confirmation? We are too apt to forget the Holy Ghost, Whose temples we are. Let us then ask Him that He would warm our hearts and enlighten our minds and recall our wandering thoughts whenever we recite the third Glorious Mystery of the Rosary.

Fourth Glorious Mystery.

THE ASSUMPTION OF OUR BLESSED LADY.

Twelve years—or, as some think, more—divide the mystery of Pentecost from the mystery of Mary's Assumption into Heaven. For those years has she

been the precious treasure of the Church of Christ on earth. He can spare her no longer; she must come to Him to take her place at His side as Queen of Heaven. And so she lies down to die. It is not that her sixty years have worn her, but her love for the Son that died for her makes her die for the love of Him. And since the grave could not hold the fruit of Mary's womb, so neither can the grave, into which she is reverently laid, remain long closed above her pure body. Behold her on the bright day of her Assumption from earth to Heaven. See the choirs of angels as they meet her, hailing her Queen of Angels, and conducting her to the gates of pearl. How full of gratitude for this glory of our Mother should our filial hearts be as we pray: "Our Father, Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy Name," for this triumph of our sweet Mother. "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven;" she did Thy will most perfectly on earth, she is now nearest to Thee in Heaven. "Give us this day our daily bread"—that Bread of Life which is, even to the poor bodies that receive It, the seed of immortality, the title to an assumption some day into Heaven. "And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation," to carelessness in our Communions, to a want of reverence towards these bodies that so often bear the Body of Jesus, the pledge of their future glory; "but deliver us from evil. Amen."

And watching that loved form, as Christian art has often pictured it, rising amid choiring angels from this world of sorrow and death to the realm of joy unending, we join our salutations with those of the heavenly spirits, saying, with hearts of gladness: "Hail Mary, full of grace," of grace increasing for all those sixty years, "the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women." Who can see thee *now*, and not call thee blessed; welcomed into thy eternal rest by the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus! "Holy Mary, Mother of God," happy Mother, met by thy Son, not on the way of the Cross, as once, but in the gates of Heaven! "pray for us sinners," who loved thee and long to see thy sweet face up there beside thy Son; pray for us "now, and at the hour of our death. Amen."

Glory be to the Blessed Trinity, for the glory of Mary entering into the joy of that world without end. Amen.

Fifth Glorious Mystery.

THE CORONATION.

While the mystery of the Assumption brought us up to the heavenly gates, open to receive the soul and body of the Glorious Virgin Mary, the next and last mystery brings us past the shining threshold, and places us in the presence of the Eternal Throne itself, where Jesus is crowning His Mother Queen of Heaven. Who can tell the glories of that pageant! If on earth the coronation of a sovereign is so splendid, what shall we say of the coronation of the Queen of Angels, crowned by her Son, the King of kings, with the brightest diadem of glory! Let our decade in presence of that mystery of gladness be one of praise to the Eternal God for the wonderful things He has done for her, and for those who, even at a distance, have followed her in patiently suffering and in faithfully doing His adorable will. "Our Father, Who art in Heaven," where Mary now is Queen, "hallowed be Thy Name, Thy Kingdom come," reign, O Lord, in our hearts now, that, like Mary, we may reign at last with Thee. "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven," where every one that doth that will, shall one day be crowned. "Give us this day our daily bread," the grace to persevere from day to day till the glorious day of final perseverance; "and forgive us our trespasses," for nothing of our soul's defilement can enter Heaven; "as we forgive all who trespass against us," and have given us this chance of forgiving and being forgiven; "And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," the evil of forgetting, or endangering our everlasting crown. Amen.

Our beads are nearly told. Look at this final vision of Mary. For a moment remember Nazareth and Bethlehem, Egypt, Jerusalem, Calvary. Remember the Seven Dolours, from the prophecy of Simeon to the grave of Jesus. Remember what *was*, and see what *is*. Look up, for even as we tell our beads to-day in the valley of tears, the crown that Jesus set upon Mary's brow is filling Heaven with joy and brightness, and cheering the very gloom of the valley. "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee," thy joy, thy crown, for ever and for ever; "blessed art thou among women,"

most blessed and most glorious of all the works of God, "and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus." Thou hast shared His crown of shame, Mary, and thou sharest His crown of glory. "Holy Mary, Mother of God," O the thought of that Motherhood in Heaven! "pray for us sinners" that our penance may be rewarded, and our tears wiped away at last; pray for us now that we may persevere, and at the hour of our death that our perseverance may in that hour be crowned.

"Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," Glory to each Divine Person of the Blessed Trinity for the relation borne by each, Father, Son, and Spouse, to that Queen of Glory. "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

Our Rosary is ended. To the Queen, Mother of Mercy, our life, our sweetness, and our hope, we, poor banished children of Eve, have sent up our cry, our mourning and weeping, from this valley of tears. Three hundred times have we, in the course of our fifteen decades, called on her sweet name, Mary. One hundred and fifty times have we blessed the fruit of her womb, Jesus: as many times have we implored her aid now and at the hour of our death. Surely in these Hail Marys alone we have done much—enough to make us love and bless the Rosary.

But we have done more than devoutly recite our *Paters* and *Aves* and *Glorias*. We have *meditated* on the mysteries of our redemption, from the day God sent His Angel to begin the work in the annunciation of His will to Mary, down to the day when He set upon her brow the crown that was the choicest fruit of that redemption. Through joy, through sorrow, through glory, we have lovingly and watchfully followed the steps of Jesus and Mary; and now we pray "that having meditated thus on these mysteries of the most holy Rosary, we may imitate what they contain and obtain what they promise, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Is it possible, think you, that Rosaries thus said should be fruitless? that lives in which each day has its five mysteries—yes, or even its one mystery devoutly and reverently meditated on and woven into the eloquence of the beads—that lives thus sanctified should be given

over to worldliness, or that homes in which such daily prayer, mental and vocal, has grown to be a hallowed custom, should be other than truly Christian and loyally Catholic? Impossible! The Rosary alone, said as Mary taught St. Dominic to say it, is a pledge of salvation, and the sure sign now, as it was of old, that the belief in the truths of Christianity, and the faithful adherence to those truths in practice, is quick and energetic as ever. Now we can understand to the full what an overwhelming and invincible power is in our hands when, in union with all the Christian Church, and kneeling before Jesus, the fruit of Mary's womb, we unite our minds in contemplation of these mysteries and our voices in sending up these prayers. O the blessed Catholic Church, where victory is assured, not only by the promises of God, but also by the might of this unconquerable prayer! Truly is she, like her glorious Queen, "terrible as an army set in battle array!" Let us only move in her ranks, use her weapons, obey her leaders, and spend ourselves in her service, and we shall share in her victory against the gates of Hell, and pass from her children militant in joy and sorrow to her choirs triumphant and in glory.

Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, Help of Christians, Refuge of Sinners, pray for us, sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

St. Ignatius Loyola.

BY THE REV. F. GOLDIE, S.J.

In the summer of 1521, a handful of Spanish soldiers were holding the unfinished citadel of Pamplona, against an invading army of the French. A cannon shot from the assailants dislodged a fragment of stone which wounded the left leg of a young Spanish officer, while the ball itself broke his other leg. He fell, and, as he had been the soul of the defence, the fortress fell with him. The conquerors honoured the bravery of their gallant foe; they dressed his wounds, and carried him gently to his home not very far distant, and there set him free.

His name was Iñigo or Ignatius de Loyola, one of the sons of a nobleman of ancient family, whose old castle lay in the broad and beautiful valley from which the family surname was derived. Young Iñigo had been sent as page to King Ferdinand the Catholic, the first monarch of a united Spain. But the youth wearied of the soft life of court; he longed to be a soldier. His relative, the Duke of Najera, took him into his service and he won his spurs in actual war at the conquest of the town from which the Duke took his title. He was as true as he was brave, and universally popular. Though a man of the world, and fond of society, his lips were never sullied with a foul word, nor his life by a disgraceful deed. He was a poet too in his own way, and sang the praises of St. Peter in a long epic.

The army surgeons had very unskilfully set his broken leg, and he had to go through such horrible operations that his life was despaired of. On the eve of SS. Peter and Paul he received the last Sacraments. But that

very night St. Peter appeared to him, and he perfectly recovered his health. Still he was deformed and crippled; for not only was the leg that had been broken much shorter than its fellow, but the bone stood out with an unsightly lump. The fashionable hose of those days would reveal the deformity, and the young officer bade the surgeons, at the cost of any torture to himself, to reduce the disfigurement and to stretch the limb. He bore without flinching a very martyrdom of vanity. For an active mind like his the sick room was itself a torture; and to quiet his mind and to kill time, he asked for a novel of the period—some romance of knight-errantry. But books were rare in those days, and there were none of that kind in the Castle of Loyola. They brought him a Spanish translation of Ludolf of Saxony's Life of Christ, and a volume of the Lives of the Saints. For want of anything more to his taste, these he read and read again. Iñigo, with the spirit of a soldier who never flinched before any odds, said to himself: "What St. Francis did, and St. Dominic did, why cannot I do?" What most attracted his fearless soul were the self-inflicted penances of the Saints. This seemed to him the point which he ought most to try to imitate, and he only longed to gather strength and to leave his bed, in order that he might put in practice his stern resolve to leave house and home and all the world holds dear to lead a life of austerity and seclusion.

Those were days of tremendous issues for God's Church. The riches and the luxury of the time, the ferment of new ideas which the learning of the east and the invention of printing had produced, the newborn paganism and laxity of life, all had made the soil ready for a rank crop of evil within the Church, and even of revolt against her teaching. At this very time Luther, the apostate monk, had thrown aside the mask and publicly burnt the Pope's Bull as a sign of open rebellion. In England and in France, as in Germany, error was lifting its head, and everything presaged a mighty moral convulsion, of which even the most foreseeing could not measure the results.

One night Iñigo, stirred by his longings for higher things, leapt from his bed; and, kneeling before a picture of our Lady, dedicated himself in an ardent prayer

to his Blessed Mother. A tremor as of an earthquake shook the castle, and split the solid walls with a rent, which can be seen even to this day. Hell seemed to have realized how great a recruit had been enrolled in God's army. Mary appeared to her servant with the Blessed Child in her arms, and accepted by her presence the offering thus made. Long before his strength had fully returned, Iñigo bade good bye to his brother, who was then the head of the house. The lord of Loyola had half divined the purpose of Ignatius, and strove in every way to retain him. But he tore himself away under the pretext of being obliged to pay a visit of compliment to his relative, the Duke of Najera. No sooner had Iñigo fulfilled this duty, than he sent back his two attendants, and on his mule, for he was still very lame, he pushed right across the North of Spain to that great sanctuary of our Lady which nestles under the crags and peaks of Montserrat. On his way he bound himself by a vow of chastity in honour of our Lady. Shortly after he fell in with a Moorish gentleman, many of whom were then still in Spain. The Mahomedan denied the virginity of Mary after the birth of our Lord, and Iñigo strenuously upheld it. When the Mussulman had left him, it seemed to the converted cavalier that he had done wrong in letting the blasphemer go unpunished ; and in doubt as to what he ought to do, he let his mule go its own way, ready to revenge the honour of his Lady if it should follow the Moor. However it turned off by another road, and Iñigo was saved from staining his hands with blood under a misguided impulse.

When our Saint had scaled the precipitous mountain, he made a most exact and general confession to one of the Benedictine monks, a saintly Frenchman. It was so broken with sobs and tears of contrition that it was not completed for three days. Then, at nightfall, on the vigil of the Annunciation, he stripped himself of all his fine clothes, to his very shirt, and gave them all to a poor man, putting on a rough dress of sackcloth, which went down to his feet. In this his new armour, like the squires of those days before receiving knighthood, he spent the night at the statue of our Lady, on his knees or leaning on his pilgrim's staff, within the old

church. There, at Mary's shrine, in the first light of dawn, he hung up his rapier and dagger—the badges of a gentleman in those days—and then approached Holy Communion.

Before day had fully broken over the huge spires of Montserrat, with one foot bare, but the other, still swollen and sore, in a rough sandal of esparto grass, such as the Spanish peasants wear to this day, he came down the rough mountain side. He had given his mule to the monastery. Some kind souls showed him the road to a shelter in the nearest town, and there, in the poor-house or hospice of St. Lucy in Manresa, he went to live among the poor of Jesus Christ. He made himself the poorest of the poor. Once so particular about his appearance, he now let his hair and nails grow, and tried to conceal under squalour and neglect all signs of his noble birth and breeding. He begged his food from door to door, and gave the best he got to the sick and hungry. His only food was bread and water; save that for his Sunday dinner he added a few herbs savoured with ashes. The most fetid and loathsome of the sick were the object of his tenderest care, and no service was too revolting for him. Seven hours of his day were spent in prayer, without counting those which he gave to hearing Mass and attending the public services of the Church. But Ignatius, as he now began to be called, wished for a spot where his prayers and penances might be unobserved. He found it in a long narrow cavern in a defile not far off running down to the swift river Cardoner. Its entrance was hidden by a rich growth of thistles and thorns, while from a fissure in the rock he could look out on the jagged heights of Montserrat. There he was free to pass his time in prayer, there he could spend his days in absolute fast, there he could wield the scourge unseen or unheard, and bind his waist with a cruel girdle of prickly leaves, still to be seen at Manresa. But there too, in return, God communicated to him His choicest gifts. Within that cave was revealed to him that system of Christian perfection which is known by the name of the *Spiritual Exercises*, taught him by our Blessed Lady and impressed on his soul by practical experience and fidelity to grace.

There is hardly a spot in that picturesque town which does not remind us of God's dealings with St. Ignatius, and of the heroic penance and profound humility which prepared him for the great work God destined for him.

There is the Cross of Tort, looking out over the bright river and rich valley, with Montserrat rising up dark and weird beyond. On his knees before this sacred sign the mysteries of the Catholic Faith were made known to St. Ignatius with such vividness, that in after life he used to say that even if those truths were to be made known to him in no other way, he was prepared to die a martyr's death for each doctrine of the Church from the knowledge of it he received in Manresa. There too is the Church of the Dominicans, such kind friends to the Saint, where the ineffable depths of the Blessed Trinity were opened to him, and where he was privileged to understand the mystery of the presence of our Lord on the Altar. There in the adjoining convent, now, alas! a theatre, he was tenderly nursed by the good Fathers through a severe illness which was the result of his awful austerities and his still more terrible scruples. There again within the ruins of the Hospice, covered by a fair chapel, is the spot where was his little room which looked out on the old Church of St. Lucy. This was the scene of the marvellous rapture, like to the sleep of death, lasting for a whole week and more, during which, in spite of the reserve under which Ignatius hid the favours of God, it seems certain that he saw the future of the Society which he was called to found.

Temptation of disgust at his squalid, hard, cruel life; temptations of vain-glory at the honour which his marvellous virtues began to win for him; doubts about the genuineness of his past confessions—all these trials and many others gave him a practical insight into that mysterious warfare which is waged with more or less violence in every soul.

A year or so had now gone by since Ignatius came to Manresa. He had passed through a fiery probation, by which the old life was burned away, and the soul purified and free was ready to receive like molten metal a new form. The life of our Lord had, by prayerful study and painstaking practice, become his life. It was time for work.

Longings which had not yet taken perfect shape, the seeds of mighty works for God, were stirring in his soul. And so he left Manresa, and made his way alone, though many would have gladly borne him company, to the beautiful city of Barcelona, with its church towers rising from gardens of myrtles, and cedars, and orange groves, there to take ship for Civita Vecchia, and for the Holy Land. While waiting for a fair wind, a fortnight or so went by. Through a fierce storm, in the early spring, Loyola crossed the Mediterranean.

They were wild and lawless times for the weak and defenceless, but Ignatius, on landing at Gaeta, pushed forward to Rome and there he spent Holy Week and Easter week. On Low Sunday he was admitted to receive the blessing of that great and good Pope, the Belgian Adrian VI. Everyone told Ignatius that it was useless for a poor man to think of going to the Holy Land. The Crescent was everywhere victorious, and the brave knights of St. John had just been forced to yield up their fortress of Rhodes. But our Saint, who had learned for Christ's sake to love poverty and pain, went on to Venice, and even gave away what had been forced upon him to pay his passage. He begged his food by day and slept by night like a vagrant under the arcades in the great square of St. Mark. One of the Council of Ten, Mark Antony Trevisano, a Venetian nobleman, was wakened up at night by hearing words like these: "While you are sleeping in a soft bed, my servant is lying on the bare ground!" He got up at once, and went to look for this servant of God. He stumbled upon the sleeping stranger, and made him come to his palace. But Ignatius disliked its luxury and splendour, and succeeded in obtaining a free passage on a Venetian man of war bound for Cyprus. So boldly did he reprove the bad life of some on board, that, but for a contrary wind, the sailors would have cast him away on some desert island. At Cyprus Ignatius found a pilgrim ship, and on the last day of August he landed at Jaffa. To be in Jerusalem was to him such a happiness that he would have stayed there all the rest of his life, if God, by means of the Provincial of the Franciscans, had not bade him leave.

Two months brought Ignatius back to Italy, and he set off from Venice poor as ever and on foot for Genoa.

But Lombardy was ablaze with a fierce war, and the pilgrim fell in with a party of Spanish soldiers who stripped him and searched him with every insult, and then dragged him as a spy before their commanding officer. Ignatius had assumed a rough and country fashion of speech, to suit the humble state of life he had chosen. But now there came the doubt whether he ought not to address the officer with respect, lest he should expose himself to even worse treatment. He decided to invite reproach; and, with the exception of denying that he was a spy, he said not a word when cross-questioned. He had but to tell his name, and he would have been saluted with applause as the hero of Pamplona. As it was, the commander bade the men let him go, and soundly scolded the men for bringing in one who was evidently mad. The soldiers vented their anger on Ignatius, kicking him and beating him unmercifully. But again the Lord comforted him with the thought of His sufferings at the hands of the servants of the high priest and of Herod. An old friend, the Admiral of the Spanish Galleys, whom he chanced to meet at Genoa, carried Ignatius on board his fleet to Barcelona during the Lent of **1524.**

He was then thirty-three. His scheme for evangelising the Holy Land had fallen through. His heart burned all the more to labour for souls. Now for this some education was necessary, and he began heroically to learn his Latin in a public school. But strange to say, amidst the toilsome drudgery of the Latin grammar, he found his soul carried away by a torrent of devotion such as he had never experienced in the time of prayer, or of penance, or even in Holy Communion. In vain he strove against the strength of its sweetness. But long watchfulness and his practised eye soon detected the enemy; and taking his teacher into the Church of our Lady of the Sea, he solemnly promised that for the next two years he would devote himself with all diligence to his lessons, and he begged him on his knees to flog him as he flogged any boy-idler in his class, if he caught him with his mind away from his work.

1526. Two years of study had at length fitted St. Ignatius to go on to his higher studies, and he went by advice to the new University which the great Franciscan

statesman and Cardinal, the holy Ximenes, had then so lately founded at Alcalá. There Loyola threw himself with fervour into his studies. But he aimed at so much at a time that he made but little progress for all his labour. However he sought and found his consolation in slaking his thirst for souls. And wonderful were the conversions he wrought; so wonderful, that in the days when many wolves were about in sheep's clothing, he excited the suspicions of some of the authorities of the University.

He was arrested and carried off to prison. As he was hurried along to gaol, there was among the lookers-on Francis Borja, the young son and heir of the Duke of Gandia.

1527. Ignatius' friends flocked to him in his trouble, and he spoke to all so marvellously, and with such enthusiasm, of the love of God and of the grandeur of suffering for Him, that one of the most learned professors of the University forgot his lecture in the delight of listening to the poor prisoner, and when he rushed back breathless to his class, his first words were, "I have seen St. Paul in prison." He was set free, but forbidden to work for souls till he had completed a course of theology. Ignatius was taken aback by this decision, and resolved to go to the older University of Salamanca; and to Salamanca he went. But either rumours of his late troubles had gone before him, or his ceaseless zeal among the students and townsfolk gave rise to suspicions. Ignatius and his companions were once more sent to gaol. Though not thrust, like some of his party, among the felons, the room in which he was confined was unsavoury and filthy, and he was fettered to his fellows by a long chain which was fastened to a stake in the floor. But all these aggravations of his hard lot were so many additional delights to one whose sole desire was to suffer like his Lord. "There are not in all Salamanca fetters and handcuffs and chains enough, but that I would wish to bear more for love of God," was his answer to those who compassionated his hardships.

Again he was closely cross-questioned on matters high and deep on theology, and even a knotty point in Canon Law was proposed to him. He humbly avowed his

ignorance; but when pressed for a reply he completely satisfied his examiners.

Gradually the plans of God were making themselves known to His servant. It had begun to dawn clearly upon him that, in face of the altered state of things, a new Order was required, and he had commenced to gather in companions. So now a fresh horizon seemed to open out before him. He must not confine his work to Spain alone. Paris, the metropolis of the student, the first University of its day, where the new learning and new heresies were in open contest with the old and the true, that was the place for Ignatius to begin the work with which God was charging him.

The war was still raging between Spain and France, and the good people of Salamanca were very sorry to lose our Saint. Grim horrors were foretold him; but the Hand of God was leading, and nothing could affright him. So bidding his companions come after him, he went, in **1528**, to Paris; but their courage failed and they did not go.

One thing Ignatius had learnt by experience: that order and method, doing one thing at a time, was as much needed in education as in most other things; and so he resolved to begin all his studies afresh from the very beginning and to go to class again with boys to learn his Latin Grammar, as he had done before at Barcelona. So too he accepted the alms sent to him from his old and fast friends at Barcelona, in order to be able to devote himself without other worries to his books. But a rascally companion, to whom he had given hospitality, made away with all he had; and he was forced to seek refuge as a pauper in the Spanish Hospital of St. James, at the opposite end of Paris to the College of Montaigu, where the Saint was attending the classes of grammar. The doors of St. James' Hospital closed too early at night, and opened too late in the morning, for him to be able to follow the lessons as regularly as he desired. There was nothing for it but to go, at the advice of a religious, to beg for alms during the summer vacations from the Spanish merchants at Antwerp, Bruges, and London, so as to be able to take a lodging nearer to his school.

It was in **1530** that St. Ignatius came to our great

capital to seek the aid of the Spanish colony in London. They lived in those days for the most part about old Broad Street, under the shadow of the Church of the Austin Friars, and round about the Spanish Embassy, which seems to have been lodged in that religious house. The dark cloud of the divorce of Henry VIII. was gathering thick over the realm, and things looked ill for England's faith. How changed is that ancient place, in the very heart of the city!

Ever full of desire to win souls to God, Ignatius began after his return to Paris to cast out the nets of earnest exhortation, which derived their power from his fervent prayers and constant penance. Three youths had, after making the *Exercises*, left their Colleges, to share the hardships and poverty of the hospice with their new master and guide. The disputations on Church holidays began to be ill attended, as so many young men gave their time to prayer and going to the Sacraments, while others left the world altogether and entered religion. The professors were ill pleased at the apparent interference of our Saint. They viewed him as an innovator and a reformer. He was accused before the Inquisition by one who was hereafter his close friend, the learned canonist Dr. Ortiz. Though he cleared himself from any suspicion of error, the students took the law into their own hands and tore the young men from the side of Ignatius and carried them back to their colleges. Thus he found himself again without a companion.

The wretch who had robbed our Saint had quickly squandered all his ill-gotten money, and had fallen ill at Rouen, where he had gone to take ship for Spain. As soon as Ignatius heard of his distress he determined to visit him; and more than this, for the benefit of this man's soul, to go fasting and on foot the whole way. Three days of swift walking, though without food or drink, brought him to the bedside of the sick man. The heroic sacrifice was accepted; and Ignatius put him on board ship, rejoicing and forgiven. At Rouen the Saint learnt of the charge laid before the Inquisition against him, and fearing lest he should seem to have fled from justice, he hastened back to Paris, and under these circumstances appeared before the Inquisitor, F. Ori, who ever after proved his defender.

Ignatius had at last efficiently completed his preparatory studies and, in the October of **1529**, he entered the College of St. Barbara, which was close by his former College of Montaigu. He was given a room in an old turret, where he found a young Savoyard, Peter Favre, who had already taken his degree in Philosophy, and who, at the request of his professor Peña, undertook to help him in his course. His room was shared by a young professor, Francis Xavier, from the north of Spain, in the neighbourhood of Loyola. He was of high family, very gifted in body and mind, but he cared little for the pious sayings and unworldly ways of Ignatius. However constant acts of kindness, the power of example, the often repeated reminder, "What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world?" broke down the stubborn will of the young professor, whose dreams of earthly glory made way for an all-absorbing thirst for suffering and humiliation, in order to be like His Lord. Two other Spanish students, who had known St. Ignatius at Alcalá, James Lainez and Alphonsus Salmeron, followed him to Paris, and soon renewed their acquaintance with him. A Portuguese, on the endowment of St. Barbara, Simon Rodriguez, and the Spaniard Nicholas Bobadilla, who was attending the lectures of Xavier at the College of Beauvais, were joined to this close circle of friends.

But the heads of the College still looked with little favour on the influence which Ignatius exercised; they remembered the flight of his former companions to the Spanish hospital, and the falling off of the attendance at the public discussions. It was Peña, the professor of philosophy at St. Barbara, who urged the Rector of the College, James Gouvea, a Portuguese, to inflict upon Ignatius a public flogging, or as it was called at Paris, a *hall*, the chastisement reserved for students who were incorrigible or convicted of leading their comrades astray. Ignatius was warned by his friends of what was in store for him, and at first hearing of it he trembled at the very thought of the indignity. But he quickly conquered himself and forced himself to embrace the shame. However, on more mature thought he saw that if he were to be so flogged it would be impossible for him to be of any further good to the students, as he would be disgraced and therefore shunned by all. He went

straight to the Rector, who had not as yet left his room, and told him frankly and briefly that, while willing as far as he himself was concerned to accept the ignominy, he feared lest it should be a hindrance to his future usefulness.

The Rector listened to him, and whether it was that he felt he had acted hastily and harshly, or that the very sincerity of Ignatius won his heart, he took him by the hand, and led him into the hall, and there before them all, knelt at his feet and begged his pardon, the good man's tears proving the sincerity of his regret. From that time Gouvea, Ortiz and Peña became the fast friends of Ignatius. He was looked up to and venerated by all, and one of the leading men of the University wished to have him made a Doctor of Divinity, though he was then only a student of philosophy.

One story must be told out of many of what Ignatius did for souls. A young man was carrying on a criminal intrigue, and our Saint knew that on his way the sinner used to cross a bridge over a branch of the lake of Gentilly. It was a bitter night, and Ignatius stood up to his neck in the icy water, and there awaited his coming. "Go," cried the Saint, as the youth passed by; "I will do penance here every evening till you amend." The sight touched the sinner's heart, and he turned home a penitent.

Ignatius finished his philosophy in **1534**, when he took his degree of Master of Arts. He began at once his theological studies at the great Dominican College close by. Meantime he saw the hour had come to give some permanent shape to his work, and so to prevent the new band of followers from drifting away under any storm of difficulty that might arise. Five of the six companions had made the *Exercises* with extraordinary fervour under Ignatius, which Xavier's duties as professor alone had debarred him from doing; and to each our Saint commended his rules for the choice of a state of life. To none but Favre had he revealed his own design of going to work for God in the Holy Land. He invited each separately and under promise of secrecy to make up his mind by a certain time, and on that day to come to him with his decision. To their surprise, the six friends when they met found that they were all of

one mind, ready to go with St. Ignatius to the end in close following of Christ, their King and Captain.

Their resolve was to bind themselves by vow to perpetual poverty and chastity, and to visit the Holy Land; and if, as had happened to St. Ignatius, they could not remain there, or were even prevented from going, they would put themselves entirely at the disposal of the Pope.

On the slope of Montmartre, not far off the busy Boulevards, is now a convent of nuns of the Order of Reparation. In St. Ignatius' days, when this was a mile or so outside Paris, there stood here a quiet church, called the Martyrs, where tradition says that St. Denis and his companions gave their lives to God. It was a Priory dependant on the great Abbey of Benedictine Nuns, the Church of which is still standing near the votive Church now rising to the honour of the Sacred Heart. Beneath the Church of the Martyrs was a crypt, and there at early dawn an Altar was prepared, and B. Peter Favre, the priest of the little band, said Mass. At the Communion he turned round with his Sacramental Lord in his hands and St. Ignatius made his vows and received His Divine Master. He was followed by the others; Favre turning to the altar at the end and making his offering like the rest. This was on Mary's great feast of the Assumption, and the year was **1534**, that of England's apostacy. The craven Convocation and Parliament had at the bidding of an adulterous tyrant rejected the authority of Christ's Vicar, and before the year was out they would choose that monster, instead of the Pope, as head of the Church of England. Joshua and his faithful few were called by Heaven in this hour of need.

The rest of that day was spent near St. Denis' fountain, which is not far off the *Martyrs'*. Their hearts were overflowing, and they could talk of nothing but of the days when they could give themselves up entirely to work for souls. Nor did they return home till the late summer sun set behind the spires of Paris.

Time passed on in study and prayer and penance. One of the pits which honeycomb Montmartre, and from which the well known plaster of Paris was drawn, served Ignatius as a cave for hidden contemplation and austerity.

His favourite church within the city wall was *Notre Dame des Champs.* But his health gave way so utterly that the doctors said there was no remedy for him but to give up his studies and try a change to his native air.

It was a bitter parting, between Ignatius and his followers, though it was arranged that at the end of 1536 they should all meet in Venice, there to take ship for Palestine. So in the spring of **1535,** mounted on a sorry horse, which his companions had procured for him as he was too ill to walk, Ignatius set out for Spain. He had determined not to go to his old home, but to steal in unawares to the neighbouring town of Azpeitia. However, when two leagues from Loyola, he was recognized by an old friend who rode full speed to take the news to his brother's castle. As a precaution against any honour, Ignatius had left the high road and taken an out-of-the way and dangerous mountain path; but all was of no avail, and, as he drew near, a procession of the clergy and a number of his relatives came forth from the town to meet him. But nothing would induce him to stay anywhere except at St. Mary Magdalen's hospice for the poor. Once and once only was he persuaded by the entreaties of his sister-in-law to pay a brief visit to his home. But his brother sent down to St. Mary Magdalen's a fine bed with silken hangings; and a basket of provisions came from the Castle every day. It was soon found out, in spite of his efforts to conceal the fact, that he slept on the hard floor; never did he touch the Castle fare, but went round the town begging for his food, and giving the best he obtained to others who were poor like himself.

The journey had already restored his health, and Ignatius not only resumed his terrible austerities, but devoted himself heart and soul, for the short time he spent in his native land, to work a great change in Azpeitia. Clergy and people alike were brought back to God. He used to preach from the entrance of the little chapel of St. Mary Magdalen, just opposite the poor-house; and crowds came to hear him. From the chapel porch a farm house across the stream can still be seen a long way off, to which, according to tradition, his voice reached.

It was with difficulty that he could get away from the good Basque folk, and from his relations. He went a long journey through Spain to settle the affairs of St. Francis Xavier and other of his companions, who were anxious to rid themselves of their property, in accordance with their vows. At length he reached Valencia on the Mediterranean, near to which he paid a visit to one of his former companions, then a novice in the Charter House of Val de Cristo. To him he talked about the new Order he was about to found, and from him he asked counsel and the aid of his prayers.

From Valencia the Saint took ship to Genoa. A furious storm broke the rudder, snapped the rigging of the vessel, and threatened the crew with instant shipwreck; but amidst the cries and lamentations of all, St. Ignatius felt but one trouble—not having been grateful enough for the marvellous favours he had received from God. The storm abated and they reached port. But winter had commenced, and the pilgrim had a fearful journey among the Apennines, where he lost his way and was forced to crawl on his hands and feet amidst the precipices of the mountains. He used to say in after life that never had he been in such peril. The year 1535 was closing, when at length Ignatius reached Venice and there awaited his companions. The following year was fruitful in good for that rich and gay city, and the zeal of St. Ignatius won to God many a noble soul, of whom more than one joined him in his life of devotion and zeal.

In the beginning of January, **1537,** after a journey full of hardships, through hostile armies, through the snows and frost of the Alps, and through countries and towns full of hostile Protestants, the companions whom he had left in Paris came to forget all their sorrows in being once more with their father Ignatius. To him and to them it was an additional pleasure to see their little band increased by two fresh recruits from Paris, and others from Venice. The hospitals were their home, and the scene of their marvellous devotion and victory over self in the service of the sick and poor. When Lent arrived, St. Ignatius sent them all to Rome to spend the Holy Week there, and to get the Pope's blessing and the leave from him to receive Orders

and to preach and hear confessions. He did not dare to go himself, for he feared to meet Dr. Ortiz, who was then at Rome as one of the agents of Charles V., pleading the cause of our brave Queen, Catherine of Aragon. Ortiz proved the very best friend of the pilgrims, for he presented them to the Pope, Paul III., who sent them back with all and more than they had dared to ask or hope for. On the Feast of St. John the Baptist, St. Ignatius and those of his companions who were not priests, were ordained priests at Venice, and then one and all retired into solitude to prepare for their apostolic work, and wherein the newly anointed might make ready for their first Mass. St. Ignatius, B. Peter Favre and Father Lainez took up their abode in a ruined monastery outside the walls of Vicenza. There were neither doors nor window-frames in the building, and their food was the hard dry crusts which they begged. But the forty days in that desert were turned into Paradise by the glimpses of heavenly things which made all suffering forgotten. That period over, the Fathers went out into the streets of Vicenza to preach and to instruct, and though they knew but little Italian, their zeal, the sight of their wearied and wasted forms, and the power of their holiness wrought wonders among the people.

All the companions then gathered together at Vicenza; and there it was agreed that as the way to the Holy Land was indefinitely closed by the war between the Catholic powers and the Turk, they should offer their services to the Pope. Accordingly, St. Ignatius, with B. Peter Favre and Lainez went on to Rome, to put themselves and their brethren entirely at the disposal of the Pope. As they drew near the city, close by the site of ancient Veii, in the broad Campagna which spreads around the capital of the Christian world, there is a wayside chapel at a place called *La Storta*. As St. Ignatius had journeyed along, the two Fathers who were with him had said Mass, and the Saint had approached Holy Communion each day. His heart was full of thoughts of love towards his Sacramental Lord. He entered the chapel to pray, and when he came out, it was evident that he had been deeply stirred. "I know not," he said, "what awaits us in Rome. Perhaps we shall be

crucified there." In fact, as he went on to tell, Jesus had appeared to him bearing His Cross, and the Eternal Father had commended Ignatius to the care of His Blessed Son with these words, "Receive this man as Thy servant." Then our Lord had turned to him and said, "I will be favourable to you in Rome."

It was during the Lent of 1537 that St. Ignatius arrived there with his two companions. Those whom he had left behind were busy gathering in the harvest of the souls in various cities of Italy, nor could St. Ignatius remain idle in face of so much to be done. Pope Paul III. received him and his companions with the greatest kindness. He appointed FF. Lainez and Favre as lecturers in the Roman university, while he left Ignatius free to exercise his zeal.

By the Easter of 1538 God's time had come for laying broad and deep the Constitutions of the new Order, and St. Ignatius in his wise humility summoned around him all his brethren, to aid him by their prayers and counsel in this most important work. By the orders of the Vicar of the Pope, Cardinal Carafa, the pulpits of various churches were assigned to them, and marvellous was the change wrought by their burning discourses and bright example.

But none had the power of St. Ignatius' words, simple and straightforward, without adornment, a soldier's speech, but irresistible because the expressions of deepest conviction and the fruit of perpetual prayer. He preached in his native tongue in the Spanish Church of our Lady of Montserrat, hard by the English hospice, which is now the venerable English College. So engrossed were these apostolic men with their work, that it sometimes happened that night came upon them before they had had time to remember that they had not yet broken their fast.

But a sudden tempest arose. One of the many whom the moral corruption of the time and the widespread attacks against the faith had led astray, an Augustinian Friar from Piedmont, had come to preach in Rome, under the patronage of persons of high rank. The followers of St. Ignatius soon detected that his sermons contained, under a careful disguise, the errors of Calvin and Luther. They began at once to treat

in their instructions, without any allusion to the preacher, upon various points on which the Piedmontese Friar was leading the people astray. His defence was to retort upon St. Ignatius the accusation of heresy, and openly to assert that, over and over again, our Saint had been convicted of false doctrine. His assertions were supported by a group of men who came primed with false evidence. The accusations were destructive of all prospect of future good, and St. Ignatius, so willing to court contempt and ignominy when only himself was concerned, boldly demanded a public enquiry and a sentence in the public courts. God took the matter in hand; the four ecclesiastical judges before whom he had been tried were all, for one reason or other, in Rome just at that very time, and their evidence was conclusive. An attempt was made to hush up the affair in order to shelter some persons, high placed, who would have been compromised by an official sentence. But St. Ignatius was convinced that an authoritative recognition of his innocence and freedom from error was absolutely necessary to prevent the old accusation from continually re-appearing. He went to the Pope, then at his country house at Frascati, and boldly laid the whole matter before him. A full and judicial sentence was published in due form in his favour. The Friar escaped to Geneva, and there openly professed Lutheranism.

On Christmas night that same year, 1538, in the subterranean chapel of the Basilica of St. Mary Major, where the relic of the holy crib of Bethlehem was kept, St. Ignatius said his first Mass. He had not thought a year and a half too long a preparation!

Now that peace had been restored, it was time to settle definitely the form and shape of the Order. Ignatius recommended the others to seek in prayer and penance and at the Holy Sacrifice the light they required; and there is still existing a sort of diary in which he used to note down the thoughts vouchsafed to himself at that time in prayer. There are, too, at Rome the minutes drawn up and signed by the Fathers during their careful and prolonged deliberations. Not to interrupt their labour for souls, they only met at night-fall, and then discussed at length the various subjects which were before them.

The resolutions of the Fathers were laid before Paul III. on September 3rd, **1539**, by the fast friend of St. Ignatius, the great Cardinal Contarini,—who was also the friend of our Cardinal Pole. The Pope gladly gave a general approval. But St. Ignatius was desirous of a still more explicit recognition. The scheme was handed over to a commission of three Cardinals, of whom one especially was strongly opposed to the approbation of any fresh Religious Order in the Church. But the prayers and penances of our Saint won the day, and even Cardinal Guidiccioni, who had been most determined, owned that some irresistible impulse forced him to give a consent against his own wishes. Paul III. read over the scheme himself with great attention, and exclaimed on doing so: "The finger of God is here!" On the 27th of September, a bull of the Pontiff set the seal of Christ's Vicar on the work of St. Ignatius.

Already B. Peter Favre had been sent as the counsellor of Ortiz to the conference on religion at Worms, while at the suggestion of Gouvea, the old rector of St. Barbara's, John III. of Portugal had asked and obtained St. Francis Xavier and F. Rodriguez as missionaries for India. Four of the others Fathers had been called away to labour in various parts of Italy. It was absolutely necessary, before they were scattered over the world, at once to elect a Superior. The four were recalled to Rome, and in the Lent of 1541 they were all gathered into the narrow and poverty-stricken house beside the little Church of Santa Maria della Strada, which had been given to them. Three days were spent in prayer; no discussion was allowed; the result was to come from God. On the day fixed the votes of those present and of those who were absent were opened, and all, save the vote of the Saint himself, fell on Ignatius. He declared most positively that the sins of his present and past life totally unfitted him for such a post; and, spite of the protest of his brethren to the contrary, insisted that a new election should take place, after four days of fresh prayer and consideration. The second voting had the same result. Ignatius refused as absolutely as before; no persuasion could change his mind, till at length, as a compromise, he volunteered to lay bare all his defects and crimes to his confessor, a Franciscan Father, and

abide by his decision. He never doubted what the result would be.

Accordingly he spent the last three days of Holy Week in the Franciscan house of St. Peter in Montorio, the traditional scene of St. Peter's crucifixion, which looks down from the Janiculan hill upon the domes and bell-towers of Rome. Ignatius spent the time in earnest effort to paint his own character in the blackest colours and so to prove his utter unworthiness for the office of General; and then on Easter day, he went triumphantly to his father confessor to hear his verdict. "By your refusal you are acting against the Holy Ghost," was the friar's only reply. Even then Ignatius begged him to reconsider his opinion, and when he had done so to write his answer to the Fathers. Then and then only did St. Ignatius bow his head, and in accepting the painful burden of Superior, his life henceforward was merged in the sorrows and successes of the Society.

On the Friday in Easter week St. Ignatius and his companions went on that touching pilgrimage, trodden by so many millions of Catholics, to the Seven Churches of Rome. It brought them at length to the solemn Basilica of St. Paul, so stately in its solitude, with its forest of marble pillars and its glittering mosaics. There at the altar of the Blessed Sacrament, before a picture of our Lady and Child, then at the left of the venerable high altar, St. Ignatius said Mass, and at the Communion, with the paten in one hand and the formula of vows in the other, he made his solemn profession, sealing it with the reception of his King and Captain, and the five other Fathers then followed his example. After Mass, they went to visit each of the privileged altars of the basilica, and then meeting round the high altar, which is still standing, they gave each other the kiss of peace, their hearts full of gratitude that it had been given them to fulfil publicly and in face of the world at the Shrine of the Apostle of the Gentiles, what had been begun in the secret vault of Montmartre.

The remaining sixteen years of his life were chequered with many clouds of trouble, cheered though they were by the steady progress of the Society in unwearied struggles with vice and with error. Ignatius himself never left Rome, save on two occasions, when he went

as peacemaker to Tivoli, and once to a castle of the Colonnas in the territory of Naples. But he followed with the deepest interest the labours of St. Francis Xavier in India and Japan, of B. Peter Favre and his other Fathers in Italy, Germany, the Low Countries, in Savoy, in Spain, Portugal and elsewhere, cheering them with frequent letters. B. Peter he welcomed home when at length, after eight years' absence and hardship, obedience brought him back to Rome to die in his arms. St. Francis Borja, Viceroy of Catalonia and Duke of Gandia, left his state and broad lands to fill the void caused by Favre's death. St. Ignatius made every son of his, however distant, in India or in Brazil, feel the warm beatings of a Father's heart in those wonderful letters which tell better than anything its tenderness, its courage, its strength, and, when needs be, its sternness.

To far off Japan, to mysterious Abyssinia, to Ireland torn by heresy and faction, to Scotland tottering to its ruin, to the Congo, opened out long before the days of modern travel by the children of Ignatius, the General from his little room at Santa Maria della Strada, sent his brave sons on the message of peace. To England he would have sent them if his zeal had not been baffled by politicians. Then as ever his children had to suffer even from Catholic hands and in Catholic countries, and every sorrow of theirs found its echo in his soul, so jealous for the glory of God, and so sensitive to their sufferings, so indifferent to his own.

The walls of his humble rooms still exist, their holiness is still respected, and they could tell that the source and spring of all he did was his constant union with God, a prayer which found its food in every creature of the Creator. For each flower, each star, each beautiful object in creation lifted his heart up to Heaven. He loved to step out at night on a balcony, which has been preserved, and to gaze upon the calm stillness of a southern starlit sky, as if lifting his eyes longingly towards his home, and he would sigh and say "How vile the earth is when we look at heaven!" So constant grew this his habit of looking upwards that he was known familiarily to passers-by as the man whose eyes were ever heavenward. Such was his devotion at office that his tears flowed in such streams that there was peril of his losing his sight; and

it was at length found necessary to obtain for him a dispensation from the Pope and a prohibition to say his breviary. At Mass his devotion got the better of him so completely that he often spent an hour at the altar, and was forced to celebrate in private, while the saying of two Masses on Christmas night threw him into a fever.

St. Ignatius was naturally very fond of the chants and services of the Church, but he sacrificed this pleasure and departed so far from the practice of former days as to lay no obligation of choir on his order. He felt the absolute need of devoting all its time to the active work of teaching, of preaching and administering the Sacraments, and he would leave to others that sublime duty of echoing on earth the perpetual service of the blessed before the Throne. Still he valued at its full the Liturgy, and when the ceremonies of Holy Week were to be gone through in his church, he was so anxious that they should be done as well as possible, that he used to send for those who were to take part in them, and make them rehearse them several times in his presence.*

Much as the Saint valued prayer, much as he sought in it the light and grace which he needed for himself, and which he asked for others, yet he ever taught by his own practice how necessary it was to join to it self-conquest; for otherwise, as he remarked, persons given to prayer easily become too wedded to their own ideas. His constant prayer was "Grant me, O God, humility and loving reverence." His lowly opinion of himself was shown, not only in his first refusal of the office of General, but in his effort to resign the post, even long before his health had so far incapacitated him that pity for his feebleness forced his children to accept the resignation. His plea was that it was easy to find one who would fill the post better or less ill than he. He ever feared that others should take him for anything more than he was. His confessor had hinted that if he out-lived the Saint he would have marvels to disclose. The Saint gave him a severe public penance; and when the Father died before his penitent, his friends suspected that this was in answer to the prayer of St. Ignatius.

* Words of his contemporary, F. Oliver Manare, who lived with him in Rome.

The holiness of our Saint stood the test of the Apostle's saying, for never did he offend by the tongue. He was most careful not to exaggerate or to use superlatives, so common in southern speech. Never did he say a word against another nor use a harsh word of reproach, nor did he allow himself to express an unfavourable judgment of anyone. He always preferred to get those who were in fault to acknowledge their error, so the more successfully to be able to correct them. What was perhaps most notable in him was the complete control which he had obtained over his naturally fiery temper. He was sweet and gentle, when sweetness and gentleness were needed, and yet could at the right time speak with such severity as to make the offender tremble before him, though the next moment he would return to his usual calm. He adjusted this severity to a nicety according to the virtue of the person with whom he had to deal, and while considerate and gentle with the weak, he might have appeared hard and exacting to a fault when dealing with men of tried virtue, like Lainez.

A proof of St. Ignatius' wise foresight and of his blindness, when needs be, to thoughtless faults, was best seen in his long suffering the freaks of the boy novice Ribadeneira, whose grateful pen was afterwards to give us the charming biography of the Saint. In one of his fits of juvenile waywardness the youth showed the power which Ignatius could exert over hearts, by walking all the way from Louvain to Rome in the midst of a cruel winter to seek comfort in his troubles in the sight of his friend and father. The sick had a special place in the heart of St. Ignatius. When he had ordered some extra comforts for the invalids and the bursar told him there was not money in the house even to buy food for the community, he bade him sell some of the very small supply of crockery and furniture which the house then possessed and get the delicacies for the sick.

His hidden life is told us in the more than human wisdom of his *Exercises*, of which it was ever the outward expression. Therein we can read the maxims which he carried out in every detail of his life. The secret of his success, the source of the courage which supported him are to be found in his quiet trust in God. Yet he fully recognised how God demands

that man should do his part. However stiff and decided he might be in carrying out his resolves when once he saw it was God's wish, his action was wisely slow, and he studied carefully and chose the best times and the seasons. At all other times he anxiously sought and readily followed the opinion of others.

He had also a Saint's discernment when to lay aside human prudence and cast his care on God. His hands were already well filled with pious works, beyond and above his care of the Society, and yet he undertook the whole responsibility of the refuge for fallen women at St. Martha, and braved the scoffs and vile insinuations of the wicked, and the worldly-wise criticisms of the good. No labour was too great, he urged, to prevent one single mortal sin, or to promote God's glory in any way; and once, when that was at stake, he stayed fourteen hours waiting without food for an audience at a great man's door.

The reward came at last. Ignatius was now sixty-five. He was constantly prostrated by illness. Age had not bent his upright form, nor blanched his hair, his face was winning and full of a noble dignity. Yet the responsibilities of his world-wide work, and the heats of a more than unusually hot Roman summer brought on a fever. But it did not seem serious. On the last day but one of July, **1556**, he suggested to his vicar that it was time to go and beg for him the Papal blessing, as he was near his end. Neither the doctors nor the Fathers could believe this, and so the message was delayed, even the last Sacraments were not administered. Next morning was Friday, and at early dawn St. Ignatius was found actually dying, and before the holy oils could be brought, about an hour after sunrise, he expired with the words "Jesus, Jesus" on his lips.

In **1622**, Gregory XV. canonized our Saint. His relics lie in a sumptuous chapel, within the Church of the Gesú, which was built in the place of Santa Maria della Strada.

THE BAPTISM OF ST. PATRICK.

"A miracle is said to have signalized the child's baptism. If so, it was a fitting opening for a miraculous life. The blind and aged priest failed to find water for the sacrament. Illuminated as to the future sanctity of the babe, the old man signed, with the infant's hand, a cross upon the ground. A spring of water at once burst up, in which the babe was baptized, and the blind eyes were washed and made to see. The wonder would indeed have been if God had not shown some such sign at the baptism of one who was to be the baptismal fountain-head of an entire race, and whose life was to be one of almost unceasing miracle."—Rev. A. Ryan.

"How can the babe baptized be
Where font is none, and water none?"
Thus wept the nurse on bended knee,
And swayed the infant in the sun.

The blind priest took that infant's hand:
With that small hand, above the ground
He signed the Cross. At God's command
A fountain rose with brimming bound.

In that pure wave, from Adam's sin
The blind priest cleansed the babe with awe;
Then, reverently he washed therein
His old, unseeing face, and saw.

He saw the earth; he saw the skies,
And that all-wondrous Child decreed
A pagan nation to baptize,
And give the Gentiles light indeed.

Thus Secknall sang. Far off and nigh
The clansmen shouted loud and long;
While every mother tossed more high
Her babe, and, glorying, joined the song.

Aubrey de Vere.

ST. PATRICK'S HYMN BEFORE TARAH.

At Tarah to-day, in this awful hour,
I call on the Holy Trinity!
Glory to Him Who reigneth in power,
The God of the elements, Father and Son,
And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the One,
The ever-existing Divinity!

At Tarah to-day I call on the Lord,
On Christ the Omnipotent Word,
Who came to redeem from Death and Sin
Our fallen race;
And I put and I place
The virtue that lieth and liveth in
His Incarnation lowly,
His Baptism pure and holy,
His life of toil, and tears and affliction,
His dolorous Death—His Crucifixion,
His Burial, sacred and sad and lone,
His Resurrection to life again,
His glorious Ascension to Heaven's high Throne,
And, lastly, His future dread
And terrible coming to judge all men—
Both the Living and Dead. . . . .

At Tarah to-day I put and I place
The virtue that dwells in the Seraphim's love,
And the virtue and grace
That are in the obedience
And unshaken allegiance
Of all the Archangels and Angels above.
And in the hope of the Resurrection
To everlasting reward and election,
And in the prayers of the Fathers of old,
And in the truths the Prophets foretold,
And in the Apostles' manifold preachings,
And in the Confessors' faith and teachings,

And in the purity ever dwelling
Within the Immaculate Virgin's breast,
And in the actions bright and excelling
Of all good men, the just and the blest. . . . .

At Tarah to-day, in this fateful hour,
I place all Heaven with its power,
And the sun with its brightness,
And the snow with its whiteness,
And fire with all the strength it hath,
And lightning with its rapid wrath,
And the winds with their swiftness along their path,
And the sea with its deepness,
And the rocks with their steepness,
And the earth with its starkness*—
All these I place,
By God's almighty help and grace,
Between myself and the Powers of Darkness.

At Tarah to-day
May God be my stay!
May the strength of God now nerve me!
May the power of God preserve me!
May God the Almighty be near me!
May God the Almighty espy me!
May God the Almighty hear me!
May God give me eloquent speech!
May the arm of God protect me!
May the wisdom of God direct me!
May God give me power to teach and to preach!

May the shield of God defend me!
May the host of God attend me,
And ward me
Against the wiles of demons and devils,
And guard me
Against the temptation of vices and evils,
Against the bad passions and wrathful will
Of the reckless mind and the wicked heart,
Against every man who designs me ill,
Whether leagued together or plotting apart!

* Properly "strength," "firmness," from the Anglo-Saxon *stark*, "strong; stiff."

In this hour of hours,
I place all those powers
Between myself and every foe
Who threaten my body and soul
With danger or dole
To protect me against the evils that flow
From lying soothsayers' incantations,
From the gloomy laws of the Gentile nations,
From heresy's hateful innovations,
From idolatry's rites and invocations,
Be those my defenders,
My guards against every ban,
And spell of smiths, and Druids, and women;
In fine, against every knowledge that renders
The light Heaven sends us dim in
The spirit and soul of Man!

May Christ, I pray,
Protect me to-day
Against poison and fire,
Against drowning and wounding,
That so, in His grace abounding,
I may earn the Preacher's hire!

Christ, as a light,
Illumine and guide me!
Christ, as a shield,
O'ershadow and cover me!
Christ be under me! Christ be over me!
Christ be beside me
On left-hand and right!
Christ be before me, behind me, about me!
Christ this day be within and without me!
Christ, the lowly and meek,
Christ, the All-powerful, be
In the heart of each to whom I speak,
In the mouth of each who speaks to me!
In all who draw near me,
Or see or hear me!

At Tarah to-day, in this awful hour,
I call on the Holy Trinity!
Glory to Him Who reigneth in power,
The God of the Elements, Father and Son,
And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the One,
The ever-existing Divinity!
Salvation dwells with the Lord,
With Christ, the Omnipotent Word,
From generation to generation.
Grant us, O Lord, Thy grace and salvation!

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

THE PRAYER OF ST. PATRICK

"Where Croagh Patrick towers over the western wave the interest of our Saint's Connaught mission centres. A very miracle of penance at all times, Patrick is about to rival the fasts of Moses and Elias. It is Shrovetide when he goes up to his lonely mountain of prayer. It will be Easter-tide when he comes down. He goes up there, that in that high solitude, with the desert of ocean on one side and the scarcely less deserted land-tract on the other, he may fast and pray for Erin. It is the culmination of his life-struggle; his crowning victory over the foul spirits that were striving with him for the land he loved. His arms for the fight are prayer and penance, the "strong cry and tears" with which his Master, in His dark hour of dereliction, conquered for all mankind. To understand that awful wrestling—now with the Evil One, like Anthony, now with the Almighty, like Jacob—we must remember how great was the prize, and how wonderful the Saint's demands. The island where demons seemed to have their fullest liberty, like the envenomed reptiles which in strange multitudes found there a northern home, was to become the island of sanctity and learning. The people that sat in darkness were to shine brightest of all on earth, and to carry the light, not only to the eastward continent, but, in long centuries to come, to the unknown lands that lay beyond the western wave. It was to be a victory won for hundreds of millions of souls; and we need not wonder that the battle raged fierce and long. Patrick's cowl was drenched with tears. God's angel made him offer of souls innumerable as the wavelets on the ocean below; he would have more—the sands of the shore should be added. The

angel bade him go—he had been promised enough. Enough? No, not though the promises of salvation for his own, upon the judgment day, were multiplied sevenfold for every hair upon his habit. That mount he would not quit, nor stay his fast or prayer, until God should promise to give into his hands upon that last day the fate of the men of Erin. It was a mysterious request, seeming above God's power to grant. But, we are told, the angel brought at eventide the answer that this too was granted to the intrepid man of prayer. His joy was full. His struggle over, Patrick, at the angel's word, knelt and blessed the land for which he had prayed. Every poisonous presence fled before that potent benediction; and his hermit's bell, as he descended from the mount that Easter evening, proclaimed the new birth of a Catholic Ireland. His was the victory of confident, persevering prayer: and that great lesson, far more than the miracles that accompanied it, has through the ages fixed the eyes of Christians on Croagh Patrick, and on him who there strove against Hell and Heaven with the only sword and the only breastplate that could in such a strife prevail."—REV. A. RYAN.

THEN spake once more that courteous angel kind:
'What boon demand'st thou?' And the Saint, 'No less
Than this. Though every nation ere that day,
Recreant from creed and Christ, old troth forsworn,
In pride of life the scandal of the Cross
Should flee, as once the Apostles fled in fear—
This nation of my love, a priestly house,
Beside that Cross shall stand, fate-firm, like him
That stood beside Christ's Mother.' Straightway, as one
Who ends debate, the angel answered stern:
'That boon thou claimest is too great to grant:
Depart thou from this mountain, Cruachan,
In peace; and find that nation which thou lov'st,
That like thy body is, and thou her head,
For foes are round her set in valley and plain,
And instant is the battle.' Then the Saint:
'The battle for my people is not there,
With them low down, but here, upon this height
From them apart, with God. This Mount of God
Powerless and bare I quit not till I die;
And dying, I will leave a man elect
To keep its keys, and pray my prayer, and name
Dying in turn, his heir, successive line,

Even till the Day of Doom.'
Then heavenward sped
Victor, God's angel, and the man of God
Turned to his offering; and all day he stood
Offering in heart that offering undefiled
Which Abel offer'd, and Melchisedek,
And Abraham, Patriarch of the faithful race,
In type, and which, in fulness of the times,
The Victim-Priest offer'd on Calvary,
And, bloodless, offers still in heaven and earth,
Whose impetration makes the whole Church one.
So stood he offering till the eve, and still
Offered, and as he offered, far in front
Along the aërial summit once again
Ran out that beam, like fiery pillar prone
Or sea-path sunset paved; and by his side
That angel stood. Then Patrick, turning not
His eyes in prayer upon the west close held,
Demanded, 'From the Maker of all worlds
What answer bring'st thou?' Thus the angel spake:
'Down knelt in Heaven the Angelic Orders Nine,
And all the Prophets and the Apostles knelt,
And all the Creatures of the hand of God,
Visible, and invisible, down knelt,
While thou thy mighty Mass, though altarless,
Offer'dst in spirit, and thine offering joined;
And all God's Saints on earth, or roused from sleep
Or on the wayside pausing, knelt, the cause
Not knowing; likewise yearned the Souls to God:
And lo! the Lord thy God hath heard thy prayer,
Since fortitude in prayer—and this thou know'st'—
(Smiling the Bright One spake) 'is that which lays
Man's hand upon God's sceptre. That thou sought'st
Shall lack not consummation. Many a race
Shrivelling in sunshine of its prosperous years,
Shall cease from faith, and, shamed though shameless
sink
Back to its native clay; but over thine
God shall the shadow of His Hand extend,
And through the night of centuries teach to her

In woe that song which, when the nations wake,
Shall sound their glad deliverance: nor alone
This nation, from the blind dividual dust
Of instincts brute, thoughts driftless, warring wills
By thee evoked, and shapen by thy hands
To God's fair image, which confers alone
Manhood on nations, shall to God stand true;
But nations far in undiscovered seas,
Her stately progeny, while ages waste,
The kingly ermine of her Faith shall wear,
Fleece uncorrupted of the Immaculate Lamb,
For ever: lands remote shall lift to God
Her fanes; and eagle-nurturing isles hold fast
Her hermit cells; thy nation shall not walk
Accordant with the Gentiles of this world,
But as a chosen people wear the crown
Or bear the cross! And when the end is come,
When in God's Mount the Twelve great Thrones are set,
And round it roll the Rivers Four of fire,
And in their circuit meet the Peoples Three
Of Heaven, and Earth, and Hell—fulfill'd that day
Shall be the Saviour's word, what time He stretched
The crosier-staff forth from the glory-cloud,
And sware to thee, "When they that with Me walked
Sit with Me on their everlasting thrones,
Judging the Twelve Tribes of Mine Israel,
Thy people thou shalt judge in righteousness.
Thou therefore kneel, and bless thy Land of Eire,"

Then Patrick knelt, and blessed the land, and said,
'Praise be to God Who hears the sinner's prayer.'

AUBREY DE VERE.

—+—

SAINT BRIGID.

'Mid dewy pastures girdled with blue air,
Where ruddy kine the limpid waters drink,
Through violet purpled woods of green Kildare,
'Neath rainbow skies, by tinkling rivulet's brink,
O Brigid, young, thy tender, snow-white feet
In days of old on breezy morns and eves
Wandered through labyrinths of sun and shade,
Thy face so innocent-sweet
Shining with love that neither joys nor grieves
Save as the angels, meek and holy maid!

With white fire in thy hand that burned no man
But cleansed and warmed where'er its ray might fall,
Nor ever wasted low, or needed fan,
Thou walk'dst at eve among the oak-trees tall.
There thou didst chant thy vespers, while each star
Grew brighter listening through the leafy screen.
Then ceased the song-bird all his love-notes soft,
His music near or far,
Hushing his passion 'mid the sombre green
To let thy peaceful whispers float aloft.

And still from heavenly choirs thou steal'st by night
To tell sweet Avés in the woods unseen,
To tend the shrine-lamps with thy flambeau white
And set thy tender footprints in the green.
Thus sing our birds with holy note and pure
As though the loves of angels were their theme;
Thus burn to throbbing flame our sacred fires
With heats that still endure;
Thence hath our daffodil its golden gleam,
From thy dear mindfulness that never tires!

Rosa Mulholland.

SOGGARTH AROON.*

Am I the slave they say,
  Soggarth aroon?
Since you did show the way,
  Soggarth aroon,
Their slave no more to be,
While they would work with me
Old Ireland's slavery,
  Soggarth aroon?

Why not her poorest man,
  Soggarth aroon,
Try and do all he can,
  Soggarth aroon,
Her commands to fulfil
Of his own heart and will,
Side by side with you still,
  Soggarth aroon?

Loyal and brave to you,
  Soggarth aroon,
Yet be not slave to you,
  Soggarth aroon,
Nor, out of fear to you—
Stand up so near to you—
Och! out of fear to *you*.
  Soggarth aroon!

Who, in the winter's night
  Soggarth aroon,
When the cold blast did bite
  Soggarth aroon,
Came to my cabin-door,
And, on my earthen-floor,
Knelt by me, sick and poor,
  Soggarth aroon?

* Priest, dear.

Who, on the marriage day,
Soggarth aroon,
Made the poor cabin gay,
Soggarth aroon,—
And did both laugh and sing,
Making our hearts to ring,
At the poor christening,
Soggarth aroon?

Who, as friend only met,
Soggarth aroon,
Never did flout me yet,
Soggarth aroon?
And when my hearth was dim,
Gave, while his eye did brim,
What I should give to him,
Soggarth aroon?

Och! you and only you,
Soggarth aroon!
And for this I was true to you,
Soggarth aroon;
In love they'll never shake,
When for ould Ireland's sake,
We a true part did take,
Soggarth aroon!

JOHN BANIM.

ST. PATRICK'S WELL.

[In this well, on the banks of Ulleswater, St. Patrick is said to have baptised some thousands of heathens, converted by his preaching.]

FULL steep uprose the grassy hill,
And steep it downward fell;
Sparkling, amid the moss and fern,
Sprang forth a crystal well.

Above, the branching trees so green,
Below, the lake's clear wave,
Where mirror'd lie the mountains dark,
Whose feet its waters lave.

There stands, in solemn earnest speech,
A man of awful brow,
Upon whose words do listening hang,
Crowds, trembling, weeping now.

Crowds, wild, untaught, of savage eye,
Untamed and fierce of mood;
The wild deer's hide, or war wolf's skin,
Their vesture scant and rude.

He speaks—that stern, yet winning man,
Of Jesus' saving blood,
That stream'd on Calvary's dark mount
From off the cruel rood.

He telleth of our Lady dear,
Whose love is ever nigh;
Of heavenly hosts that us do aid
With holy prayers on high.

He telleth of Rome's city, where
Christ's vicar reigns in might;
Of golden key St. Peter left,
To ope heaven's portal bright.

At touch of holy, cleansing flood,
How sin and hell do flee;
How the dear feast of Jesus' Blood
Is spread for such as we.

Of sin he speaketh, and the tears
Stain many a rugged cheek;
Of pardoning grace—that grace to share
Soon eager crowds do seek.

Still eager press they on, to where
Springs forth the crystal well;
Ah, Christ! what child-like souls were there
On whom Thy blessing fell.

The blessing theirs, of who believe
Without or touch or sight;
O Lord! forgive our harden'd hearts,
Where sinful pride hath might!

Give us a miracle, we say,
And then we will believe;
Ah! were but ours the humble faith,
That will heaven's grace receive.

Sparkled the morning dew, while rose
The sun o'er lake and fell,
When the Saint his holy work began,
By that clear mountain well.

Press on the crowds, and press yet more,
The cleansing grace to share;
For heaven's garners gather'd there
A harvest rich and fair.

Fell o'er the grassy slope the dew
Of sultry summer's e'en;
Red o'er the lake did set the sun,
Ere done that work, I ween.

Parted the Saint—'mid tear and prayer—
Far o'er the salt sea-wave;
But budded forth the seed he sow'd
Here, and beyond the grave.

And when—his life's toil o'er—to die,
Weary he laid him down;
A bright array he found on high,
Of gems to grace his crown.

Passed ages on, ten centuries
Of change, and strife, and woe;
Ah, me! what souls are lost and won,
As onward time doth flow!

Still steep doth rise the grassy hill,
Still silvery gleams the lake,
Still bright springs forth the crystal well,
Dear, for St. Patrick's sake.

But lost the faith in England's land—
Alas! that hearts so bold
Beat not for love of Jesus' cross;
To Mary dear are cold.

There came a pilgrim to the well—
Faithful in faithless land—
With an Ave Mary on his lips,
His rosary in his hand.

He paused beside that crystal spring,
And "Dear St. Patrick" said,
"Happy the souls on whom thou hast
The living water shed.

"I, too, a wanderer have been,
From out the Lord's dear fold;
Ah me, 'twas not the few bright drops
Of might my pardon told.

"Long years of sin my heart weigh'd down
When to Jesus' feet I came;
Baptismal grace but giv'n to lose,—
Ah, tale of sin and shame!

"Yet had long-suffering mercy found
A balm my sin to heal:
What matter, were the anguish dire,
Did deeply probe the steel?

"Ah! second baptism had need
Be baptism of blood;
The white robe stain'd must cleansed be,
In streams from Jesus' rood.

"Happy who heard the tidings good,
And listen'd and believ'd;
But happy too, who sinn'd and stray'd,
So mercy them receiv'd.

"We'll meet in Paradise above—
So the Saints us grace do win,
Who were baptiz'd in Patrick's well,
Who cleans'd, by penance, sin."

The pilgrim gave one lingering look,
Where the silver lake did lay;
Then sat him on the mossy bank,
His rosary prayers to say;

And slowly wended home—the while,
As dews of evening fell,
Redden'd the lake 'neath sunset sky,
Gleam'd bright St. Patrick's well.

THE DEAD PATRIOT.

ALEXANDER MARTIN SULLIVAN: DIED OCT. 17, 1884.

All the morn the wan, white mist is creeping,
Round the fair, grey city, and the rain
Falls unceasing, the wild clouds are weeping
Tears of pain.

Pain is in the air; the year is dying—
Pain is on the faces of the crowd;
One of the country's well-beloved, is lying
In his shroud.

Just without the city's noise and clamour,
From its fret and turmoil set apart,
He is lying in a lighted chamber,
The true heart!

With his thin hands folded from their reaping,
And the clear peace on the brave, dead face,
That hath gained, it seemed, in his pale sleeping
Some new grace.

Out of doors the dreary rain is streaming
On the marred gold of the Autumn leaves,
And the fair wide fields no longer gleaming
With the sheaves.

On the kindly shamrocks that to-morrow
Shall be pillow to the good, grey head.
These shall fold him—he shall know no sorrow,
Being dead.

Two days since, his feet were set for heaven,
Strong and pure, and great, and free from strife—
Unto God and kin and country given
The white life.

To all noble things devoted solely—
So he strays in fields of asphodel,
Underneath the smile of God most holy,
Faring well.

A while since, when life was near its ending,
Like strong angels' swords, his grand words came—
Christ's fair honour holding and defending,
And His name.

O be sure the dear Lord came to meet him!
This true knight who did His cause espouse,
Bending down, with glad, sweet words, to greet him
To His house.

Here on earth some lonely hearts are bursting
With the stress of agony and pain,
Just for one word from the dead lips thirsting,
And in vain.

Did this trouble him in his long dying,
Thoughts of his fair, noble wife's despair,
Echoes of his little children crying?
God will care.

Peace, dear heart! be not disturbed in heaven,
Keep the joy-light still upon your brow—
These, your own beloved on Thursday even,
Ireland's now.

Ah, our exile! what strange prescience taught you
To come back, and seek your mother's breast,
To your own wild, lovely country brought you
For your rest?

When you came, to us, this last dead summer,
With the laughing winds and sapphire sky,
Could we tell we welcomed our home-comer
Just to die?

If we saw the guest that came beside you,
Underneath the happy sky of blue—
If we guessed what fate would soon betide you,
If we knew!

If we only knew your way was wending
To that country, lonely and apart,
To what fair, new path your feet were tending,
Loyal heart!

We had not let you go from us unheeding—
We had prayed our hearts out for your stay,
Kissed your hands with tears of love and pleading!
True alway!

KATHARINE TYNAN.

CECILY'S SHAMROCKS.*

"Go, pluck a bunch of Shamrocks
To send across the sea;
The softest, freshest, greenest
For our sweet Cecily:
O won't she kiss it fondly?
Tears dropping on each spray,
God bless the child, 'twill set her wild,
With joy on Patrick's Day."

* Written for this Collection by the late Miss Ellen O'Leary.

"From the green hills of Tip'rary
A tiny root I'll take,
All covered o'er with shamrocks,—
'Tis for old Ireland's sake,
Our *colleen dhas* will proudly wear,
And hug each tender spray;
God bless the child! 'twill set her wild
With joy on Patrick's Day."

In New York's crowded city,
Stretched on a bed of pain,
Poor blue-eyed Cis lay dying,
Dreaming she saw again
The green hills of Tip'rary,
Where the rosy children play:
God blessed the child, for Mary mild
Took her on Patrick's Day.

Death-damps lay on her golden hair
When a voice was heard above
"Here's for Cecily O'Connell
A letter."—Full of love
And the green sod crowned with shamrock
On her dead heart it lay,
With a wreath of moss and her mission cross
That sad, sad, Patrick's Day.

ELLEN O'LEARY.

THE CATECHISM CLASS.

How sweet the mem'ry of those summer days,
Whose sun shone brighter far than sun shines now,
When down the steep and rugged mountain ways
Sped many a peasant-child, whose sunburnt brow
Told of long watches shared with sheep and cow,
Out on the brae, in fair or blustering weather.
But now released they come with merry row
Of shouts and laughter, skipping o'er the heather,
The girls linked arm-in-arm, the boys in bands together.

So many helping hands can parents spare?
They're bidden to the Catechism class,
And all the parish youngsters must be there.
For though on ev'ry Sunday after Mass,
The children who are old enough to "pass"
Are dinned with Christian doctrine, yet 'tis found
Most of their giddy little heads, alas!
Imbibe it slowly, and the priest feels bound
To stretch the Sunday-school at times the whole week round.

When winter days have lengthened into spring,
And spring's chill rains have ceased to pour amain,
When larks begin to make the welkin ring—
Then down the hillside and across the plain,
Noisy and blithesome, winds the swelling train
Of children, to the chapel hieing fast,
No tight-laced boot or boddice causeth pain:
Such cramping fashions to the winds they cast—
Barefoot and free they speed, and reach their goal at last.

For on last Sunday, when "the Book was changed"
The second time, arose the mild uproar
Of women, who with careful hand arranged
Their Sunday gowns behind them and before,
Half kneeling and half sitting on the floor;
While on *their* side the men, in frieze bedight,
Relieved their wearied ankles less or more,
Not standing, sitting, nor yet kneeling quiet,
But lolling on left knee, with elbow on the right.

Yet soon they stood; and when the stir had ceased,
And gallery grandees their seats had ta'en—
After some moments' solemn pause the priest
Turned to instruct his simple flock with plain
And earnest words, whereof they best retain
This final warning: "Come, my children dear,
Work at your Catechism might and main,
For some of you are backward still, I fear,
And now within a month the Bishop will he here."

Then with a father's mild authority,
Strong in his priestly hour and love, he spake:
Knowing full well his people would but be
Happy and proud such sacrifice to make
For holy faith and for their children's sake.
And so poor mothers, till the month be o'er,
Must the routine of household duties break,
That their "wee girleens" may be free to store
Within their innocent minds a hoard of Christian lore.

Thus through the bygone week the children came,
Not (as in towns) from streets and lanes hard by,
But most from distant homes; and who could blame
Those entering late? Yet doth the wise priest try
To frown a little, as, demure and sly,
The truants fain by stealth would reach their place.
How swift the eager, crowded moments fly,
As rival classes through their chapters race—
Till lo! again 'tis come, the day of rest and grace.

No day of rest for First Communion class!
The priest his tardy breakfast speeds, to come
To the young swarm that tarries after Mass.
Hushed at his coming is the busy hum
Of question and reply, and all grow dumb
While Father John repeats his explanation
(Not yet half frequently enough for some)
Of what each one must do in preparation
For First Communion these, and those for Confirmation.

Deftly he then examines lads and lasses,
Mingling judicious praise with kind reproof,
Tranfixing culprits through his silver "glasses"—
But hark! the *clink-clink* of a horse's hoof.
A frieze coat hurries in, yet stands aloof
Till asks the priest what may his business be.
Death is a visitor beneath his roof!
'Tis a sick-call away behind Croagh Shee—
Thither the pastor hastes, the children breathe more free.

Then swells anew the Catechism clatter—
"*How many Gods are there?*" and "*What is sin?*"
For the poor teachers 'tis no easy matter
Within fair limits to control the din,
Especially when "ups and downs" begin.*
But when the tumult soars beyond due bounds,
The "master" takes his cane, ne'er used within
These hallowed walls—and yet the eager sounds
Calm down, as, cane in hand, he sternly goes his rounds.

Among the boys, a mighty monarch, he
Doth all the week hold undivided sway
Within the sultry schoolhouse which you see
Out yonder near the churchyard gate. To-day
A gentler sovereign, easier to obey,
Rules meekly 'mid the girls: 'tis Miss O'Neill
From Hawthorn Nook, a mile along the bay,
Who tries to make her three young charges feel
For this most holy task some of her own bright zeal.

For these the hours of class seem all too brief,
But to their pupils tardy sounds the bell
Which brings tired head and restless limb relief,
Gathering them round the altar-rails to swell
The chorus of Hail Marys. Then pell-mell
The urchins scramble for their caps, and press,
With that rude crushing schoolboys love so well,
Out to the road. The girls depart with less
Of disregard for peace, propriety, and dress.

Then what a merry progress homeward! Some
Proceed but intermittently, delaying
Betimes with this or that familiar chum,
At pitch-and-toss, or tig, or marbles playing,

* Is a note needed here? "Let us have ups and downs!" was a common cry of the children when I was one of them—namely, "let us change our places according as we answer right or wrong, so that the good ones may reach the head of the class and the others gravitate towards the bottom."

So long that motherkind at home are saying:
"What can be keeping Billy there this late?"
William, meanwhile, his chances sagely weighing,
Decides that, though the charm of "mebs" be great,
For dinner cold or scant it scarce will compensate.

The Sunday dinner! Epicures, in vain
My muse to *you* would picture what that means
For those whose week-day fare is passing plain,
At best a herring; but to-day, brown beans
Steam round their bit of bacon, with young greens
Or cauliflower to enhance the zest
Of what to hungry health is worth tureens
Of turtle to the rich—potatoes dressed
In native jackets all, smiling their very best.

This is the bait which wileth Billy home
E'en from that fascinating pitch-and-toss.
Lured by this prospect, he will scorn to roam
After the brightest butterflies that cross
His homeward pathway. Without further loss
Of time he hast'neth in with cheeks aglow,
And doth his cap upon the dresser toss;
Whilst mother mildly grumbles, "Home so slow?
The Catechism class was over long ago."

REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S J.

THE WIDOW'S MESSAGE TO HER SON

REMEMBER, Denis, all I bade you say;
Tell him we're well and happy, thank the Lord;
But of our troubles, since he went away,
You'll mind, avick, and never say a word;
Of cares and troubles, sure, we've all our share;
The finest summer isn't always fair.

Tell him the spotted heifer calved in May;
She died, poor thing; but that you needn't mind;
Nor how the constant rain destroyed the hay;
But tell him God to us was ever kind,
And when the fever spread the country o'er,
His mercy kept the 'sickness' from our door.

Be sure you tell him how the neighbours came
And cut the corn, and stored it in the barn;
'Twould be as well to mention them by name—
Pat Murphy, Ned M'Cabe, and James M'Carn,
And big Tim Daly from behind the hill;
But say, agra—O say I missed him still.

They came with ready hand our toil to share—
'Twas then I missed him most—my own right hand;
I felt, though kind hearts were around me there,
The kindest heart beat in a foreign land.
Strong hand! brave heart! O severed far from me
By many a weary league of shore and sea!

And tell him *she* was with us—he'll know who:
Mavourneen, hasn't she the winsome eyes,
The darkest, deepest, brightest, bonniest blue,
I ever saw except in summer skies?
And such black hair! it is the blackest hair
That ever rippled over neck so fair.

Tell him old Pincher fretted many a day,
And moped, poor dog! 'twas well he didn't die!
Crouched by the roadside, how he watched the way,
And sniffed the travellers as they passed him by—
Hail, rain, or sunshine, sure 'twas all the same,
He listened for the foot that never came.

Tell him the house is lonesome-like, and cold,
The fire itself seems robbed of half its light;
But maybe 'tis my eyes are growing old,
And things look dim before my failing sight:
For all that, tell him 'twas myself that spun
The shirts you bring, and stitched them every one.

Give him my blessing, morning, noon, and night;
Tell him my prayers are offered for his good,
That he may keep his Maker still in sight,
And firmly stand, as his brave father stood,
True to his name, his country, and his God,
Faithful at home, and steadfast still abroad.

ELLEN FORRESTER.

—+—

THE FISHERMAN'S PRAYER.

THE sun is setting angrily,
In threat'ning gusts the wind is blowing—
Holy Mary! Star of the Sea!
Speed our small bark fast and free
O'er the homeward way we're going!

We left the land as the morning bright
Purpled the smooth sea all above us;
We prayed to God, and our hearts were light,
We placed our bark in thy saving sight,
And knew thou wouldst well watch o'er us.

But now the sun sets angrily,
From black wild clouds the wind is blowing;
Holy Mary! Star of the Sea!
Send our small boat fast and free
O'er the darkling way we're going!

We fished the deep the live-long day,
The waters were rich, through God's good pleasure;
We ventured far from our own bright bay,
And lingered late; we fain would stay
Till filled with the shining treasure.

But now the night falls threat'ningly,
The sea was high, with the fierce wind blowing,
Holy Mary! Star of the Sea!
Our light, our guide, our safety be,
O'er the stormy way we're going!

We pass the point where the tempest's strain
Is lightened off by the land's high cover;
Our village lights shine out again—
I know my own in my window-pane,
And the tall church towering over.

Holy Mary! Star of the Sea!
With grateful love our hearts are glowing;
Behold we bless thy Son and thee!
O still our light and safety be,
O'er the last dread course we're going!

T. D. Sullivan.

ORANGE AND GREEN.

The night was falling dreary in merry Bandon town,
When in his cottage, weary, an Orangeman lay down.
The summer sun in splendour had set upon the vale,
And shouts of "No surrender!" arose upon the gale.

Beside the waters laving the feet of aged trees,
The Orange banners waving, flew boldly in the breeze—
In mighty chorus meeting, a hundred voices join,
And fife and drum were beating the *Battle of the Boyne.*

Ha! tow'rd his cottage hieing, what form is speeding now,
From yonder thicket flying, with blood upon his brow?
"Hide—hide me, worthy stranger! though Green my colour be,
And in the day of danger may Heaven remember thee!

"In yonder vale contending, alone against that crew,
My life and limbs defending, an Orangeman I slew.
Hark! hear that fearful warning, there's death in every tone—
O save my life till morning, and Heav'n prolong your own."

The Orange heart was melted, in pity to the Green;
He heard the tale, and felt it his very soul within.
"Dread not that angry warning, though death be in its tone—
I'll save your life till morning, or I will lose my own."

Now round his lowly dwelling the angry torrent press'd,
A hundred voices swelling, the Orangeman address'd—
"Arise, arise, and follow the chase along the plain!
In yonder stony hollow your only son is slain!"

With rising shouts they gather upon the track amien,
And leave the childless father aghast with sudden pain.
He seeks the frighted stranger in covert where he lay—
"Arise!" he said, "all danger is gone and past away!

"I had a son—one only, one loved as my life,
Thy hand has left me lonely in that accursed strife,
I pledged my word to save thee, until the storm should cease;
I keep the pledge I gave thee—arise, and go in peace!"

The stranger soon departed from that unhappy vale,
The father, broken-hearted, lay brooding o'er the tale.
Full twenty summers after to silver turned his beard;
And yet the sound of laughter from him was never heard.

The night was falling dreary, in merry Wexford town,
When in his cabin, weary, a peasant laid him down,
And many a voice was singing, along the summer vale,
And Wexford town was ringing with shouts of "Granna Uile!"

Beside the waters laving the feet of aged trees,
The Green flag, gaily waving, was spread against the breeze;
In mighty chorus meeting, loud voices filled the town,
And fife and drum were beating, "*Down, Orangemen, lie down!*"

Hark! 'mid the stirring clangour, that woke the echoes there
Loud voices, high in anger, rise on the evening air,
Like billows of the ocean, he sees them hurry on—
And, 'mid the wild commotion, an Orangeman alone.

"My hair," he said "is hoary, and feeble is my hand,
And I could tell a story would shame your cruel band,
Full twenty years and over have changed my heart and brow,
And I am grown a lover of peace and concord now.

"It was not thus I greeted your brother of the Green,
When, fainting and defeated, I freely took him in.
I pledged my word to save him, from vengeance rushing on;
I kept the pledge I gave him, though he had kill'd my son."

That aged peasant heard him, and knew him as he stood
Remembrance kindly stirr'd him, and tender gratitude.
With gushing tears of pleasure he pierced the listening train—
"I'm here to pay the measure of kindness back again!"

Upon his bosom falling, that old man's tears came down
Deep memory recalling that cot and fatal town.
"The hand that would offend thee, my being first shall end—
I'm living to defend thee, my saviour and my friend!"

He said, and slowly turning, address'd the wondering crowd,
With fervent spirit burning, he told the tale aloud.
Now pressed the warm beholders their aged foe to greet;
They raised him on their shoulders, and chair'd him through the streets.

As he had saved that stranger from peril scowling dim,
So in his day of danger did Heav'n remember him.
By joyous crowds attended, the worthy pair were seen,
And their flags that day were blended of Orange and of Green.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

THE PRIEST'S LEAP.

A LEGEND OF THE PENAL TIMES.

THE priest is out upon the hill before the dawn of day,
Through shadows deep, o'er rugged ground, he treads his painful way.
A peasant's homely garb he wears, that none but friendly eyes
May know who dares to walk abroad beneath that rough disguise.
Inside his coat and near his heart lies what he treasures most,
For there a tiny silver shrine contains the Sacred Host.
Adoring as he goes, he seeks a cabin low and rude,
To nourish there a fainting soul with God's appointed food;
For so it is within the land whose brave and faithful race
In other days made all the isle a bright and holy place.
Its temples are in ruins now, its altars over-thrown;
Its hermits' cells in cliff and cave are tenantless and lone;
The ancient race are broken down, their power is passed away;
Poor helots, plundered and despised, they tread the soil to-day.
But yet, though fallen their fortunes be, through want, and woe, and ill,
Close hid, and fondly loved, they keep their priests amongst them still—
Their faithful priests, who, though by law condemned, denounced, and banned,
Will not forsake their suffering flocks, or quit the stricken land.

The morning brightens as he goes, the little hut is near,
When runs a peasant to his side, and speaks into his ear:
"Fly, Father, fly! the spies are out; they've watched you on your way;
They've brought the soldiers on your track, to seize you or to slay!
Quick, Father, dear here stands your horse; no whip or spur he'll need;
Mount you at once upon his back, and put him to his speed.

And then what course you'd better take, 'tis God alone that knows—
Before you spreads a stormy sea, behind you come your foes;
But mount at once and dash away; take chance for field or flood,
And may God raise His hand to-day to foil those men of blood!"

Up sprang the priest; away he rode; but ere a mile was run
Right in his path he saw the flash of bayonets in the sun;
He turned his horse's head, and sped along the way he came,
But O there too his hunters were, fast closing on their game!
Straight forward, then, he faced his steed, and urged him with his hand,
To where the cliff stood high and sheer above the sea-beat strand.
Then from the soldiers and the spies arose a joyful cheer,
Their toilsome chase was well-nigh o'er, the wished-for end was near;
They stretched their eager hands to pluck the rider from his seat—
A few more lusty strides and they might swing him to their feet;
For now betwixt him and the verge are scarce ten feet of ground—
But stay!—good God!—out o'er the cliff the horse is seen to bound!
The soldiers hasten to the spot, they gaze around, below,
No splash disturbs the waves that keep their smooth and even flow;
From their green depths no form of man or horse is seen to rise,
Far down upon the stony strand no mangled body lies!
"Look up! look up!" a soldier shouts; "O what a sight is there!
Behold, the priest on horseback still, is speeding through the air!"

They looked, and lo! the words were true, and, trembling with affright,
They saw the vision pierce the blue and vanish from their sight.

Three miles away, across the bay, a group with wondering eyes
Saw some strange speck come rushing fast towards them from the skies.
A bird they deemed it first to be; they watched its course, and soon
They deemed it some black burning mass flung from the sun or moon.
It neared the earth—their hearts beat fast—they held their breaths with awe,
As clear, and clearer still, the horse and then the man they saw!
They shut their eyes, they stopped their ears to spare their hearts the shock
As steed and rider both came down and struck the solid rock!
Ay, on the solid rock they struck, but never made a sound;
No horrid mass of flesh and blood was scattered all around;
For when the horse fell on his knees, and when the priest was thrown
A little forward, and his hands came down upon the stone,
That instant, by God's potent will, the flinty rock became
Like moistened clay or wax that yields before a glowing flame.
Unhurt, unharmed, the priest arose, and with a joyful start,
He pressed his hand upon his breast— the Host was near his heart.

Long years have passed away since then, in sun and wind and rain,
But still of that terrific leap the wondrous marks remain.
On the high cliff from which he sprang, now deemed a sacred place,
The prints left by the horse's hoofs are plain for all to trace;
And still the stone where he alit whoever likes may view,
And see the signs and tokens there that prove the story true;

May feel and count each notch and line, may measure if he please, [knees,
The dint made by the horse's head, the grooves sunk by his
And place his fingers in the holes—for there they are to-day—
Made by the fingers of the priest who leaped across the bay

T. D. Sullivan.

ST. COLUMBKILLE AND THE MOWER.

One Sunday morn by Gowna's glittering strand
The man of God, Columba, held his way
To lonely Inch, 'mong the saints' tombs to pray,
As in the visions of the night command
Came from his Master. Walking as he prayed,
Seemed all glad nature, land and lake and sky,
To lift up voice and hands to God on high:
The curling mists, by morning breezes swayed,
Were incense; and the full-voiced woodland choirs
Sent up to heaven a sweeter matin hymn
Than e'er in abbey-stalls, in dawnings dim,
From fervent hearts through vocal lips aspires.
Deep in his raptured soul the saint-seer felt
The beauty and the splendour and the calm,
As when a zephyr freighted full with balm
Delights the sick at heart, and seemed to melt
In bliss made palpable through soul and limbs.
Then was he grateful for the morning's glow,
And Sabbath rest to toil-worn sons of woe,
And flowers, and mists, and waves, and matin hymns
Of prayerful birds. But hark! what jarring hiss,
As noise of twining serpents 'neath a wall,
Fell harsh upon his hearing, as doth fall—
Shattering in shreds the momentary bliss—
A stone on a blue heaven in a clear pond,
Dispelling sky and dream? So on his ear,
That Sunday morn, most hateful sound to hear,
A mower's scythe in grassy swathes beyond.
The man of God felt rising in his breast
A tide of indignation, as one feels
When on his master's sleep a servant steals

With murd'rous knife; with no slight ease repressed
His wrath: and then, in accents calm but stern:
"Ungrateful hind! and canst thou thus reward
For all his gifts thy Master, God and Lord?
For all His good is this thy ill return?"
Then spoke the man, with side-way glancing words:
"High saint of God, shall this be unforgiven
Which need doth prompt, when he of sin is shriven
Whose pride mowed men as grass with kinsmen's swords?"
Then smote the saint a keen remorse once more,
As when a well-aimed dart strikes through a shield
And pours a hero's life-blood in the field;
So pierced him, rankling in his inmost core,
The peasant's gird. He only stooped and drew
From 'neath the leaves a workman's daily fee,
And gave the kern, with "Benedicite!"
No more that day his impious task renew
Enjoining him. Right onward past the seer
To fast and pray till twilight held the west;
For night or day he took no joy or rest
From penance for his sin, and anxious fear.
Once more o'er Gowna's waves the tingeing light
Of the low sun shed moving, flashing fire,
And half the heavens was rosy-bright, a pyre
For the departing king, and wondrous night
With silent footsteps from her mystic bower
Came stealing o'er the hills, with stars and dew;
And o'er the hills the mighty sage anew
Resumed his path at eve's delicious hour.
For fresh offence again his heart doth burn—
The morning's crime renewed! The culprit pleads
Want's stern command, his own, his children's needs,
And vows in eld* for sin a due return.
Then spoke the man of God: "In world's wealth poor,
Poor in obedience, poor in faith and truth,
Poor be thou ever, all life's course unsmooth!"—
"Poor as a mower!" still the words endure.

REV. JAMES KEEGAN.
(*From the Catholic World.*)

* Old age.

TRANSUBSTANTIATION

AND

THE REAL PRESENCE

In order to understand what Catholics mean by the Real Presence, it is necessary first to understand what is meant by Transubstantiation.

Take a solid body of any kind. *e.g.*, a piece of stone or wood.

It has shape, size, weight, colour, hardness, taste, smell, &c., but not one of these qualities, nor all of them together, make it what it is, namely, stone or wood. They might all be changed, or taken away, and yet it would remain what it is, stone or wood.

These qualities, therefore, are accidental, not essential. Philosophers call them briefly "*accidents*," and that in which they are found is called "*substance*," or the thing that *underlies* them.

Now if the body we are examining be a piece of stone, we can fancy the "substance" of stone being withdrawn, and the "substance" of wood being put in its place, the "accidents" remaining the same as before.

That would be Transubstantiation. And this is what we believe takes place at the Consecration; the "sub-

stance" of bread and the "substance" of wine are withdrawn, and their places supplied by the "substance" of Christ's glorified and living Body, the "accidents" remaining the same as before. Thus we have, not wine nor bread, but Christ under the *appearances* of bread and of wine.

This subject might be discussed either from a philosophical or from a Scriptural point of view. I am now going to discuss it under the latter aspect, and I hope to show that the Catholic doctrine is clearly proved by Holy Writ.

Christ said to the Jews: "I am the Living Bread which came down from Heaven: if any man eat of this Bread he shall live for ever: and the bread that I will give is *My Flesh*, which I will give for the life of the world." *

We maintain that these words support the Catholic doctrine of Transubstantiation. Protestants deny it.

Let us hear first what they have to say. They say the words we have quoted are to be taken in a figurative sense, that "giving bread" and "partaking of food," were common expressions among the Jews in speaking of *doctrine* and *faith*, and that they are to be taken in this sense here.

To which I reply that I quite agree as to this figurative meaning of these words. They are so used in this very chapter of St. John from v. 26 to v. 48 or 50. But at v. 50, if not at v. 48, there is a change of subject, and Christ begins to speak about eating, not bread, but *flesh*. This is an expression which certainly is never used in Scripture figuratively of faith. To eat the flesh of a man had a very decided figurative meaning in the language spoken by our Lord, as it has to the present day in the land in which He lived. It was something like our word *backbite*. It meant to calumniate or injure. See Psalm xxvii. 2 (Catholic version, Psalm xxvi. 2), Job xix. 22, Micah iii. 3, and Eccles. iv. 5.

* St. John vi. 51. All texts used in this tract are designedly quoted from the Protestant version of the Bible.

In all other places where it is used in Scripture it is to be taken *literally*, and we maintain that it is to be so taken in the above passage from St. John.

Those who contradict us, and hold that it is to be taken figuratively, *must* take it as meaning to calumniate or injure. And then they will have this difficulty staring them in the face, that at v. 54, in the same chapter, Christ says: "Whoso eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood," *i.e.*, whoso calumniateth or injureth Me, "hath eternal life!" Protestants sometimes condemn our interpretation as involving a moral impossibility. I think we may now fairly say the same about theirs.

But after all, it is only a waste of time for us Englishmen to dispute about the meaning of an expression employed by our Lord, when we have evidence of how it was understood by the persons who spoke the language He was using. The Jews surely understood perfectly what Christ said. Then how did *they* take it? Look at v. 52. The figurative meaning, so dear to Protestants, never occurs to them. It was too absurd. How could the spiritual life of the world depend on calumniating Christ?

Therefore they took His words literally. It was their only alternative. And then they began to do what Protestants do; "*they strove among themselves, saying: How can this Man give us His flesh to eat?*"

Were they wrong in taking Him literally? Let us see. What did Christ do when He saw how His words were taken? Usually, when His figurative language was misunderstood, He explained Himself, *e.g.*, St. John iii. 3–5. "Verily, verily I say unto thee, except a man be *born again* he cannot see the Kingdom of God." His figurative expression "born again" was misunderstood by Nicodemus, and accordingly, as we might have expected from His charity, He explains it. "Except a man be born *of water and of the Spirit*, he cannot," &c.

So too, St. John xi. 11: "He saith unto them, Our friend Lazarus *sleepeth*." The disciples miss His meaning, and immediately He explains Himself: "Then said Jesus unto them plainly, Lazarus *is dead*."

On the other hand, when people took him in the *right* sense, but *objected* to it, He used to *insist*. Thus, in St. John viii. 56, &c., His words implied that He was living in the time of Abraham. The Jews so understood Him. They were *right*, but they *objected:* "Thou art not yet fifty years old, and hast Thou seen Abraham?" Christ *insists:* "Verily, verily, I say unto you, before Abraham was, I am."

Take another example: St. Matthew ix. 2. "Jesus said to the man sick of the palsy: Son, be of good cheer: thy sins be forgiven thee." The Jews took Him literally, and they were *right;* but *they objected*, and "some of the scribes said within themselves, This Man blasphemeth." What does Christ do? He *insists*, and to prove the likelihood of His having power to forgive sins, He showed that He had miraculous power of another kind, for He cured the man on the spot. *

Now which of these methods did He follow in the case that we are engaged upon? Did He explain His words away? By no means. He acted as He usually acted when people understood Him aright, but refused to accept what He said; *He insisted.* "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye *eat the Flesh* of the Son of Man, and *drink His Blood*, ye have no life in you."† And then, as if He wished to close every avenue of escape, He put it in another way. "Whoso *eateth* My *Flesh* and drinketh My blood, hath eternal life . . . My *Flesh* is meat indeed, and My Blood is drink indeed. He that *eateth* My *Flesh* and *drinketh My Blood* dwelleth in Me and I in Him."

What was the consequence? "Many of His disciples murmured, and said, This is an hard saying; who can hear it? And from that time many of them went back and walked no more with Him." ‡

And Christ allowed them to go. What! The Saviour of men to allow souls to be lost so easily! Could he not have cried out to them: "Wait a moment! Let Me

* See Card. Wiseman's *Lectures on the Real Presence*, Lecture III.
† St. John vi. 53. ‡ St. John vi. 66.

explain. I do not mean what you thought just now, when you asked each other, 'How can this Man give us His Flesh to eat?' I was only talking figuratively." Could He not, nay, ought He not, to have spoken in this sense, and saved them? No; He ought not, because He could not. They understood Him aright. There was nothing to explain away, and, as they would not believe what He said, He had to let them go.

"Then said Jesus unto the twelve: Will ye also go away? Simon Peter answered him, Lord to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." * A passage which reveals to us that even the twelve were almost staggered at what they had heard, but that they submitted their judgement to Christ's. Poor human nature was under trial, but it triumphed in the light of faith, and dashing aside all doubts and hesitation, exclaimed: "Thou hast the words of eternal life!"

Such, too, is the exclamation of the Catholic.

The expression "drinking blood" is, if anything, still less favourable to the Protestant interpretation than that of "eating flesh." To a Jew the idea was most revolting and most sinful. The practice was threatened with terrible chastisements. "I will even set My face against that soul that eateth blood, and will cut him off from among his people." †

Scripture everywhere speaks of it with horror. Then why did our Lord adopt such an expression, if, as Protestants say, He was only talking figuratively of faith or doctrine? Do people usually make a point of disgusting their audiences when they wish to get a hearing? And are we to suppose that our Lord, full of solicitude as He was to spread the new faith, would have made use of expressions and ideas associated in the minds of His hearers with guilt the most revolting?

The only explanation of the use of such language by our Lord is that He meant literally what He said, namely that we were to drink His Blood if we would have life.

* St. John vi. 67, 68. † Levit. xvii. 10.

He would not have used the expression unless He had been obliged, and He would not have been obliged, had He not meant it literally.

The conclusion, therefore, at which we arrive is that, in the passage quoted from St. John, we have our Lord's word for it that He would give us His Flesh to eat and His Blood to drink. We have only to add that He redeemed this promise when He instituted the Blessed Sacrament, saying: "This is My Body . . . . this is My Blood."* He then gave a command: "Do this in remembrance of me,"† leaving power in His Church to celebrate the same mystery for all time; so that whosoever eats this Bread or drinks this Cup unworthily, "eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning *the Lord's Body*." ‡ If he is to be punished for not discerning It, *It must be there.*

At page 11 I have said that, in the Consecration, the "substance" of bread and the "substance" of wine are withdrawn, and their places supplied by the "substance" of Christ's glorified Body.

It is necessary to bear in mind that it is His *glorified* Body. It is His Body endowed with the qualities of immortality, impassibility, &c. It could appear in the room, *the doors being shut.* § It could be whole and entire in many places at the same time, or as life is in all the individuals of a species at one and the same time. It could be broken, yet remain whole in every part, something like the life of the tree, which is as whole in the slip cut from it as it is in the tree itself.

Some people say they believe in the Real Presence, but not in a *carnal* sense. They hold that Christ is present in a *spiritual* sense in the Holy Eucharist. Now what do these people mean? Do they mean that only His *Soul* is present? If they do they are dividing Christ, Soul from Body, whereas Christ "dieth no more."‖ Or do they mean that He is present in spirit,

* St. Matt. xxvi. 26-28. † St. Luke xxii. 19.
‡ 1 Cor. xi. 29. § St. John xx. 26. ‖ Romans vi. 9.

in the same way as friend writes to friend, "I am with you in spirit?" If they do, it is, no doubt, something beautiful and consoling, and ought to cheer one amidst the trials of the world. But if I knew anybody who professed belief in Christ's *spiritual* Presence, not His *carnal*, in the Blessed Sacrament, I would ask him to settle decisively in his own mind, before going further, whether or no this be what he means, and *not to read another word of what I am going to say until he has made up his mind.*

If, after duly considering the question, he answered No, I would then ask him, Well, what *do* you mean? Tell me clearly in plain English, for I protest that I can see no other meaning except the two I have given, and neither of them will stand examination.

If, on the contrary, he answered Yes, then I should ask him to consider with himself what it is we mean when we say to each other the kindly and consoling words, *I am with you in spirit.* And he would find that we mean, *I am* NOT *with you* REALLY; *I wish I were.*

Hence it follows that he who holds this sort of Real Presence believes, when we come to examine him, in a real *absence.*

Some say Christ is present *along with* the bread and wine. In this phrase they think they see an escape from the difficulty of Transubstantiation, because the bread remains bread, and the wine is still wine—the "substances" are there still.

But what does the phrase really mean? Let us understand in what way exactly Christ is present, according to this theory. Is He only *spiritually* present, or is He *substantially* present? If only spiritually, then, as we have already seen, He is *really absent.* If substantially, then the "substance" of His Body is present, *divested of its own "accidents" and under those of bread and wine.*

* I pass over a third alternative, that He might be *sacramentally* present, because a sacramental presence need not be an *objective* presence, that is, a presence in the bread and wine, but only a presence in the *subject*, or person who receives, and this is less than those whom I am speaking about would claim.

But *this is Transubstantiation*, one-sided Transubstantiation, involving all the difficulties of Transubstantiation in the Catholic sense, and entailing some more.

It involves all the difficulties of the Catholic doctrine, because Transubstantiation in the Catholic sense means (*a*) the severance of "substance" from "accidents," and (*b*) the placing of the said "substance" under another set of "accidents."

Now, according to the theory in question, all this is done in the case of Christ. The "substance" of His Sacred Body is separated from its own "accidents," and placed under that of bread and wine. Surely there can be no difficulty in doing, in the case of bread and wine, what is done with Christ, in removing, *i.e.*, the "substance" of bread and wine to make way for the "substance" of the Body of Christ. Yet the upholders of the theory will not hear of it.

This brings me to my second point, that this one-sided Transubstantiation entails additional difficulties.

What I mean is this, that by it we are obliged to hold that Christ's Body is united with the bread in one or other of two ways, *i.e.*, either (*a*) as the Divine and human natures are united in our Lord in the Hypostatic Union, or (*b*) as the sap and the wood are united in the tree, merely by juxtaposition, both remaining distinct and separable. This last is the Impanation of Luther, and the difficulty of admitting either theory arises from this, that by each is an indignity offered to our Lord.

I. An indignity is offered to our Lord by Impanation, because according to it the words of our Lord, "This is My Body," would not be true. Let me try to show why.

"Substance" is not perceptible to the senses, and therefore we know things only by their "accidents." Their "accidents" are the sign of their presence. So that when we point to an object, and say, *This* is so and so, we mean that the thing to which these "accidents" belong, or the thing of whose presence these accidents are the sign, or the thing which these accidents make perceptible to you, is so and so.

Therefore when Christ says, "This is My Body," He means, The thing to which these "accidents" belong, or The thing of whose presence these "accidents" are the sign, is My Body. But according to the Impanation theory this would not be true, for the "accidents" which are perceived do *not* belong to, and are *not* a sign of the presence of, Christ's Body. They are a sign of the presence of, and belong to, bread. So that Christ, if Impanation were true, might say, This is bread, or Along with this is My Body;" but He could not say, "This is My Body; any more than one could say truly, pointing to a tree, This is sap.*

* If we may take the Rev. J. W. Hicks as an exponent, the doctrine as to Real Presence now held by the High Church party is Lutheran Impanation; for, in a Lecture given at Cambridge, 1885 (*Lectures on Church Doctrine*, First Series), he says: "There is no '*corporal* Presence of Christ's natural Flesh and Blood' in the sacrament, *i.e.*, no Presence after the manner of material bodies in the natural world. What *is present* after that manner is *bread and wine*" (p. 9).

The above passage suggests the question how the Body of our Lord can be present while "there is no *corporal* Presence?" Mr. Hicks would answer, that "the Presence of Christ in the Sacrament is the presence of a spiritual body" (p. 10). Then does he think that a spiritual or glorified body is not a body, is not "corporal?" What does he make of our Lord's words: "Behold My hands and My feet, that it is I Myself . . . for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see Me have" (St. Luke xxiv. 39). Would he say there was here no "corporal" Presence? Scarcely; and yet it was that same Body which had entered the room "when the doors were shut" (St. John xx. 19).

Mr. Hicks seems to have rather hazy ideas of bodies "natural," "spiritual," "corporal," &c. He speaks, *e.g.*, of Christ's "natural Body" being in Heaven, and he explains "natural" as "having the natural properties of a body, of being in a certain place, of a certain form, and material composition, and the like." But if the Body of Christ in Heaven has "the natural properties of a body," and of "material composition," could it enter a room while "the doors were shut?" And, if not, is the Body of Christ in Heaven different to the glorified Body of Christ as it was on earth, after the Resurrection?

In the Preface to these Lectures we read: "One of the chief dangers to which members of the University and others engaged in intellectual pursuits are exposed . . . in regard to the Christian faith, arises from the vagueness of the notions prevalent about

II. An indignity is offered to our Lord by the hypostatic theory. For according to this theory the Body of Christ is united to the bread either exactly, as the Divine and human natures are united in the Hypostatic Union or *not exactly*. If not exactly, then we fall back into some sort of Impanation. If *exactly*, then there are in

certain doctrines which are, or ought to be, 'most surely believed among us.'" We should think that highly probable.

And the *Church Times* of August 27, 1886, urges the study of this Lecture as "one of most temperate and scholarly statements of the doctrine published" (*sic*), words which suggest another question, What is the meaning of a *temperate* statement of doctrine? One might just as well talk about a temperate statement of the propositions of Euclid. A statement of *doctrine* ought to be a *truth*. and there is neither "more" nor "less" in *truth*. If you overstate it it is no longer truth.—Ah, yes. Under a very thin skin you have in your "English Catholic" a genuine, sturdy Protestant, to whom doctrine is still *opinion*—a statement of opinion may of course be "temperate."

Even the doctrine of the Real Presence (which, if true in the Protestant's Communion, is, without doubt, practically the most momentous dogma of his Creed, and the most replete with vital consequences for all the members of his Church), is to him after all, only a matter of opinion; for the formularies do not insist upon it, and therefore nobody is obliged to believe it. This at any rate is a fair deduction from another passage in Mr. Hicks' Lectures. Speaking of the "receptionist" view, according to which Christ is somehow present, but only "in the worthy receiver," and "*not* in the Sacrament," so that the "objective" Presence for which he is contending is completely swept away, he says: "I desire to speak with reverence of the many pious and learned and Catholic-minded members of the English Church who have held this 'receptionist' view; and *I do not for a moment believe that our formularies were meant to exclude them*" (p. 13).

But fancy a Church holding the doctrine of the Real Presence, and not insisting on it! Still worse, fancy a Church teaching it without being *infallibly* certain that it is true. Such a Church is teaching her children to give divine honour to what may *possibly* be only bread: a just retribution on those who have persistently accused Catholics of idolatry. This is something for all those who profess to believe in the Real Presence, but scoff at Infallibility, to think about. A Church which holds to the Real Presence, as an incontrovertible fact cannot leave belief in it to the discretion of her children, without exposing the Holy of Holies to disrespect. And she cannot, without exposing her children to idolatry, teach it as an incontrovertible fact unless she is infallible.

Christ three natures, the nature of God, the nature of man, and the nature of bread. So that this theory ends in an absurdity, not to call it by the more fitting name of blasphemy.

In the case, "Sheppard *v.* Bennett," the Dean of Arches ruled that it was not contrary to the law of the Church of England to teach that the mode of presence is "objective, real, natural, and spiritual." This decision was hailed as a triumph by a certain party in the Protestant Church, but it contains not a word to save their doctrine from the difficulties, or themselves from the inconsistencies, which we have pointed out above.

An objection is often raised against the Catholic doctrine, founded on the words: "It is the spirit that quickeneth: the flesh profiteth nothing."*

From these words it is argued that our Lord's expressions, in the preceding part of His discourse, are to be taken *spiritually*, and not literally.

This is what is called "a popular objection," *i.e.*, one which has a plausible look about it, and "goes down" easily with uneducated and inaccurate minds. Learned Protestants have long since given it up. Kuinoel, for instance says: "This interpretation cannot be maintained according to the ordinary use of words in Scripture." Blomfield says the same. So does Schleusner in his *Lexicon of the New Testament.*†

If, in the text quoted above, "the spirit" means the figurative interpretation of Christ's words, which Protestants contend for, then "the flesh," being in antithesis, must mean the literal interpretation of them. But who ever heard before of such a meaning being attached to those two words? In Scripture, at any rate, there is not a single example of it.

If, on the other hand, "the flesh" means simply the flesh, then "the spirit" must mean simply the spirit. If one is to be taken literally, so must the other also, and figurative meaning vanishes together.

* St. John vi. 63.

† See Card. Wiseman's *Lectures on the Real Presence*, Lecture IV.

The fact is that in the New Testament "the flesh" means human nature, with its depraved and vicious tendencies. "The spirit" means that elevation of thought which comes of grace. The passage therefore, "It is the spirit that quickeneth: the flesh profiteth nothing," contains a passing commentary by our Lord on the whole case. It is as if He said: In the words that I have spoken there are thoughts of life, thoughts that would quicken and raise up anybody who received them; but so depraved is the nature of this people that they profit nothing by them!

How many there are in our own day over whom our Lord has to utter the same lament!

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PURGATORY.

PURGATORY is a middle state of souls—or, as the Catechism puts it, a place where souls suffer *for a time* on account of their sins. There are but two eternal states of souls after death: Hell for those that leave this life in mortal sin, and Heaven for those that leave it in a state of grace. But it is clear that of those who die in the state of grace and are destined for Heaven, many have not fully paid the debt of temporal punishment due to their sins. For it is a law of divine justice that satisfaction must be given for every sin; and though the *eternal* punishment of Hell, due to mortal sin, is forgiven when the guilt of the sin is forgiven, yet even then there still remains the debt due to divine justice. That debt, if not paid in this world by penance, must be paid in the world to come before the soul is fit to enter into the complete possession of its reward.

Of this debt due to the divine justice we have many examples in Holy Scripture. When the Israelites murmured against the Lord, and Moses, after much prayer, obtained their pardon; nevertheless God would not allow any of those that had sinned to enter into the promised land; and the same punishment, a most severe one, was inflicted upon Moses and Aaron for their want

of faith when they brought forth water from the rock, though doubtless the guilt of their sin was repented of and forgiven.* Again, when David had sinned against Urias and Bethsabee, the prophet Nathan was sent to warn him and lead him to repentance. David, after hearing Nathan's words, said: "I have sinned against the Lord," and the prophet answered: "The Lord also has taken away thy sin, thou shalt not die; nevertheless because thou has given the enemies of the Lord occasion to blaspheme, for this thing the child that is born to thee shall surely die."†

As it was the case with the chosen friends of God, so it is with others. Sin must be atoned for; if this is not done before death, it must be done after death; and the place of atonement is called Purgatory. The Church tells us that there *is* a Purgatory, and that souls are detained there: but she has decided nothing upon the nature of the punishment suffered by the souls so detained. The Holy Scriptures, too, though they do not use the word Purgatory, yet tell us that some souls, even of those that are saved, undergo punishment for a while after death. Our Lord assures us that "He that shall speak a word against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world nor in the world to come," ‡ on which St Augustine remarks: "Christ would not have said this were there not some sins which,

* Numbers xiv. 20; xx. 24.
† 2 Kings (or 2 Samuel), xii. 13, 14.
‡ St. Matt. xii. 32.

though not forgiven in this world, *are* forgiven in the next."* Again, our Lord says: "When thou goest with thy adversary to the prince, whilst thou art in the way, endeavour to be delivered from him, lest perhaps he draw thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the exacter, and the exacter cast thee into prison, I say to thee thou shalt not go out thence until thou pay the very last mite."† Our Lord is clearly speaking in this passage, not of an earthly, but of a heavenly tribunal, at which God will render to every one according to his works in strict justice; and if there be ever so little owing to divine justice, even that little will be exacted.

But though neither the Church nor the Holy Scriptures have expressly defined the nature of Purgatory and the manner in which souls are purified there, yet the general belief of the Catholic Church has always been that the souls in Purgatory suffer a double pain—the pain of *loss* and the pain of *sense* or feeling. The pain of loss is very great. The souls in Purgatory know God, His beauty, His goodness, His infinite perfections, far better than any upon this earth are able to know Him, and they have an intense longing to be with Him, a craving to enjoy the Divine Beauty. They love Him with the perfection of love, and yearn unceasingly after the object of their love. We know how earnestly some of the Saints have longed for death that they might be with God; St. Paul, St. Teresa, and many others have had that ardent desire "to be dissolved and be

*De Civit. Dei, 1, xxi. 24 † St. Luke xii. 58.

with Christ;" but their craving after Him was very different from that of the souls in Purgatory. The Saints had a sort of partial satisfaction of their desire, a foretaste of Heaven in the presence of God within them, but to the poor suffering souls He is not thus present. With all this thirst for God, this craving after the Infinite Beauty, they are banished from him—for how long they know not—and this by their own fault and for their unworthiness. Thus the loss of God is a terrible pain to those poor souls. This pain is rendered still more severe by the agonizing grief caused by the remembrance of the good opportunities they have lost, the graces they have neglected, and higher degrees of glory which they have lost when they might so easily have gained them. All this causes great sorrow to the suffering souls, and in the opinion of most theologians the pain of loss is even greater than the pain of sense.

The pain of sense or feeling, is, as is commonly believed, caused by *fire*. St. Paul, speaking of "the day of the Lord," when He shall judge each one after death, says: "If any man's work abide which he had built thereon he shall receive reward. If any man's work burn he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved yet so as by fire."* On this passage St. Ambrose says: "When St. Paul says 'yet so as by fire,' he shows, indeed, that the man shall be saved but shall suffer the pain of fire:" † and again: "Woe to me if my work burn! For though God will save His servants, we shall

*Cor. iii 14, 15. † Serm. 20 in Psalm 118.

be saved by faith, but yet so as by fire, and though we shall not be burned away, nevertheless we shall be burned."* St. Augustine says: "He who does not cultivate his field" (that is, take care of his soul), "but allows it to be over-run with thorns" (vices and faults), "shall have to suffer in the next life either eternal punishment or the fire of Purgatory." † From this you may see that the suffering of the souls in Purgatory is most severe; indeed it is the common opinion that the pain of Purgatory is far greater than anything that can be suffered in this life. There God "renders to every one according to his works" ‡ in strict justice; and "it is a terrible thing to fall into the hands of the living God." St. Augustine says that although the soul may be "saved by fire, yet that fire is more severe than anything that man can suffer in this life;"§ and St. Thomas is of opinion that the least pain of Purgatory exceeds the greatest pain that man can endure in this world.

The souls in Purgatory, then, suffer intensely. Can we do nothing to help them? They are in prison. Can we not hasten on the time of their release? Can we not in some way pay for them the debt to Divine justice on account of which they are suffering? We can; for by the Communion of Saints "we are members one of another," joined together by charity to Christ our Head; and as we can help one another on earth by our prayers

* In Psalm 36.

† *De Genesi contr. Manich.* l. ii. c. 20.

‡ Psalm lxi. 12. § In Psalm xxxvii.

and good works, so we can help those members of Holy Church in the next world who require our help. The Council of Trent declares that "the souls (in Purgatory) are assisted by the suffrages (prayers and good works) of the faithful, and especially by the Holy Sacrifice of the altar."* In the Second Book of Machabees we are told that "it is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from sins,"† and from the very earliest times it had been the custom for devout Christians to seek relief for "the dead who have died in the Lord." Tertullian, who died in 220, tells us that it was the custom in the Church that the Holy Sacrifice should be offered for the dead on their anniversary; and he mentions among the duties of a good widow that of praying for her husband's soul and causing the Holy Sacrifice to be offered for him on the anniversaries of his death.‡ The practice of prayer for the dead is witnessed to by St. Cyprian, St. Cyril of Jerusalem, St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, St Augustine, and a host of other

* Sess. xxv.

† xii. 43. The Books of Machabees are not included in the Protestant Bible; yet they must be admitted as historical evidence for a belief and practice of the Jews and one not condemned by our Blessed Lord. The following words of St. Augustine, who *does* acknowledge these books among the inspired writings, are deserving of notice: "We read in the Book of Machabees that sacrifice was offered for the dead. But *if it were not read at all in the ancient Scriptures*, the authority of the universal Church, which is clear on this custom (of praying for the dead), is of no little importance" (*De cura pro mortuis*).

‡ *De Corona*, c. 3, and *De Monogomia*, c. 10.

holy Fathers; and on the other hand, Aerius is reckoned by St. Epiphanius* amongst heretics because he taught that "one should neither pray nor offer sacrifice for the dead." Our English forefathers were earnest believers in Purgatory, as is witnessed to by the many chantry chapels which they founded, and by other foundations and charitable works as well as doles and alms, some of which have survived, down to the present day and have their origin in the founders' belief in Purgatory. All Souls' College, Oxford, was built as a work of charity for the benefit of those who had fallen in the war with France, and all the Fellows were bound by rule to attend Mass and pray for these souls and for the souls of the founders. Other colleges, hospitals, &c., were founded for a like purpose and had similar rules.†

Now, dear reader, two things follow from what you have read. *First*, as there is a Purgatory *beware of it.* "Remember thy last end and thou shalt never sin."‡ Think often of Purgatory and the thought of it will teach you the dreadful nature of sin, even of venial sin; and the fear of it will help you to keep from many faults which you might otherwise commit. *Secondly*, as the souls in Purgatory can be helped by our prayers and good works, *help them.* They are all of them your fellow-

* *Hær.* 75.

† The Rev. E. Cutts, D.D., a Protestant, says: "Nearly every will of the period we are considering provides for the saying of Masses for the soul of the testator" (*Scenes and Characters of the Middle Ages; the Secular Clergy*).

‡ Ecclus. vii. 40.

members; but some are, or ought to be, especially dear to you. You may have a parent or a child, husband or wife, or dear friend in Purgatory, or some one from whom you have received great kindness, or whom you have injured without having been able to make good the injury; now is the time to show your love, your gratitude, you desire to make restitution. Help them. Help them with prayer and good works offered for them, with works of charity and alms done for them; try to gain Indulgences for them, offer your Holy Communion for them; and above all hear Mass, and, if you can, get it offered for them. That affection is indeed but skin-deep which sheds floods of tears at the grave of a father, mother, husband, wife, child, or friend, raises a monument over the body, and leaves the poor soul without the comfort of a Mass. He who makes some sacrifice to aid them now in their place of suffering, shows a true affection for dear ones passed away not he who indulges a selfish regard for their loss, but makes no effort to come to their relief amid the keen agony of the purgatorial fire. The dead are too often bitterly wept over and cruelly forgotten. In their name the Church calls upon you to help them: "Have pity on me, have pity on me, *at least you my friends*, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me." *

W. H. C.

* Job xix. 2.

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WHAT ARE THEY DOING AT THE ALTAR?

WHAT are they doing at the altar? How many have gone into a Catholic church at High Mass and asked themselves this question, and perhaps there has been none to answer it. Here, then, in a few pages is the answer: "He that readeth let him understand."

A procession has passed up the nave, acolytes with lighted candles, sometimes a surpliced choir, then the sacred ministers one by one, the subdeacon vested in alb, maniple, and tunic, and girt with a linen girdle, and the deacon vested like his brother-minister, but with dalmatic, and stole hanging across his breast from the left shoulder; last of all, the priest with alb, girdle, maniple, stole crossed in front of him and chasuble; the latter typical of the "sweet yoke" of Christ. For, having received "the ministry and word of reconciliation,"* he is "going up to the altar of God," bearing upon his shoulders the sorrows and sins of Christ's people, that their burden may be made lighter, and that they may find rest unto their souls. Not by the direct command of the Most High, as under the elder Covenant, have these sacred vestments been fashioned for the Church's priests and levites; but they have grown into use, under the Spirit's guidance who "ordereth all things sweetly," out of the

* 2 Cor. v. 18, 19.

common dress of that daily life which the Lord of Glory came on earth to sanctify; even as it was in "His own garments"* that He, our great High Priest, was led forth to offer the Sacrifice of the Cross for the world's salvation.

They bow down before the altar, and make confession of sin—the priest to the people, and the people to the priest, and both to God—in the presence of His angels and saints, praying for forgiveness. Mounting the steps, the priest kisses the altar-stone, in which are the relics of the martyrs and saints, "whose souls are underneath the altar"† of God in Heaven; incense is blessed, and he stands with the censer in his hand, even as on high the angel stands, "that he may offer the prayers of the saints upon the golden altar which is before the Throne of God."‡ There rises a threefold cry for mercy to each of the Persons of the Holy and undivided Trinity: *Kyrie eleison; Christe eleison; Kyrie eleison.* To this succeeds a song of joy, the Angels' Hymn, *Gloria in excelsis;* for yet a little while, and He who was born in Bethlehem, the "House of Bread," will be present among His people as the Bread of Life. Then the Collect is sung by the priest, the Epistle by the subdeacon, and after the Gradual—a kind of anthem—has been sung by the choir, the Gospel is solemnly chanted by the deacon, the Book of the Gospels, held by the subdeacon between two acolytes with lighted candles, having been first incensed by him.

After the singing of the Nicene Creed, during which the priest and the sacred ministers have been seated, they go up to the altar for the Offertory. The chalice and paten are brought veiled from the credence-table by the

* St. Matt. xxvii. 31; St. Mark xv. 20.
† Revel. vi. 9. ‡ Revel. viii. 3.

subdeacon. The deacon gives the paten with the unleavened bread to the priest, who, lifting up his eyes to the crucifix, makes offering to the Holy Father, the Almighty and Eternal God, of the spotless Host, for his innumerable sins and negligences, and for all faithful Christians, living and dead. Wine is poured into the chalice by the deacon, with which a few drops of water, blessed with the sign of the Cross, are mingled by the subdeacon in memory of the Blood and Water that flowed from our Redeemer's Side; and the saving chalice is offered by the priest, in the sight of God's Majesty, for the salvation of all present and for that of the whole world. The altar having been again incensed, the priest washes his fingers to show forth the purity required for the great mystery, to accomplish which he turns round and asks the aid of the prayers of his brethren: *Orate fratres.* A collect is said in secret, the Preface appropriate to the day is sung by the priest, at the end of which the choir bursts into the song of praise: "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts," and the Canon, or most solemn part of the Mass, begins.

In a low voice the priest beseeches our most merciful Father to accept and bless the holy, unspotted sacrifices which are offered to Him for His Holy Catholic Church, for His servant our Pope, for our Bishop, and for all orthodox believers and professors of the Catholic and Apostolic Faith. He makes a silent remembrance of those for whom he intends specially to pray, and then, having honoured the memory of the glorious and ever-Virgin Mary, and of the Blessed Apostles and Martyrs, he spread his hands over the oblation, and prays that it may become the Body and the Blood of God's most beloved Son. Taking the bread into his hands, and lifting up his eyes to Heaven, he blesses it, and, in the

person of Christ, pronounces the words of consecration. He bends the knee, elevates the Body of Christ for the adoration of the faithful, and kneels again; for "the Bread which we break," says St. Paul, "is it not the partaking of (or the participation in) the Body of the Lord?"* Then he takes the chalice in his hands, gives thanks to God, blesses it and, pronouncing the sacred words, consecrates it into the "Precious Blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot;" for "the chalice of benediction which we bless," says the Apostle, "is it not the communion of the Blood of Christ?" † Once more, the priest bends the knee, raises on high the chalice of salvation, and again kneels.

After the commemoration of the faithful departed, the *Pater Noster*, or Lord's prayer, is sung by the priest, the choir in the name of the people singing the last clause, and the priest himself summing up their petition in the *Amen;* and the Sacred Host is broken into three parts, one of which is placed in the chalice while the priest sings: "The peace of the Lord be always with you!" The Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world, is twice besought for mercy, and once for peace; and after three touching prayers, addressed directly to our Blessed Lord, the priest receives His Most Sacred Body and Precious Blood.

Then the sacred particles that may remain are carefully gathered up, the chalice is purified, first with wine, and then with wine and water, and after the Post-Communion prayers have been sung, the deacon turns to the people, and sings: "Go, the Mass is offered." The blessing is given, and the Mass ends with the opening words of the Gospel according to St. John, in

* 1 Cor. 16. Revised Version, margin, "participation in."

† 1 Cor. x. 16.

which is summed up the whole Mystery of the Incarnate God in the Sacrament of His Love: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He came unto His own, and His own received Him not; but as many as received Him, to them gave He the power to become the sons of God—*And the Word was made Flesh, and dwelt amongst us.*"

And now is not the question answered: What have they been doing at the altar? What have they been doing? The priest—for his ministers have been but helping him in the external act—has been offering sacrifice, the great daily Sacrifice of the New Law; or rather through him, the "great High Priest, who has passed into the Heavens,"* but who is still "High Priest over the House of God"† on earth, and in whose priesthood the earthly priest is allowed to share—for he has no priesthood of his own distinct from that of his Lord—has been offering to the Eternal Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, the sacrifice of His Body and Blood, Himself being both Priest and Victim. The essence of true sacrifice is there, a change denoting the absolute power and sovereignty of God—the Lord of Glory emptying Himself out under the appearances of bread and wine. There is also the oblation of, and communion with, the Victim; our High Priest offering Himself to His Father, and becoming the food of man. The Sacrifice we have seen offered on the altar is the *same* as the Sacrifice of Calvary, only offered without blood-shedding; and by it are applied to our souls the merits and satisfaction of Christ's Death upon the Cross: and thus the priest at the altar, and the people who have knelt around him, have been "showing forth the Lord's Death, until He come."‡ It is the Sacrifice of Him

* Heb. iv. 14. † Heb. x. 21. ‡ 1 Cor. xi. 26.

who is "a Priest for ever according to the order of Melchisedech."*

Now mark what this means. Were it not for this Mass of the Catholic Church, our Lord's distinctive title would have no meaning; it would be utterly inexplicable, and whole pages of God's Word would be to us a simple blank. Who was Melchisedech? He it was of whom he read that he "*brought forth bread and wine, for he was the priest of the Most High God.*"† He it was, who, as St. Paul tells us, being better than Abraham, received tithes from him, and blessed him, and "according to whose likeness was to arise another Priest, made according to the power of an endless life."‡ The Mass therefore is the sacrifice of that other Priest, who Himself abides for ever, and in whose "everlasting priesthood" all previous priesthood ends.§ But when did Jesus of Nazareth ever bring forth bread and wine as the Priest of the Most High God, except on that night which He had so much desired to see, when, according to His promise that He would "give His Flesh to eat and His Blood to drink,"‖ He took bread, and blessed, and brake it, and gave to His disciples, and said: "This is My Body; and taking the chalice He gave thanks, and gave to them and said: Drink ye all of this, for this is My Blood of the New Testament, which shall be shed for many unto the remission of sins."¶

Notice, again, the Blood which was in that chalice was the Blood of the New Testament, the Blood by which it was then dedicated—for we read of no form of dedication at the Cross—therefore, the Redeemer's

* Psalm cix. (Revised Version, cx.) 4; Heb. v. 6, 10; vi. 20; vii. 11, 17. † Gen. xiv. 18. ‡ Heb. vii. 6, 15, 16. § Heb. vii. 9—28. ‖ St. John vi. 52, 54. ¶ St. Matt. xxvi. 26—28. Cf. St. Mark xiv. 22—24. St. Luke xxii. 17—20. 1 Cor. xi. 23—26.

Blood; for if the blood with which Moses dedicated the old Testament of shadows, was *real* blood,* although that of oxen and goats, and typical of that better Blood which was to be hereafter, how could the New Testament of realities have been dedicated, not even with typical blood, but with the shadow of a type? Either, then, the New Testament has never been dedicated at all; or the chalice which our great High Priest held in His hand after the Last Supper was His own living Blood of the New and Eternal Testament.

But when our Lord gave His Body and Blood to His Apostles, He added: "Do this for a commemoration of Me."† Therefore to them also and to all His priests, whom He "sends as His Father had sent Him,"‡ He gave the power of doing as He had done, and of giving to others His Body and His Blood. Truly is the prophecy of Malachy fulfilled: "From the rising of the sun even to its going down, great is My Name among the Gentiles, and in every place is incense offered to My name and *a pure flour offering*."§

This, then, is what they are doing at the altar. This is what the priests of the Catholic Church have been doing at her altars ever since the Apostles died. This is what is meant by Holy Mass, our greatest act of worship, "not a mere form of words, but a great action, the greatest action that can be on earth, not the invocation merely, but if we dare use the word, the evocation of the Eternal."‖ This is what makes the humblest Catholic church greater than the palaces of kings, for it makes it in very deed and truth the presence-chamber, and its altar the mercy-seat, of the living God. "Surely

* Exod. xxiv. 8; Heb. ix, 19, 20. † St. Luke xxii. 19; Revised Version, "in remembrance of Me," 1 Cor. xi 25.
‡ St. John xx. 21. § Malachy i. 10, 11. ‖ Cardinal Newman.

the Lord was in this place and we knew it not. How terrible is this place! This is no other but the House of God and the Gate of Heaven!"*

NOTE.

It is remarkable that both our Lord† and the Apostle‡ apply the Old Testament prophecies concerning the New Covenant to the Blessed Eucharist and the Priesthood of Christ according to the order of Melchisedech. So, also, the prophecies of Isaias§ and Jeremias‖ with regard to the priesthood under the New Testament, have received no fulfilment except in the Catholic Church.

According to a recent writer, not a Catholic, "the Mass would seem to have been said continuously from the time of the Apostles. Its details, as one by one they became visible in later history, have already the character of what is ancient and venerable. 'We are very old and ye are young,' they seem to protest to those who fail to understand them. . . . In the very first days of the final triumph of the Church [under Constantine], the Mass emerges to general view already substantially complete. Thus did the Liturgy of the Church grow up full of consolations for the human soul, and destined, surely, one day, under the sanction of many ages of human experience, to take exclusive possession of the religious consciousness."¶

Compare also what even Carlyle said of the Mass: that it is "the most genuine relic of religious belief now left to us."**

* Gen. xxviii. 16, 17. † St. John vi. 45.
‡ Heb. viii, 8, 13; x. 16, 17. § Isaias lvi. 4, 5, lxvi, 21—24.
‖ Jerem. xxxiii. 17—24. Robertson Smith (*The Old Testament in the Jewish Church*, p. 402), allows that "taken typically" this porphecy of Jeremias can "only fit the Sacrifice of the Mass."
¶ *Marius*, by Walter Pater.
** *Thomas Carlyle*, Froude.

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St. Columba,

Apostle of Scotland.

(521–597.)

BY THE REV. JOHN GOLDEN.

For three centuries after the time of St. Patrick, the ancient Irish Church was fruitful of saints and scholars. Animated with the apostolic spirit of St. Patrick, her zealous missionaries carried to most of the European nations the glad tidings of the Gospel, and became, abroad, the founders and patrons of numerous churches. "The face of the whole island," says Alzog, "was changed. A nation that but a few short years before had been shrouded in the darkness of paganism, was suddenly illuminated by the pure rays of Divine truth. Churches and chapels, monasteries and convents, schools and colleges, covered the land, and from hill and valley one song of thanksgiving went up to the throne of God; and thus Erin became the Island of Saints, the home and refuge of learning and holiness, and the nursery whence missionaries went forth to carry the light of the faith to the nations of the European continent. Her seats of learning, her monasteries and nunneries, and her charitable institutions were unsurpassed, either in number or excellence, by those of any nation of the world. Her

children preserved the faith as pure and entire as it came from the lips of her Apostle; heresy and schism were unknown to them; and loyalty to the successor of St. Peter was one of their most distinguishing characteristics. They have remained faithful and attached to the Supreme Head of the Church with unvarying uniformity, amid every vicissitude of fortune, from the days of St. Patrick to our own; and there is every indication that their fidelity to the Vicar of Christ will be as unbroken and cordial in the future as it has been in the past."

In the foremost rank of Erin's noblest sons was the great Columba, or Columbkille, whose baptismal name was Crimthain. The cherished name Columbkille, or "Dove of the Churches," was given him, even in early years because of the zeal he displayed in founding churches and abbeys. By this dear name his memory is for ever embalmed in the hearts of the people. After St. Patrick and St. Bridget, Columba holds the next place in the affections of the Irish race. He is a saint whose character is at once remarkable and fascinating. His royal descent; his shining talents as poet, priest, and statesman; his unselfish mode of life; his unwearied labours in Erin and Alba (or Scotland); and the glorious death that crowned his career—all contribute to throw a halo of sweetness and glory around the name of him who was the prince of Irish missionaries, and to enshrine it for ever in the memory of men. As years roll on and are lost in the abyss of eternity, the children of the Church recount his deeds, invoke his fond and potent name, and dedicate temples to the living God under his patronage.

Born at Gartan, amid the picturesque wilds of Donegal, on 7 December, 521, St. Columba closed his beautiful life in his own monastic church of Iona, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, 597. "This Saint," observes the learned Macgeoghegan,* "was of the royal race, having been descended in the fourth degree from the monarch Niall

* *History of Ireland*, p. 171, ed. 1869.

the Great, by his son Connall Gulban, Prince of Tyrconnell and chief of the noble tribe of the O'Donnels." Besides his kinship with the ruling princes of the North of Ireland and the West of Scotland, he was also closely allied in blood with the royal family of Leinster, his mother, Eithne, being a Leinster princess.

The princely Crimthain, graceful of mien and of lofty and dignified stature, was offered the crown of his native province in 544. But because his generous mind had risen superior to perishable honours, he preferred the cowl to the diadem. Beside the excellence of this brave choice the lustre of his high lineage grows dim, and it is in the character of monk and priest and apostle that he stands so prominent and so revered in history.

From his early youth, his deeply religious mind was aglow for the interests of Holy Church ; and thirsting for the acquisition of knowledge he placed himself under the ablest masters of the time. His own island home furnished men and institutions capable of satisfying his highest aspirations in the pursuit of science, religious and secular. From his first instructor, the priest who baptized him, he passed to higher schools, and we find him under Berchan of Glasnevin, near Dublin ; later on, the pupil of St. Finian at Moville, on the picturesque borders of Strangford Lough, in Down ; then in the island schools of the West ; and, finally, at famous Clonard on the Boyne. Deacon when leaving Moville, Columba was ordained priest at Clonard, which was ruled by another St Finian, and which, at one time, numbered three thousand monks.

The gift of prophecy began to manifest itself on the day of his arrival at Clonard. Having asked the Abbot Finian where he should erect his hut, he got the answer; "At the door of the church." The monastery was then young, limited in extent, and humble in pretensions. Columba, however, seeing in vision the future expansion of the place, erected his lowly abode at a considerable distance from the spot assigned him. "You have not followed my directions," said the founder of Clonard, "that spot is not at the

door." "True," replied Columba, "but the door will be at this place hereafter." The prediction was verified. Clonard's fame soon attracted thousands of students, and the door opened at Columba's cell. The spirit of prophecy accompanied him all his life.

Under St. Finian, "a doctor of wisdom, and tutor of the saints of Ireland in his time," Columba enjoyed the intimate friendship of many illustrious men. He had beloved companions in St. Kieran, who became the founder of celebrated Clonmacnois, on the Shannon; in St. Comgall of Bangor, near Carrigfergus, "a place truly holy," says St. Bernard, "and fruitful in saints, most plentifully producing fruit to God;" in St. Canice, from whom Kilkenny derives its honoured name; in St. Kevin of Glendalough, a spot charming for its natural scenery, its round tower, and seven churches; in the two Saints Brendan, the one of Birr and the other of Clonfert; and in many others, who were ornaments of the Church and whose names are in eternal memory. Of these and other fellow-students brilliant, indeed, were the attainments; but St. Columba is reported to have been awarded with universal acclaim, the highest prize in every school which his presence graced. The "white angels" often seen by his side, and repeatedly mentioned in his life, added a lustre to his fame, and made his companions regard him with sentiments of religious awe.

Professor O'Curry relates a charming anecdote of St. Columba's confidence in God. When he was a student on the banks of the Tolka, near Dublin, the church stood on one side of the river, the huts of the pupils on the other. It happened on a certain night that, when the church bell rang out for matins, the river had become frozen over. But Columba passed safely through it, exciting the surprise and the admiration of the Abbot. "Bravely hast thou acted, O descendant of Niall," said the Abbot. "God is omnipotent," replied Columba, "to relieve us of this difficulty." The pupils, on their return after matins, to their amazement and delight found all their huts transported from the west to the east bank of

the Tolka, beside the church. No wonder the fame of St. Columba rapidly spread, and that he was regarded as a favourite of heaven. Remembered well and oft-repeated were the words of the angel, in vision, to his venerable parent before his birth: "Thou art about to become the mother of a son who shall blossom for heaven, who shall be reckoned among the prophets of God, and who shall lead numberless souls to the heavenly country."

Truly marvellous was the zeal St. Columba displayed in founding and regulating monastic institutions, with their churches and noble halls of learning. Historians attribute to him as many as one hundred in Ireland, though he left its shores in the forty-second year of his age, while in the prime of manly vigour. Ullidia, now Ulster, and Sligo, Roscommon and Meath, were chiefly the scenes of his astonishing activity. Foremost among his monasteries were Derry, his "beautiful Derry," called by Venerable Bede "a noble monastery," on Lough Foyle, established in 546; Durrow in the King's County in 550; and Kells in Meath, in the same year. Kells was dedicated to our Blessed Lady, and was "celebrated for its manuscripts, among which was Columba's book of the Four Gospels, adorned with gold and precious stones." The Four Masters style this book "the chief relic of the western world, even as regarded its shrines of human workmanship." O'Curry, who had examined it in Trinity College, Dublin, describes it with admiration. "The purity and brilliancy of the green, the blue, the crimson, the scarlet, the yellow, like the penmanship stand perhaps unrivalled, and can only be realized by an actual examination of this very beautiful manuscript itself." And this marvellous illumination and penmanship were the loving work of Columba's pen. The abbey of Arran amid the western waves, Boyle in Roscommon, Swords, Raphoe, Tory Island, and Drumcliff, were also his foundations, taking their rank as nurseries for the priesthood of Erin; for missionaries destined to carry abroad the torch of religion and science: and for the laity of all conditions. Rich endowments in land, be-

stowed by princes and chieftains, and skilfully tilled by monks, enabled the monasteries of Erin to grant free education, food, raiment, and books to the thousands who flocked to their halls. The monastic schools of the island, for two or three centuries, were regarded by all Christians as the chief centres of education. Touching this subject, the learned author of the *Ages of Faith* writes as follows : "In the fifth and sixth centuries, amidst the dreadful shock of the fall of the Roman Empire and the desolation of Europe by the barbarous hordes, Ireland, from its situation, as Baron Cuvier remarks, being at a distance from the ruin, became the asylum of learning, and monks from Ireland then proceeded to carry back the torch to the devastated regions of Gaul and Germany." The Rev. William Waterworth, S.J., an Englishman, testifies that six thousand scholars received education at the same time at the College of Lismore; seven thousand at Armagh, where there was a "Saxon quarter;" and more than sixty thousand of his countrymen received in Mayo, at various periods, "the knowledge which England could not communicate to them." Among other men of note who graduated in ancient Erin, were Alfred, King of the Northumbrians, Dagobert II., King of Austrasia, and Willibrord, an Englishman, who became Archbishop of Utrecht and Apostle of the Batavians and Frieslanders.

A poet in Celtic and Latin, St. Columba composed admirable poems on various occasions. His hymn on St. Bridget, "the Mary of Ireland," proves that the Catholic practice of supplicating the saints was customary in his time. The translation of the poem runs as follows:

Bridget the good and the virgin,
Bridget, our torch and our sun,
Bridget, radiant and unseen,
May she lead us to the eternal kingdom,
May Bridget defend us
Against all the troops of hell,
And all the adversaries of life.
May she beat them down before us.
All the ill-movements of the flesh,

This pure virgin whom we love,
Worthy of honour without end,
May she extinguish in us.
Yes, she shall always be our safeguard,
Dear Saint of Lagenia;
After Patrick she comes the first,
The pillar of the land.
When old age comes upon us,
May she be to us as the shirt of hair;
May she fill us with grace,
May Bridget protect us.

Great indeed, was St. Columba's devotion to this "dear Saint of Lagenia." or Leinster, and implicit his confidence in her intercession. She died in 525, only four years after the birth of Columba, whose poem in her praise was composed in 560. The beautiful poem, descriptive of the virtue of the "excellent seven" disciples, to whom he assigned the government of Durrow, shows the benevolence of his heart, the affectionate regard in which he held his disciples, and the secure confidence which he reposed in them. Among them was Cormac, the bosom friend of St. Columba, his dear companion in many labours and travels, whom he subsequently greeted in Alba as "Cormac of aspect bright," who had come to him across the sea "upon a visit, upon a pilgrimage;" "Cormac, the devout cleric," for whom "the soft-toned bell rang here at Catamæl's city;" "Cormac, son of the noble-faced Dima, whose face was pleasant, and who was the champion of heaven and earth;" "Collan of the noble heart," and others he names in order as the "seven pillars" of the monastery of Durrow.

While in Ireland St. Columba travelled much in quest of knowledge and of books. He is said to have transcribed 300 copies of the Gospels and the Psalms. To refuse him the loan of books was a dangerous experiment. There is an ancient legend to the effect that a holy and learned recluse of Ossory, Longarad by name, would not allow St. Columba to examine his books. Indignant at the refusal of "Longarad of the white legs," Columba exclaimed: "May thy books no longer do

thee any good, neither to thee nor to those who come after thee, since thou takest occasion by them to show thy inhospitality." When the venerable hermit had been numbered with his fathers, the curse fell upon his books, and "no man could read them," as the legend runs. Be this as it may, St. Columba was of a very ardent temperament, and had a very live-long passion for reading and multiplying books. According to several historians of high repute there was one remarkable instance wherin his passion for valuable manuscripts brought on him a train of events, stirring and serious. This brings us to the history of the "Cathac" or Fighter, which served to shape his after destiny.

In St. Columba's 39th year, while visiting at Clonard, he secretly made a copy of a beautiful book of the Psalms kept by the Abbot Finian in the abbey church. The venerable abbot soon discovered the fact and demanded the copy as his right. The book had cost Columba many a sleepless night and he stoutly refused to surrender it. Unable to agree, the disputants appealed to Diarmaid, the chief King of Ireland. "To every cow belongeth her calf," was the judgement of Tara's King. Sorely grieved at the loss of his copy, which he was obliged to surrender to his old master, he boldly exclaimed: "This is an unjust decision, O Diarmaid, and I will be avenged!" The breach ensuing therefrom was further intensified by another incident. In violation of the right of sanctuary attaching to the person of Columba, the King tore from his arms a prince of Connaught and put him to death. The prince whilst at play on the broard plains of Tara had accidently killed a nobleman. Fearing serious results he fled for protection to the arms of Columba. But to no purpose. Moreover, St. Columba was placed in durance by order of the monarch; but the "white angels" were his guardians. Having miraculously escaped from Tara, where his life was threatened, he directed his lonely footsteps to his kinsmen in distant Tyrconnell. On his journey, and while in the midst of bleak and lonely mountains, he poured forth his noble

"Song of Trust," inspired by angels. An English version of this pathetic poem runs as follows:

Alone am I on the mountain;
O royal sun, prosper my path,
And then I shall have nothing to fear.
Were I guarded by six thousand,
Though they might defend my skin,
When the hour of death is fixed,
Were I guarded by six thousand,
In no fortress could I be safe.
Even in a church the wicked are slain,
Even in an isle amidst a lake;
But God's elect are safe
Even in the front of battle.
No man can kill me before my day,
Even had we closed in combat;
And no man can save my life
When the hour of death has come.

My life;
As God pleases let it be;
Naught can be taken from it,
Naught can be added to it;
The lot which God hath given
Ere a man dies must be lived out.
He who seeks more, were he a prince,
Shall not a mite obtain.
A guard!
A guard may guide him on his way,
But can they, can they guard
Against the touch of death?
Forget thy property awhile;
Let us think of the world's hospitality,
The Son of Mary will prosper thee
And every guest shall have his share.

Many a time
What is spent returns to the bounteous hand,
And that which is kept back
Not the less has passed away.
O living God!
Alas for him who evil works!
That which he thinks not of comes to him,
That which he hopes vanishes out of his hand.

*

There is no sreod that can tell our fate,
Nor bird upon the branch,
Nor trunk of gnarled oak.
Better is He in whom we trust,
The King who has made us all,
Who will not leave me to-night without refuge.

I adore not the voice of birds,
Nor chance, nor the love of son or wife.
My Druid is Christ the Son of God,
The Son of Mary, the great Abbot,
The Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.
My lands are with the King of Kings,
My Order at Kells and at Moone.

The illustrious Count Montalembert mentions the "Song of Trust," "which," he remarks, "has been preserved to us, and which may be reckoned among the most authentic relics of the ancient Irish tongue."

With the utmost enthusiasm his kinsmen hailed his safe arrival. But the story of his sufferings awoke in their breasts feelings of amazement and indignation. The "Dove of the Churches," the idol of the people, must be avenged. To arms flew the Prince and chieftains of Ullidia, to arms the King of Connaught, as their willing ally. Most decisive was the victory they won at Cooldreoney, near Sligo, against the King of Tara, with his famous national militia. "Three thousand was the number that fell of Diarmaid's people. One man only fell on the other side," say the Annals of the Four Masters. At this great battle, fought in 561, St Columba was not only present, but prayed with all the energy of his ardent soul for the success of his kinsmen. Like another Moses, his hands were sustained uplifted in supplication until the enemy was utterly and hopelessly driven from the field. If Columba had sought to be avenged, his feelings were now satisfied. His persecutor was forced to seek safety in flight to Tara. But Columba's victory will soon cost him tears and sorrow and exile, to be followed by the grandest chapter of his eventful life.

At Teilte, now Teltown, in Meath, there is a great gathering together of the prelates and abbots of Erin.

The question for debate in this solemn synod is St. Columba's conduct respecting the civil strife, whereof he is alleged to have been the chief cause. His condemnation seems to have been a foregone conclusion, as the fathers, without awaiting his arrival and defence, pronounced against him the high sentence of excommunication. When, however, the valiant "descendant of Niall" approached the synod, the great abbot of Birr, St. Brendan, ran to throw himself upon his neck and give him the kiss of peace. "How can you give the kiss of peace to an excommunicated man?" exclaimed the fathers. "You would do as I have done," replied the fearless Brendan, "had you seen what I see—a pillar of fire which goes before him and the angels that accompany him. I dare not disdain a man predestined by God to be the guide of an entire people to an eternal life." St. Brendan's pleading was successful. The sentence was immediately withdrawn. But the Synod enjoined as penance, that Columba should convert to God as many unbelievers as Christians had perished in battle. The high-souled Columba was moved with profound sorrow. Deeply and sincerely did he repent the loss of so many lives. Grace touched his sensitive heart and found there a ready response. To go in quest of the best masters of the spiritual life became now his settled purpose.

In the Queen's County, at Kilabban, lived a recluse, Abban by name, and greatly revered for his years and remarkable austerity of life. He was the son of Cormac, King of Leinster. An ancedote of much interest respecting this saint and Gobban Sáer, the famous "church builder," runs as follows: "There was a distinguished builder residing near St. Abban, and Gobban Sáer was his name. And it was his constant occupation to do the work of the saints . . . until at length he had lost his sight because of the displeasure of the saints on account of his dearness and the greatness of his charge. St. Abban went to ask him to build a church for him. Gobban told him that it was not possible because of his being blind. St. Abban

replied, 'You shall get your sight while you are doing the work, and it shall go from you again when you have finished the work.' And so it was done, and the name of God and of St. Abban were magnified by this." Dr. Petrie regards as probable that Gobban was the builder of some of the round towers of Ireland.

The venerable recluse of Kilabban afforded St. Columba the most heart-felt relief, by assuring him that the souls of those fallen at Cooldreoney enjoyed eternal repose. This assurance assuaged the grief and calmed the fears of our Saint, respecting the victims for whom he held himself responsible. But his future destinies are to be shaped by the advice of another saintly man. Accordingly, we find him in consultation with St. Molaise, Prior of Devenish Abbey, in Loch Erne, a monk distinguished for knowledge of the Scriptures. The decision of the Synod of Teltown St. Molaise confirms, adding thereto a sentence which required all the fortitude of a saint to obey—that of perpetual exile! To his native soil and kindred; to the great bardic order, whereof he was a bright ornament; to the numerous and flourshing foundations which owed to him their existence; to all he cherished and held most dear on earth he must now bid adieu! But the brave hearted Columba is equal to the great trial. The power of grace subdues nature; and, fortified by Him in whom St. Paul could do all things, the future Apostle of Caledonia exclaims: "What you, O Malaise, have commanded shall be done." Taking as his model Abraham's obedience, he resolved to leave kindred and country, and the promise God made to Abraham, "I will make of thee a great nation," was in him fulfilled. A chosen band of disciples, corresponding to the number of the Apostles, volunteered to accompany their beloved master. Principal among them was St. Mochanna, son of the King of Ullidia. Alba, wild home of the heathen Picts, is their destination, and the scene of their future triumphs. In his forty-second year and in the prime of vigorous manhood, St. Columba, with his twelve disciples, set sail from the land of his affections. The frail skiff, having

braved the perils of the deep, landed these heroic men on the bleak shores of an island, off the coast of Argyle. Hy, or Iona, is its name. No shelter here for the "exiles of Erin," no traces of civilization. But Connal, prince of the Irish Colony of Argyle and the Isles, kinsman also of St. Columba, made him a grant for ever of Iona. Rude huts were at once erected; but these, in after years, were replaced by stately monastic buildings; and like the mustard seed in the Gospel, Iona grew into a fair and flourishing tree. It became the sun from which radiated light that illumined all around; the centre of religion and civilization to Alba and the north of Britain; the grand picture which rose in Dr. Johnson's mind, when he described it as "that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion;" and the celebrated school which "became," in the words of Father Burke, "the great mother and fountain-head of the great monasticism which was destined to evangelize so many nations, to Christianize all Scotland and the northern parts of England." The date of St. Columba's landing on Iona is A.D. 563, and its brightest era continued up to the ninth century, when the Norsemen began to check, but failed to destroy, its usefulness.

The Irish colony of Argyle was, for the most part, Christian, but sadly in need of priests and discipline. Beyond the rude Grampians, in the north-eastern provinces, were the war-like Picts, unconquered by Rome and strangers to the Gospel. The remaining thirty-four years of his life, Columba spent among both nations. Those whom Roman generals failed to conquer by the sword, were reached by our Saint and subdued to the sweet yoke of Christ. Against Pict and Scot were built walls of great strength to imprison them in their fastnesses. Agricola and others failed to subdue them to the Roman Eagle; but Columba succeeded in bringing them under the Standard of Christ, and under the jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff. Into the waste places he

wandered, bearing with him the glad tidings of salvation, and everywhere winning souls and planting the Cross of his crucified Master. His perils and labours were great, but his victory was signal and complete.

The strongest fortress of the Picts stood on a bold rock, commanding the entrance to Loch Ness, and was occupied by Brude, their King. When this "powerful prince," as Venerable Bede styles him, heard of Columba's approach, he rudely barred the gates against the messenger of God. Nothing daunted at this hostile reception, the Apostle and his companions prayed aloud and chanted the psalms of David. As the standard of the Cross advanced, the chant was heard by the King, and the gates were thrown open. The power of prayer is wielded by Columba to good effect, Brude's hostility is disarmed, and the Cross prevails. The powerful prince, if not converted, becomes henceforward the friend and protector of the apostle. The victory of Columba at Ness resembles the victory of Patrick at Tara. Each was the successful opening of a grand campaign, each the prelude of many victories. The Druids, proud of their influence and celebrated Order offered stout resistance everywhere; but were defeated all along the line.

Convinced by the arguments and the miracles of the Apostle, the tribes all around submitted, were baptized, and enrolled as members of the great Christian family, and the Supreme Pontiff rejoiced in this latest conquest of the Cross. Columba and his companions were indefatigable. Everywhere they preached, instructed, and baptized; everywhere they planted churches and schools, and everywhere their preaching was confirmed by miracles. The islands round were evangelized in turn. The Orkneys and Shetland on the north-east, the Hebrides on the west, and the Faroes on the north, heard and accepted the Gospel. Even on distant Iceland, missions were established and the Cross of the Redeemer, was planted. Even within the life-time of its great founder, Iona was able to send forth missionaries to the kingdom of Northumbria, to the Isle

of Man, and to south Britain. It had its fleet of boats to visit the various groups of islands and make their way up the bays. With Cormac, the most skilled and daring of the monk-navigators, the venerable Abbot traversed the sombre gulfs and straits, regardless of danger and unsparing of toil. Over schools and churches and monasteries he placed monks trained in the mother-house, and filled with zeal like their master. "The voice of one crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord," was heard and obeyed. Nor were the temporal interests of the people neglected. Agriculture, navigation, and the various other sciences of the age, were taught to a people hitherto unacquainted with them. Religion and civilization have ever gone hand in hand.

In St. Columba's time lived St. Kentigern, or Mungo, "the lovable," Bishop of Glasgow, and apostle of the region between that city and Liverpool. Born at Culross in 516, and of noble Pictish extraction, he closed a glorious and eventful career in A.D. 601. The Pelagian heresy had perverted the few, Welsh and Picts, who had been Christians in this district before his time. St. Mungo's preaching defeated this deadly heresy. Being forced by a wicked prince, Morcant by name, to seek refuge in exile, he spent some years with St. David at Menevia. Prince Roderick, the "bountiful," having returned from exile in Ireland, on the death of his persecutor Morcant, recalled St. Mungo to his bereaved flock. Between Saints Kentigern and Columba there existed a most intimate and cordial friendship. When they met in conference at Glasgow, they made an interchange of pastoral crosses, in token of mutual charity and goodwill. On another occasion, when they met at Dunkeld Abbey, founded by St. Columba, they cheered each other by a prolonged sojourn of six months. The noble example of those high-souled apostles was copied by their disciples, who frequently met in the discharge of their sacred calling; and it edified the people.

In 449, at the invitation of Vortern, a British prince, two Saxon brothers, who are familiar to us by the names of Hengist and Horsa, landed on the coast of Kent.

Soon the pagan strangers, fierce, warlike, and godless, waged a relentless persecution against the British Christians. The death-knell of the Church had sounded when the last of the British Bishops, those of York and London, took refuge in the mountain fastnesses of Wales. This occurred in 586, and the disaster was complete. "Almost every trace of Christianity," writes Alzog, "disappeared from those portions of the country occupied by the Anglo-Saxons, and a rude idolatry, possessing none of the graceful features of comparative purity which characterized the worship of the ancient Celts, was substituted in its stead." Persecution raged until the offices of the Church ceased to be celebrated. The Venerable Bede testifies that the work of Saints Paulinus and Ninian, in Northumbria and beyond the Tweed, had been ruined by the victorious pagans, when Iona sent Aidan and Colman and Fintan, and many others to re-establish the faith. The pious Oswald, thoroughly instructed in the tenets of Christianity by the fathers of Iona during his exile, now in possession of his rightful throne, invited the monks of the North and received a ready response. Then was witnessed a spectacle, unique as it was edifying—a king interpreting the instructions and sermons of bishops and priests. Oswald, who had acquired a competent knowledge of the Celtic at Iona, translated the discourses of the fathers into Saxon, his mother tongue. The children of Iona, aided by recruits from Ireland, prosecuted the work of evangelization with the utmost vigour and the most eminent success. The glories of Lindisfarne, founded by St. Aidan, will never fade from the annals of Christianity. Lindisfarne became to Britain what Iona was to Caledonia, the great fountain-head of religion and civilization Thus did the fair tree of Iona spread its flourishing branches far and wide, even after he who had planted and watered it, had gone to his blissful reward.

In 590, Aedh or Hugh, chief king of Ireland, convened a National Synod at Dromceat, Co. Derry. At

that great assembly of states attended kings and chieftains, bishops and abbots. St. Columba and Aidan, King of Argyle, with a brilliant train of churchmen and laics, came to "the hill of meeting." Two questions, deeply interesting to Columba, were to be debated at this parliament. One had reference to the powerful order of the bards; the other, the claim of the mother country to impose taxation on the transmarine colony. The bards, now too numerous, had abused their influence and excited against themselves strong feelings of indignation. Certain destruction awaited them, had not St. Columba come to their rescue. In him, a born poet, they found an advocate, earnest, eloquent, and victorious. An order so ancient and renowned he would not allow to be destroyed, but he brought about a wholesome reformation. A new and enlightened code of laws, drawn up by himself, was adopted by the assembly, and received by the bards with the utmost gratitude. "The doctors or master-singers," writes McGee,* "were prohibited from wandering from place to place; they were assigned residence with chiefs and princes; their losel attendants were turned over to honest pursuits; and thus a great danger was averted, and one of the most essential of the Celtic institutions, being reformed and regulated, was preserved."

A federal alliance had subsisted between the Scoto-Irish colony and the mother country. King Hugh, dissatisfied with this, sought to tax the colony, and threatened armed force. Here also Columba's intervention was most fruitful of beneficial results. His arguments prevailed; the King renounced his pretensions; and a cordial relationship of mutual assistance against Saxon, Dane, and Norseman, was established between the two nations, and continued unbroken for centuries after. Besides the political aspect of this alliance, it had also a most beneficial effect on religion. A lasting friendship was cemented between the saints and scholars of Erin and Alba; and Irish missionaries aided very

* *History of Ireland*, p. 34.

materially in developing the institutions of the colony, and in conveying the blessings of religion to every portion of Scotland and the northern provinces of England. This result, so eminently beneficial to the interests of the Church, was effected by the enlightened statesmanship of St. Columba.

In 574 died Connal, Prince of Argyle, a kinsman and generous benefactor of St. Columba. The solemn consecration of his successor, Aidan, is said to be the first authentic instance in the West. The ceremony was performed by Columba on the "Lia Fail," or Stone of Fate. The Stone of Destiny, translated first to Dunstaffnage Castle, opposite Iona, afterwards to the Abbey of Scone, near Perth, continued to be used for long generations after by the Scoto-Irish Kings at their coronation. The same venerable relic, transferred by the first Edward to Westminster Abbey, rests there still under the coronation chair.

Under Aidan's prosperous rule, the Church enjoyed peace and freedom. A king at once powerful and peaceful, he lent the force of his authority to the extension and protection of religion. He bestowed on Columba many valuable endowments for religious and educational purposes; and between the King and the Abbot there existed the most cordial friendship. The Abbot blessed his arms and secured him victories the most signal, when he led his troops to check the raids and punish the insolence of the pagan Saxons. Defeated and dispersed by Aidan, they never after, during his reign, molested his kingdom. Nine years after the death of Iona's sage, the pious monarch closed, in 606, a career fruitful of splendid results to the Church and State. He was one of the most worthy and distinguished of the long line of Scoto-Irish Kings, the male issue whereof became extinct only with the death of Alexander III. in 1283.

The numerous monasteries established by St. Columba, whether in Erin or in Alba, acknowledged his jurisdiction and were subject to him. Moreover, so great was the influence he wielded that, whereas he was only a priest

himself, he exercised ecclesiastical jurisdiction over the bishops of the province subject to Iona. "The island," says Venerable Bede, "was always accustomed to be under the guidance of an abbot and an elder, to whose rule the entire province and the bishops, a thing so unusual, should be subject." And so profound was the veneration for his memory that his successors, long after his death, were permitted to enjoy this singular privilege. The Columban Rule, a monument of his great genius, was religiously observed in the numerous institutions which he and his successors established. Our Saint was also the author of several excellent works, among them a beautiful composition on St. Kieran of Clonmacnois. He composed hymns in Celtic and in Latin, dealing with the great mysteries of God and religion. The last of his works was a life of St. Patrick. Commentators distinguished by talent, research, and ripe scholarship, linger over his compositions, prose and poetic, with pious veneration, admiring their elevation and breadth of thought.

Any life of St. Columba would be incomplete without some reference to the great and abiding love he cherished for the land of his birth. This was with him an absorbing sentiment, a life long passion. From his beach of exile, often did he cast a wistful gaze towards the land of his affections. He writes, "My sad heart ever bleeds. There is a grey eye which ever turns to Erin; but never in this life shall it see Erin, nor her sons, nor her daughters. I look over the sea, and great tears are in my eye." In another place he writes: "Death in faultless Ireland is better than life without end in Alba." Comparing the two nations, he calls Alba "the land of ravens;" whereas in Erin "the song of the birds is so sweet; and the monks sing like the birds; the young are so gentle, and the old so wise; the men are so noble and the women so fair." He laments his "Irish oak-groves," around which the "white angels" hovered. "Young traveller," he exclaims to a monk revisiting Ireland, "take my heart with thee, and my blessing. Carry my blessing across the sea. If death should come

upon me suddenly, it will be because of my great love of the Gael." The birds that winged their weary flight across, he took up tenderly, caressed and fed, until they were able to return to sweet Ireland, where they were born. This is enough to show the esteem in which he held the land of his nativity, and the ardent longings of his heart after it. A great consolation was vouchsafed to Columba in a vision, and he foretold that, long years after his death, his remains should be conveyed across the sea and deposited in the same tomb with Saints Patrick and Bridget. "They shall bury me first in Iona; but by the will of the living God it is in Down that I shall rest in my grave, with Patrick and Bridget the spotless—three bodies in one grave." And so it happened.

Deeply as he loved his native land, Columba was satisfied with his cell of exile, his stone pillar, his meagre food, his almost superhuman labour and austerities. It was when Jacob had his head on a stone pillow, that he beheld the ladder of angels. It was amidst his severe penances in his cells of retirement, that Columba was favoured with mysterious visions. Away in the lonely isles of Eigg, Himba, and Skye, he used to spend weeks together in holy retreat. The "white angels" were not absent from his sequestered cell; and through their agency he saw his "kinswoman down yonder in Ireland" in imminent danger of death. He poured out his loving soul in prayer till the danger was past, and thereupon exclaimed: "She is delivered! The Lord Jesus, who deigned to be born of a woman, has come to her aid." His timely prayers rescued the monks from perils, and they, on their return, thanked their dear Father for his goodness to them.

He had the gift of seeing men's souls—how they stood before God. On one occasion he foretold to his brethren the immediate arrival of a Pictish chief, who was very aged, who had preserved intact the laws of nature, and was now coming to receive the grace of faith and baptism, after which would follow a happy death. Soon the skiff arrived, the chief came ashore,

and all else happened as foretold. He rescued from death the youthful Prince Hector, and prophesied his future greatness. Like all great saints, to himself he was severely austere; to others, kind and condescending. The pain and sorrow of others filled him with sympathy. His splendid gifts of head and heart he devoted to the service of God and the benefit of his fellow-men. His active charity was ever on the alert to discover new methods of extending the domain of religion and of promoting the welfare of the people. He made frequent visits among the Picts and Scots, to console, instruct and fortify them, and to satisfy himself regarding the efficiency of the institutions he had established everywhere. Pict and Scot hailed him with the utmost enthusiasm, regarding him as an angel in human form. His shining virtues won the admiration of all men; for he rejoiced with them that rejoiced, and wept with them that wept. Within the wide range of his apostolic labours, there was left no spot that did not experience the humanizing influence of his wonderful life. To him may be applied those beautiful words of St. Bernard: "A voice of joy hath sounded in our land; a voice of exultation and safety in the tents of sinners."

In the thirtieth year of his apostleship and exile, while wrapt in prayer, a celestial light was seen round him. At first joy, and then sadness, appeared in his countenance. The monks, in tears and sorrow, anxiously besought their Abbot to reveal the secrets he had seen. Let the Saint himself explain the reasons of his joy and sadness. "Dear children, I do not wish to afflict you; but it is thirty years to-day since I began my pilgrimage in Caledonia. I have long prayed to God to let my exile end with this thirtieth year and to call me to the heavenly country. When you saw me so joyous, it was because I could already see the angels who had come to seek my soul. But all at once they stopped short down there upon that rock at the farthest limits of the sea which surrounds our island, as if they would approach to take me and could not. And, in truth, they could not, because the Lord had paid less

regard to my ardent prayer than to that of the many churches which have prayed for me, which have obtained, against my will, that I should still dwell in the body for four years more. This is the reason of my sadness. But in four years I shall die without being sick. In four years, I know and see it, they will come back, these holy angels, and I shall take my flight with them towards the Lord."

His death, at the close of the "four years more," verified the Abbot's prediction. Standing on a hill, and directing his gaze the last time towards the West, he sent his blessing across the blue waves to the land of his birth and early labours. He next imparted his loving benediction to his dear Iona, and prophesied for it long years of honour and usefulness. Diarmaid, a devoted attendant, witnessed the outpouring of prayer and prophecy. Dermot's tears drew from his master the touching words; "This very night I shall enter into the path of my fathers. Thou weepest, Diarmaid, but console thyself. It is my Lord Jesus who deigns to visit me. It is He that reveals to me that my summons shall come to-night." As St. Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh, foretold his death at Clairvaux in 1148, while on a visit to St. Bernard, so the "Dove of Churches" predicted the hour of his release at Iona, in 597. The welcome summons found him at his favourite work—transcribing the Psalter. Stopping suddenly short, he said: "Here I stop; but what follows let Baithen write." The interruption occurred at those words of the thirty-third Psalm: "But they that seek the Lord shall not be deprived of any good." Having left his cell, he assisted in the church at the first Vespers on Sunday, and then returned to the monastery, where he delivered his last message to the community. From his bed of stone he spoke: "Dear children, this is what I commend with my last words. Let peace and charity always reign among you."

It is the 9th of June. The bell has called the monks to recite Matins of Sunday. The beautiful church is yet in darkness, for it is the hour of midnight. Prostrate

in deep contemplation before the high altar is the venerable Abbot. "Where are you, father?" inquired the anxious Dermot. The brethren arrive with torches, in time to receive his last benediction. The feeble hand is raised, the loving benediction is imparted, and, in the midst of his tearful children, the saintly Columba yielded up his spirit. Calm and sweet was his passage from life; and his pure soul, released from its earthly abode, winged its happy flight to the heavenly Jerusalem. Sublime end of a sublime life! "One thing," exclaimed holy David, "I have asked from the Lord, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life." And so St. Columba, after having dwelt in the house of the Lord and loved its beauty here on earth, went to dwell for ever more amid the eternal tabernacles.

The relics of St. Columba were entombed in his beloved Iona. According to his own prediction, the monks alone attended at his obsequies, for a great storm prevailed until the last rites had been performed. But as places are deemed sacred in which just men are buried, so the resting-place of the Dove of Churches became the scene of pilgrimages for centuries after. Iona, the "Mother of monks, the oracle of the West for over two centuries," became also the burial-place of kings and princes, prelates and abbots. Seventy kings, from Scotland, Ireland, and Denmark, found there an honoured sepulture. The living hastened from all sides to venerate the Abbot's tomb and to invoke his intercession; and the dead were brought to Iona, the most celebrated burial-place of the North.

Devotion to St. Columba spread rapidly everywhere and attained a vigorous development. The scourge, however, which afflicted the shores of Gaul, Britain and Ireland, did not spare Iona, hallowed though it was by the life and labours and burial of its saint. The fierce Norsemen, merciless pagans, directed their fury against monks and church and monastery, They plundered, desecrated, and gave to the devouring flames every shrine of religion and education.

> The arched cloisters, far and wide,
> Rang to the warrior's clanking stride.

Though the sacred places were several times sacked and the holy inmates put to the sword, yet so dear was the place that other monks were found to repeople Iona and erect afresh both church and school and cloister. But the venerated relics of St. Columba were in the ninth century conveyed by pious hands across the blue waves, and deposited in the Cathedral of Down, beside the sacred remains of St. Patrick and St. Bridget. From an old Latin poem we learn that in Down

> Three Saints one grave do fill,
> Patrick, Bridget, and Columkille.

Here his sacred relics remained for centuries. The shrine of the three beloved Saints became most famous. Thither came pilgrims from many lands, to pay their vows and obtain the grace of repentance. But a great scourge came at last. Henry VIII. and his followers had no regard for church or shrine or relics. Lord Deputy Gray, in his campaign of plunder and profanation, having robbed the venerable Cathedral of Down afterwards gave it to the flames, and demolished the shrine of the saints.

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